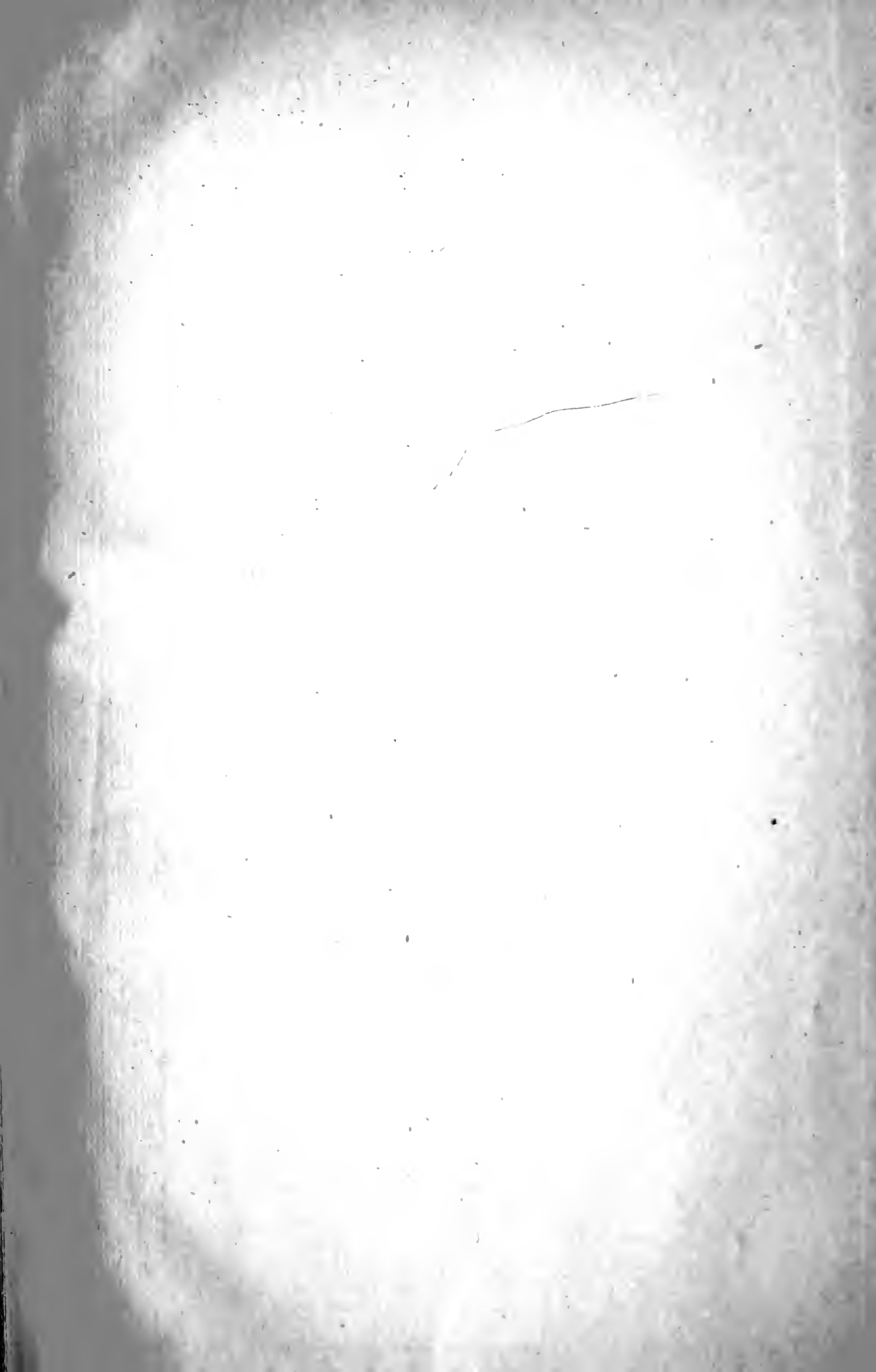




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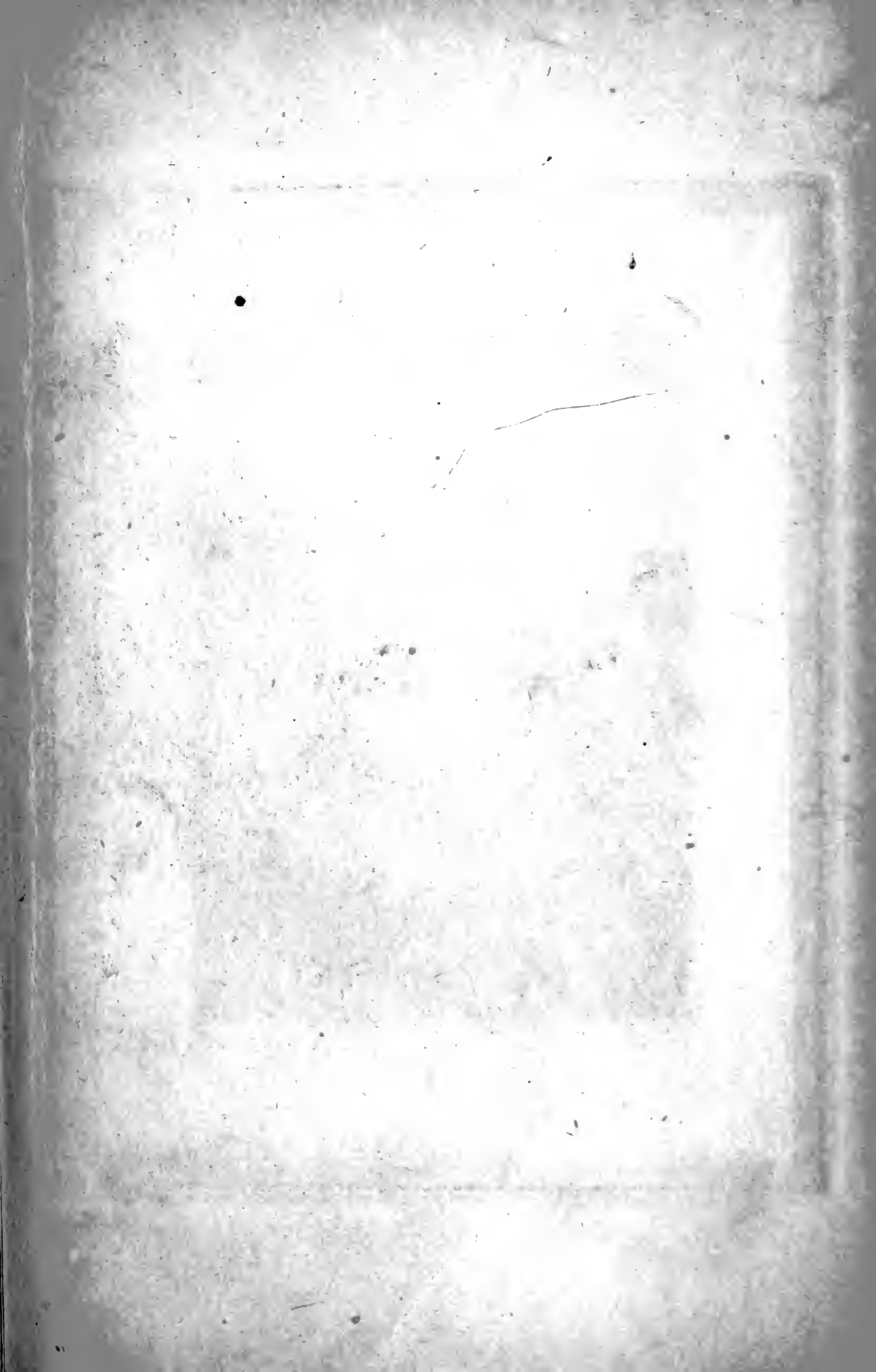
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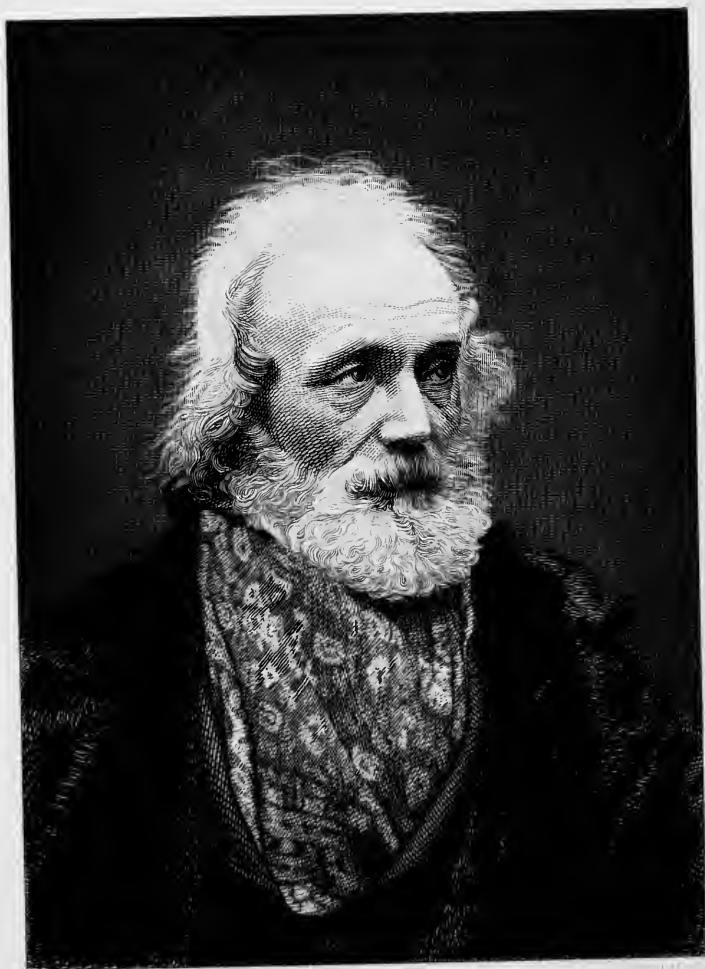












Portrait of George Washington
1796

POEMS

CHIEFLY

PHILOSOPHICAL,

IN CONTINUATION OF

MY BOOK AND A HALF YEAR'S POEMS,

BY

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

"Begone, foolish babbler! I hate and despise thee,"
Said Newton to Poesy, turning his back;
But Philosophy smiling said:—"Dost thou not know me,
Thine own only loved one?" and threw down her mask.

35524
6/1/92

DRESDEN,

C. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

1856.

THESE thoughts, while through my brain they passed, were mine;
Passing through thy brain, reader, they are thine;
Use them as best thou mayst; who I am, thee
Concerns as little, as who thou art, me.

dec 22
1891

COME, Máry with the eyes so blue,
Come, Máry with the heart so true,
Cóme and let 's roam a while together
Ín the bright, wárm, sunshiny weather,
Alóng the lane, beneath the trees,
In the fiéld or garden, where you please,
For it 's nó't about the walk I care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

If you don't like to walk, we 'll sit
In the jéssamine bower and while you knit,
Or dráw, or work in filligree,
Í, on a stool beside your knee,
Will téll you tales, read poetry,
Or lilt to my guitár an air,
Nót that guitár or book 's my care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

If léss agreeable the bower,
Come, let 's ascend the ruined tower
That ón the hill commands the shore
And fár off hears the breakers róar.
There, armed with Galilean eye,
Évery spar, sail, rope we 'll descry
In évery táll ship passing by,
Nót that for tówer, sea, ship I care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

If you will nót the tower ascend,
Ínto the wood our steps let 's bend
And márk with what agility
The brówn squirrel bounds from tree to tree,
Or hear the oft repeated stroke
That félls at last old monarch oak,
Or gáther mushrooms or see glide
The cleár stream by the gráy rock's side,
Nót that for stream, rock, wood I care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

You 'll nóne of all; well, Mary, no;
Óút of this spot we 'll never go.
Smíle but on me those eyes so blue,
Beát but for me that heart so true,
Hére is my world, and other none
I récognise beneath the sun;
Besíde you here I 'll live and die,
Besíde you 's my eternity.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 17, 1854;
and while walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

THE WEDDING RING.

LÉT the pure unalloyed gold of this ring
Decláre the perfect love with which I love thee;
Lét the firm, cómpact, indestructible metal
Witness my love 's no evanescent passion;
Ánd the strong, massy hoop, encircling thus
Thy sléndér finger, typify the pale
Withín which thou shalt pass thy days secure,
From áll harm guarded by these sheltering arms.

Walking from PFUNDS to RIED (German TYROL), Sept. 4, 1854.

I would not, if I cóuld, be wise,
I énvý nóť the regal state,
Weálth has small splendor in mine eyes,
I am contented with my fate;

I live and breathe and see the sun,
And feél the frésh air round me blow,
For mé the earth is spread with flowers,
For mé the gurgling waters flow;

And if I 'm loved by one alone,
Lóved by one ónly let me be,
For thát one heart is all my own —
Ye kíngs, wise, rích men, énvý me.

LANDRO in the valley of AMPEZZO, July 22, 1854.

CUCKOO!

'Twas ón a balmy day
In the látter end of May
I heárd the cúckoo say,
Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

Évery day in June,
Mórning, evening, noon,
She repeáted the same tune,
Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

But when búrning hot July
Fláred in the summer sky,
Ah! the cúckoo bade good bye,
Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

Quick cóme again, sweet May,
Till ón a balmy day
Again I hear her say,
Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

While travelling in Stellwagen from SAUERLOCH to HOLZKIRCHEN (BAVARIA),
July 8, 1854.

JULIA ALPINULA.

“M_Y father, spare my father,” Julia cried
And at th’ inexorable Roman’s feet
Thréw herself, tearless: — “Spare, Oh spare, my father;
Mércy is dearer far to heaven than justice;
Mércy is fair and lovely and makes friends
And binds with the indissoluble bond

Of grátitude; Oh spare my father, Roman;
 Róme is no petty state compelled to uphold
 By térror its precarious sovereignty;
 Róme can affórd to have mércy on a rebel.
 Man, Roman, father, spare a man, a father,
 Spáre an Helvetian guilty and repentant;
 Só at Aventia's altar shall my prayers,
 The priéstess' and the daughter's prayers, be daily
 Óffered for gréat Rome and for thee — Oh spare him,
 Magnánimous Roman, spare him, spare him, spare him."
 In vain she supplicated and in vain
 Clúng to the Consul's knees; unpitying justice
 Lópped with remorseless axe the victim's head;
 And never in Aventia's temple after
 Officiated Julia, but away
 Pined grádual and at last died brokenhearted.
 Áfter a thousand and six hundred years
 A stóne found at Aventicum affirms
 The trúth of the Historian: — "Here I lie,
 Júlia Alpinula, Aventia's priestess,
 Ill-fated daughter of ill-fated sire:
 The síre a rebel died by the hand of justice,
 The daúghter's supplication failed to save
 The fáther's life — her years were three and twenty." *

RATISBON, June 30, 1854.

* JULIA ALPINULA: HIC JACEO. INFELICIS PATRIS INFELIX PROLES. DEAE
 AVENTIAE SACERDOS. EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTUI: MALE MORI IN FATIS
 ILLI ERAT. VIXI ANNOS XXIII.

MÁN, egoistic, for his own self lives,
Thinking he lives for honor, virtue, fame,
Or for his country, as he 's pleased to call
The land which chanced to give the egoist birth;
Wóman, devoted woman, knows no self,
Lives only in and for the egoist
Whó in the name of love has made her slave.

Walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

A mán and woman travelling by the way
And thirsty both, found each a cup of liquor;
The mán, as he drank his, made a wry face
And spát some óut and said it was most bitter.
The wóman, as she dránk hers, kept her eyes
Fixed on the man, then meekly smiling said: —
“Bitter was my cup too, and I doubt not
Bitterer than thine, but pleasant to me always
Éven the most bitter draught if I have only
Thy face before mine eyes while I am drinking.

Walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

ANNA MARIA PRIETH.*

It was the morning of the Sunday first
In Advent, when, four hours before daylight,
Ánna Maria Prieth, the widow, left
House, home, and children five at Pitz and crossed
The ice of Reschen's frozen lake to Graun,
There made confession of her sins and eased
By that sweet sacrament her burthened mind.
'Twas not yet light when 'cross the ice returning,
Pleased with herself and with the world at peace,
And full of happy thoughts of home and children,
She trod upon a spot — Ah! blessed Mary,
Móther of God, where wast thou at that moment? —
Above a spring the weakened ice gave way,
And not till five months later, when May's sun
Unbound the icy fetters of the Vintschgau,
Was found the body; the blessed spirit meanwhile —
A stone attests it on the banks of Reschen,
And évery Advent the officiating
Cúrate of Graun confirms it from the altar —
Sank not into the abysm but, upward borne
By hánds angelic, soared until it joined
The harmónic choirs that never ceasing sing
Glad hýmns of praise around the eternal throne.

Walking from RESCHEN in the VINTSCHGAU (German TYROL) to PFUNDS,
Sept. 3, 1854.

* The principal facts of this story are taken from an inscription on a stone on the banks of the lake of Reschen.

MARY'S WRAITH.

'Twas eárlý on an April morn
As músing sad and all forlorn
I wálked through the scarce brairded corn,
 Ah, well adáy!
Methought I heard close by my side
A vóice that "Woé 's me!" threé times cried,
And sáw a figure past me glide,
 Ah, well adáy!
Bý her white scarf and ribbons blue
My ówn dear Mary's form I knew,
My Máry of the heart so true,
 Ah, well adáy!
"And whát, my Mary, hast to do
Hére in chill April's morning dew?"
She ánswered not but from my view,
 Ah, well adáy!
Awáy far into thín air fléd —
Quickfoót to Máry's home I sped,
And thére lay Mary strétched out dead,
 Ah, well adáy!

Walking from ROTTACH on TEGERNSEE to SEEHAUS on ACHENSEE in the
German TYROL, July 9, 1854.

LABOR AND IDLENESS.

It happened once that in a coffeehouse —
How many years ago it is not certain —
Lábor and Idleness together met,
And thus said Idleness to Labor, sighing: —
“Wéll, it ’s a weary world! I can’t conceive
How any one can like it; for my part
I wish I had died an infant or had never
Been bórñ at all — what think’st thou, brother Labor?”
“It máy be as thou say’st or it may not,
For aúght I know,” said Labor with a smile;
“To sáy the truth my life has been so busy
I ’ve hád small time to enquire into the subject.”
“And dóst thou really mean thou dost not know
Whéther thy life ’s a pleasant one or not?”
“I dó indeed, and, what will more surprise thee,
I rarely think either of pain or pleasure
Ór of myself at all; I ’m always aiming
At sómething I ’ve in hand that must be done;
Of thát and thát alóne I ’m always thinking.”
“And só thou slipp’st through life almost without
Knówing thou ’rt in it — happy, happy Labor! —
While Í am always wondering why the day ’s
So véry long, so full of care and trouble.”
“To mé the day is well nigh over ere
I féel it ’s well begun. I ’d wish it longer

Thát I might do more work, get further forward.
Éven for this hour here spent with thee in gossip
I feár my sleep tonight will have to pay."
So saíd and to his work away went Labor
Cheérful and humming a song; but Idleness
Looked áfter him some moments, wishing half
That hé too had some work to do; then listless
Flúng himself into a chair and dozed, or smoked
And read the news until the clock struck dinner.

Walking from BAIREUTH to HAAG (BAVARIA), June 23—24, 1854.

OLD MAN.

At six years old I had before mine eyes
A picture painted, like the rainbow, bright,
But fár, far off in th' unapproachable distance.
With áll my childish heart I longed to reach it,
And stróve and strove the livelong day in vain,
Adváncing with slow step some few short yards
But nót perceptibly the distance lessening.
At threéscore yeárs old, when almost within
Grásp of my óutstretched arms the selfsame picture
With áll its beauteous colors painted bright,
I 'm báckward from it further borne each day
Bý an invísible, compulsive force,
Grádual but yet so steady, sure, and rapid,
That at threéscore and ten I 'll from the picture
Be éven more distant than I was at six.

Walking from MALS to GRAUN (German TYROL), Sept. 3, 1854.

VERY OLD MAN.

I wéll remember how some threescore years
And tén ago, a helpless babe, I toddled
From chair to chair about my mother's chamber,
Feéling, as 'twere, my way in the new world
And foólishly afraid of, or, as 't might be,
Foólishly pleased with, th' únknown objects round me.
And nów with stiffened joints I sit all day
In óne of those same chairs, as foolishly
Hóping or fearing something from me hid
Behind the thick, dark veil which I see hourly
And mínutely on every side round closing
And fróm my view all objects shutting out.

Walking from MALS to GRAUN (German TYROL), Sept. 3, 1854.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT POSSAGNO

AFTER VISITING CANOVA'S MODELS COLLECTED AND PRESERVED AT
POSSAGNO, THE ARTIST'S BIRTH- AND BURIAL-PLACE, BY MONSIGNORE
SARTORI CANOVA, BISHOP OF MINDO, HIS HALF BROTHER.

PÓETS have lived who never in their lives
Compósed one line of blank or rhyming verse,
Yet léft behind them no less lovely thoughts
And nó less durable than Petrarch's own,
Táссо's, or Ariosto's; witness thou,
Possáгно, tomb and birthplace of Canova.

Aug. 4, 1854.

IT wás a sultry Júly day,
Strétched on the Álpine sward I lay;
There wás no shelter, not a cloud
The sún's downdárting rays to shroud.

'Twas noón; no breath, no stir, no sound
Distúrbed the spacious landscape round;
No bírd, no grasshopper, no fly
Véntured beneath the flaring sky.

And thére upon the grass I lay
Ín the full sún that sultry day,
The heát, the air, the clear, blue sky
Ánd my own thoughts my company.

And só the livelong summer day
Hígh on the mountain's breast I lay,
Háppier than César when Rome's crowd
Shoúted their vivats long and loud;

For his thoughts were of self and Rome,
Greátness and power and fame to come,
Míne of the wárm sun, mountain air,
And náture lovely every where.

While walking from PEUDELSTEIN in the valley of AMPEZZO, to AMPEZZO,
July 23, 1854.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR ANGELO MICHELE
NEGRELLI AND ELISABETHA NEGRELLI OF PRIMIERO WHO AFTER HAVING
BEEN SIXTY FOUR YEARS MARRIED, AND HAVING EACH ATTAINED NEARLY
THE AGE OF NINETY, DIED IN THE YEAR 1849 WITHIN THREE DAYS OF
EACH OTHER.

THEY lived through every change of wind and weather
Sixty four years, a loving pair, together;
Thén, within threé days of each other, died
Ere either missed the other from the side.
Thrice háppy, háppy, pair! to the last breath
United, and not parted even by death.

PRIMIERO in the Italian TYROL, July 29, 1854.

“HOW háppens it that no one with his lot
Contentéd lives?” Horace once asked Mecenas;
Í, for Mecenas answered not, will answer,
Meáning no harm to Horace or Mecenas:
“Nó one contented with his own lot lives,
Becaúse each one his neighbour’s lot thinks better,
And éach one bétter thinks his neighbour’s lot
And wórse his own, because each one the goods
Seés of his neighbour’s lot, feels not the pains;
Whilst of his ówn lot éach one feels the pains
And, blind as any bat, sees not the goods.”

PRIMIERO in the Italian TYROL, July 30, 1854.

THE GATES OF SLEEP.

THERE áre two gates of Sleep, the poet says;
Of pólished ivory one, of horn the other;
But Í, besides these gates, to blessed Sleep
Three óther gates have found which thus I count:
First the star-spángled arch of deep midnight,
When lábor ceases, every sound is hushed,
And Náture, drowsy, nods upon her throne.
Pále-visaged Spectres round this gate keep watch,
And Feárs and Horrors vain, and beyond these
Rést, balmy Sweát, and dim Forgetfulness,
Reliéved, at dawn of day, by buoyant Hope,
Fresh Stréngth and ruddy Health and calm Composure
And dáring Enterprize and Selfreliance.

The sécond gate is wreathed, sideposts and lintel,
With ódorous trailing hop, and poppystalks;
The shádwy gateway paved with poppyheads.
And thére, all day and night, keeps watch sick Fancy
Hággard and trémbling, and delirium wild,
And Ímpotence with drunken glistening eye,
And Ídiocy, and, in the background, Death.

The third gate is of lead, and thére sits ever
Húmming her tedious tune Monotony,
Tired of herself; about her on the ground
Sérmons and psalms and hymns lie numerous strewed,

Tó the same import all, and all almost
 Ín the same words varied in form and order
 To cheát, if possible, the weary sense,
 And different seem, where difference is none.
 At th' ópposite doorpost, on her knees, Routine
 Keeps túrning over still the wéll-thumbed leaves
 Óf the same prayerbook; reading prayers, not praying;
 Behínd them waiting stand Conformity
 And Úniformity, Oneness of faith,
 Óneness of laws and customs, arts and manners,
 And, Sélfdévelopment's unrelenting foe,
 Céntralisation; and behind these still,
 Fár in the portal's deepest gloom ensconced,
 A pérfect, unimprovable Paradise
 Of mére, blank nought unchangeable for ever —
 Thése as *I* count them are the Gates of Sleep.

PRIMIERO, in the Italian TYROL, July 30, 1854.

DEATH'S BRIDE.

"So yóung! so fair! so kind! so true!
 Gó, Death, she is no bride for you;
 Úgly, rapácious, cruel, old,
 With heárt as marble hard and cold,
 Gó, seek elsewhére more fitting bride."
 But hé, with arms extended wide,
 "Cóme!" in a voice terrific cried,
 And clásped her waist; I swooned away
 And whén I woke, there Emma lay
 Stiff, stark, and cold, in nuptial white,
 Death's bríde upon her bridal night.

Walking from PRIMIERO to CASTEL DELLA BETTOLA, on the SCHENNER
 (Italian TYROL), Aug. 1, 1854.

WRITTEN IN LA BARONESSA SOFIA FIORIO'S ALBUM. SAN GIACOMO,
NEAR RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA, AUG. 25, 1854.

"COME, something for me write, Sir."

"What, Lady, shall I write?"

"The first thought in your head comes
That 's beautiful and bright."

"Nay, náy; I vow I cannot,
I cannot óne word write,
I 'm dázzled by those eyes so,
The beautiful and bright."

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ALBUM IN WHICH LA BARONESSA KITTY
FIORIO SKETCHED THE LIKENESSES OF HER FRIENDS.

Thése of my friends are skétches
Which dón't pretend to art;
I háve their perfect pótrraits,
But they 're lócked up in my heart.

KITTY FIORIO.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRECEDING.

I álways knew my sister
Was an ádept in her art,
But I néver until nów knew
She hád a hollow heart.

SOFIA FIORIO.

SAN GIACOMO, near RIVA on the LAGO DI GARDA, Aug. 25, 1854.

WÉT and drý and hót and cöld,
 Líght and dárk and yóung and óld,
 Greát and smáll and quíck and slów,
 Só the wórld will éver gó;
 Só the wórld hath éver góne
 Sínce the sún the wórld shone ón;
 Íf with mé thou thínkest só,
 Cóme and crý with mé, Heigh hó!

VILSHOFEN in BAVARIA, June 25, 1854.

HE SHE AND IT.

Ít háppened in a dístant clíme
 Wére trávellíng, ónce úpon a tíme,
 Thróugh évery chángé of wínd and weáther,
 Jólly compáníons thrée togethé:
 The fírst wás néíther yóung nor óld,
 Bút brówn and muscúlar, wíse and bóld;
 The sécónd dílicate and fáir,
 Wíth sóft, swéet éyes, and fláxen háir;
 The thírđ wás ínóffénsíve, míld
 And dócíle as a wéll réared chíld,
 Pátíent of wróng and ín álł íll
 And hárdshíp úncompláíning stíll.
 As thús they trávelléd ón and ón,
 Thróugh héát and cöld ín shádé and sún,
 Éách óne at níght ín séparate béd,
 The fírst thús to the sécónd sáíd:

"I can't imagine, lovely SHE,
 Why we might not united be,
 Right well, I doubt not, we 'd agree:
 I hate a lonely, separate bed;
 Come, fairest, loveliest SHE, let 's wed,
 And leave that dull, cold-blooded elf,
 Hardhearted IT to mind itself;
 Three never were good company;
 What think'st thou, my own darling SHE?"

"I 'm quite of your mind," SHE replied,
 "And will stay ever by your side
 Through good and bad, through death and life,
 Your dutiful and loving wife."

So said so done; the two are wed;
 And as they lay that night in bed
 'Twas thus deriding IT they said: —
 "IT will have all the ghosts tonight;
 Pray God it may survive till light."

The morning came and IT, before
 Well risen the sun, tapped at their door: —
 "Make haste, make haste; it 's rising time;
 Already we have lost the prime."

"We come, we come immediately;"
 Upstarting quick thus answered SHE;
 But HE: — "I 'll not a foot go," cried
 And turned him on the other side.

"You will, my dear." "My dear, I wont."
 "You will indeed." "What if I don't?"
 "And will you, can you, say me nay
 Ere yet well fled my bridal day?"

"I can and will; you must obey."
 "Not I indeed." "You shall, I say;
 Come back to bed." "No, dear, I wont."
 "You will and must." "What if I don't?"

"Don't tálk sō loud; that Ír has ears."
 "I dón't care if the whole world hears."
 As thús they argued, to the door
 Ír with a táp came as before: —
 "Not réady yet?" "No!" with a shout
 At ónce both disputants cried out.
 "Then goód bye; if I longer wait,
 Fór a cool wálk I 'll be too late."
 "Good býe! good býe! we 'll follow straight."
 And sō at last away Ír went,
 Háppy and with itself content,
 And whére it liked best the day spent.
 What thóugh it lay alone all night,
 It slépt till noon or rose at light
 Júst as it pleased; let it set out,
 Stop shórt to rest, or turn about,
 Nó one was thére to make a rout,
 And ánsver "Come, Love" with "I wont,"
 And "Múst Love," with "What if I don't?"
 In váin with oft reverted eye
 Strove Ír its comrades to descry: —
 "Though nótt in sight they 'll come anon" —
 Yés, Ír; but wait not them upon;
 The first point settled, their debate
 Túrns on the next; good Ír, don't wait;
 Enjóy the precious liberty
 Alréady mourned by HE and SHE.

Walking from SILIAN in the PUSTERHAL to LANDRO in the valley of
 AMPEZZO, July 22, 1854.

DEMOCRITUS.

“GOODHEARTED, kind and generous, to a fault,
In all his dealings scrupulously just,
He wére the model of a perfect man
Hád he his sésenses; but this constant laughing,
Nóthing but laughing, — mórning noon and night —
Is évidence, alas! but too convincing,
Our goód Democritus is gone stark mad.
Let 's sénd to Athens for Hippocrates;
Perháps the wise physician knows some herb
Pótent to chase thought's fever and bring back
Compósure to the agitated brain.”
Cóme to Abdéra and his finger laid
Upón his patient's pulse Hippocrates,
Nóthing wrong finding, asks Democritus: —
“At whát so merry?” But Democritus,
Insteád of answering, only laughed the more: —
“At whát so merry, good Democritus?”
But still Democritus only laughed the more;
Untíl at last, after a long, long fit,
Tíred thus he saíd to the amazed physician: —
“Go báck to Athens, good Hippocrates,
Unléss you 'd have me die downright with laughing.”
“Hów or at what?” “Why at the léarned Doctor
Who, sént to cure me, makes me ten times worse.
Befóre you came I used to amuse myself
With láughing at the silly people here

Who thought me mad because a little wiser,
 A véry little wiser, than themselves;
 And nów my laughing 's doubled at the sage
 Athénian Doctor who would cure my madness.
 Go báck to Athens, good Hippocrates,
 Or stáy and cure the people of Abdéra,
 And leave me to myself to laugh at both
 Dóctor and patients." So Hippocrates
 Went báck to Athens, saying he had found
 In áll Abdéra only one man sane
 And thát one sáne man was Democritus.

The story 's nó less true told of the poet
 Whó with his pen in hand keeps laughing, laughing,
 Still laúghing at the follies he sees round him,
 With this one only difference, that the poet
 Finds séldom an Hippocrates to judge him.

Near MONTEBELLO, while walking from VICENZA to VERONA, Aug.
 15 — 16, 1854.

I can put up with people of all sorts, if only they have money,
 I can find beauty in all kinds of eyes, if only they are funny,
 I can live anywhere in town or country where it 's only sunny,
 I can eat fish of any kind, fresh, salt or pickled, except tunny,
 But curse me, if I can without a massy crystal spoon eat honey.

KÜSSNACHT, on the VIERWALDSTÄTTER SEE, Sept. 20, 1854.

LUCK.

If háppy you would be tomorrow
Todáy must be a day of sorrow,
For Fórtune 's never tired of ranging
And Lúck of áll things loves place-changing:
Todáy good luck, tomorrow bad;
Sórry today, tomorrow glad;
Take úp, put down; now none, now all;
So spins teetotum, twirls the ball;
Lúcky, we bless kind Providence,
Unlúcky, with no jot more sense
Upbraíd the Author of all ill,
For mán must be religious still,
And háve his Oberon and his Puck,
Thát for his góod, this for his ill luck.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 16, 1854.

GOOD AND BAD.

THE first draught of cold water when you 're thirsty
Is nót delicious only but divine,
Bálsam and nectar or whatever more
The gráteful heart can say or think of praise;
The sécond draught falls short of the delicious,
Though nót unpleasant, though even pleasant still;
The third palls on the taste and you turn fróm it
Avérsé, and will no more, not even one drop;
Fórce'd to the fourth you swallow with displeasure,

Loáthing and pain the odious beverage,
Which, fórced upon you still, becomes at last
Your dírest enemy, your deadliest poison,
The wáter all the while being the same,
Ánd the last draught refreshing as the first,
Hadst thou thyself not in the meántime changed.

Go tó! go tó! ye that an absolute good
Or ábsolute bád find in the outward world
And loók not in yourselves for that which makes
The indifferent, outward object good or bad.

ALPNACH in the valley of SARNEN, Sept. 23, 1854.

PROVIDENCE.

A cát that in a barn the day
Had móusing spent among the hay
Withóut success, and thought her fast
Was likely now till morn to last,
Spied, with her eyes half closed to sleep,
Oút of a hole a fát rat creep
And jóyful cried, with claw and fang
As ón th' unhoped-for prey she sprang: —
“Whó could believe with common sense
There 's nó such thing as Providence?
Whát but a special Providence sent
This fát rat for my nourishment?”
“Áh,” squeaked the rát loud, “it 's a good
Próvidence gives rats to cats for food!”

LICHTENSTEIN in SAXONY, June 19, 1854.

EXPERIENCE.

"THERE 's nóthing like experience" — I heard once
An óld fly to a young one say, as both
About my study buzzed in the golden sunbeams: —
"Only experience teaches what to follow
And whát to shun; only experience guides
In sáfety through th' intricacies of life.
Bút for experience Í had months ago
The préy been of that fell and cunning spider;
Bút for experience' salutary counsel
I 'd limed perhaps both foot and wing ere now
In yón pestiferous dish of viscid fly-trap.
List éver to experience, child, and thánk God
Thát he 's vouchsáfed us the unerring guide —
But áren't you lonely in this wide room here?
Cóme and let 's pay a visit to the blackbird
That sings so sweetly in the cage in the window."
"Let 's gó by áll means if it 's only safe,"
Replied the yóung fly; "what says your experience?"
"Nóthing on this point; I have never yét been
Inside a blackbird's cage; it 's plain it 's pleasant,
We 'll néver yóunger learn whether it 's safe;
Expérience can be got only by trying."
So said, and through the bars direct they flew,
With cívil buzz of greeting, to the blackbird
Whó in the midst of his song made so long pause
As was required to snap at and down swallow
First óne and then the other of th' intruders,
Then, táking up his song again, praised God
That only *after* the evil comes experience.

While travelling with the Postboy from NEUSTADT to GEISSENFELD
(BAVARIA), July 3, 1854.

INSTINCT.

"Pshaw!" said a wise, grave moth that, as it flitted
About my candle that same evening, heard me
Telling a friend the story thou 'st just read,
"They were a pair of fools or worse, those flies;
Instinct 's the only guide, the sure safe rule
Supplied to every creature by its kind
And provident creator; never let me,
While I have life, forsake or disobey thee,
Unerring counsellor, monitor and friend;
And whither first?" "Direct into the light
That spreads such bright warm radiance all around."
"I 'm but too happy" said the moth and into
The flame flew straight and, in the wick entangled,
Was burned into a cinder on the instant.

SATTEL, Canton Schwyz, Sept. 19, 1854.

It happened as a fox and wolf together
Were travelling by the way and both were hungry,
They saw a man approaching, and to the wolf
Thus said the fox: — "Here comes one of those ugly,
Vicious, malignant creatures who for pastime
Hunt wolves and foxes, and assert that God
Made this fair world and all that it contains
For their sole use and interest and profit.
Come, let us shew that God has some care too
For wolves and foxes; not that flesh of man

To mé 's particularly sweet or dainty,
 And wére I not by hunger pressed I 'd hólđ it
 Almóست beneath me to defile my blood
 With éven the least admixture of the blood
 Óf the foul, lying, hypocritical monster;
 But húngr has no law; so fall thou on him
 And téar him to the ground, whilst I keep watch
 Lest ány of his fellows come to his aid."
 "The coúnsel 's excellent," replied the wolf,
 "And I 'm quite ready to perform my part;
 The móre as, unlike you, I find the flesh
 Of thát sleek, pampered animal a bónne bouche,
 And hólđ it for mere cowardice in our kind
 Thát they préfér to prey on harmless lambs
 And leáve their direst and most cruel foe
 To riot as he will, untouched, unpunished."
 He said, and on the man sprang with a howl,
 And tóre him down, then called the fox to supper;
 And thús both, mocking, said as in his vitals
 They fléshed their tusks: — "Where 's now the Providence
 That máde us and all creatures for thy use?"

PRIMIERO, in the Italian TYROL, July 31, 1854.

Íf thou would'st lead a quiet life
 Respéct my corns, my creed, my wife —
 Three ténder points — and I 'll agree
 The sáme points to respect in thee.

ETZELBERG, in the Canton SCHWYZ, in Switzerland, Sept. 18, 1854.

"MIGHT I ásk, Sir, whére you 're álwáys
Pósting tó in súch a húrry?"

Sáid a snáil once tó an eárwíg
Wriggling pást him ón the roádsíde.

"Í cannót conceíve the bússíness
Só perpétuálly úrgent,
Stíll less thínk ís for pleásure
Yóu keep dírvíng ón at thát rate."

"Téll me fírst," replíed the eárwíg,
"Whý you 're néver ín a húrry,
Whý you álwáys seém as íf you
Hád a whóle lífe fór each jóurney.

"Í for mý part cán't conceíve whát
Pleásure yóu can táke ín thát pace,
Stíll less thát ít fórdwárdss bússíness,
Ór ís whólesome ór becóming."

"Bút ye áre a páír of níníies
Tó díspúte whére thére 's no dífference!"
Sáid a mílestone thát stood hárd by
Ón the roádsíde ánd theír tálk heard,

"Fást and slów áre bóth álíke bádd,
Tíresome, úseless, únbecóming;
Íf you wóuld be gráceful, heálthy,
Ánd of úse, stánd stíll as Í dó."

Walking from GÜCKELSBURG to CHEMNITZ (SAXONY), June 18, 1851.

WILL AND THOUGHT.

SIR Will once on a time, being in need,
Called loud to Thought:—"Good Thought, I pray come hither."
When Thought nor came nor answered, Will repeated
Louder the call:—"Good Thought, I say come hither."
When Thought, as marble statue stiff and dumb,
No word replied, showed never a sign of hearing,
Will thus in soothing tone began to coax him:—
"Nay, nay, good Thought, you surely wont be pettish,
Or for an idle humor lose a friend;
Come, come, I say." Still Thought nor stirred nor answered:—
"Then as I see fair words are of no use
Come, I command you; come this instant, slave."
As Thought immovable sat and either heard not,
Or made as if he heard not, Will's commands,
Will, growing angry, rose and went away
And at the court of Reason lodged complaint
Against his servant Thought for disobedience.
Thought took defence and thus in open court
His own case pleaded:—"I am not Will's servant,
And never was; if Will says otherwise,
Let him produce his witnesses to prove it."
So Will called witness Popular Misconception,
Who swore in plain, round terms that Thought was then,
And from all time had been, Will's bounden servant.
But the Judge frowning said:—"The evidence
Is bad in law, being but of opinion;
Remove the witness if she cannot prove

Either a contract or some act of service."
 So Pópular Misconception being removed
 And Will to the question, had he other witness
 Whereon to rest his case, replying: — "No,"
 The Judge declared the plaintiff was nonsuited,
 And, bówing on all sides, dissolved the court.
 That night in bed thus said Thought to himself: —
 "Wéll, it's a wicked world! my old bondslave,
 To whóm from immemorial time I've been
 So kind, so loving, so indulgent master,
 Séts himself up not for a freéman only
 Bút to be máster of his rightful lord.
 Lét me but see tomorrow's light I'll try
 If still some further justice may be found
 In thát same court which judged today so soundly."
 So 'twas not long before Chief-justice Reason
 Again in cóurt sat the cross case to try:
Thought versus Will; and thus swore Thought's first witness,
 A léarned Doctor grave, hight Metaphysics,
 With smáll, bright eyes, white beard, and furrowed cheeks:—
 "Well knówn to me from earliest youth, my lord,
 Both pláintiff and defándant in this action,
 And scárcely has a day passed of my life
 In which I've nótt had opportunity
 To séé them in their mutual relation
 Of sláve and master dealing with each other,
 Will, menial slave, obeying master Thought,
 And Thought commanding most obedient Will.
 A thóusand times I've heard Thought say to Will: —
 "Cóme," and he came; "Go," and forthwith he went;
 "Dó," and he did it; "Cease," and he left off;
 And néver have I seen so much as once
 Will áct except at the command of Thought;
 And só well used am I to see Will acting

Always in consequence of Thought's command
 That I doubt not Will's recent suit was brought" —
 "Stop there," said the Chief-justice; "until now
 Your évidence has been direct and valid,
 But in a court of justice the opinion
 Even of wise Metaphysics has no weight.
 Go down." "My Lord," then thus said the defendant: —
 "This Métaphysics is my ancient foe,
 His évidence the outpourings of a malice
 Which never ceases to abuse all ears
 With stóries of my slavery and dependance.
 This hónorable court, I hope, my lord,
 Will nót lend ear to the calumniator."
 But hère the auditory with one voice
 Begán to cry: — "Will never was a servant,
 And néver sháll be; Metaphysics lies;
 Punish the pérjurer ánd let Will go free;"
 And whén the Judge would nót, but with loud voice
 Commáded Will to be bound hand and foot
 And to his rightful lord delivered over,
 Aróse such uproar that the Judge his safety
 Sought in precipitous flight through a postern door;
 Whereón the mob with fury fell on Thought
 And Metaphysics; trod them under foot,
 And for dead left them; then upon a chair
 Uplifted on their shoulders Will, and bore him
 With shoúts of triumph round and round the city.

Walking from AZOLO to MESTRE near VENICE, Aug. 5—6, 1854.

PASKEWITSCH.

PRINCE Páskewitsch to Turkey went
His ráge upon the rogues to vent
Who vówed they never would consent
Czar Níck should have the management
 Of their Greek church;
But júst as he arrived before
Silístria's barricaded door,
Néver let schoólboy such a roar
Oút of his móuth, at the first sore
 Skélp of the birch,
As Páskewitsch, when trundling slow
A cánnon ball so bruised his toe
That stoóping down he cried "Oh! oh!"
And ríght aboút faced, home to go,
 And in the lurch
Left lýing there his haversack
And boót pulled off without a jack
And traín-oil-drinking Don Cosaque,
And ón Silistria turned his back
 And the Greek church.

Walking from SCHÖNAU to LICHTENSTEIN (SAXONY), June 19, 1854.

RÉSTLESS as billows of the sea
And agile be thy feet,
Fírm as a rock thy purpose be,
Nor from the right retreat.

Walking from ARCO to TENNO in the Italian TYROL, Aug. 24, 1854.

TRUE FRIENDS.

POET.

NÉVER tell mé there 's nó such thing as friends,
Steády, true, constant, without selfish ends;
Óf my long life 't has been the happiness
To have hád some five and twenty, more or less.

READER.

Aye, to be suíre; friends of the summer day,
That at the approach of winter fled away.

POET.

Nó; sterling friends that ever ready were
The wórst inclemencies for me to bear
Of wintry weather, hail and rain and snow,
No léss than sultry summer's burning glow.
Alás! those valued friends are dead and gone,
Dropped óff one after another all but one
Néwest and lást but not least stout and true —
Thou 'st néver seen a better parapluie.

Walking from HAAG to HAINBACH near AMBERG (BAVARIA), June 25, 1854.

TICK TICK TICK.

SOMETÍMES it 's slow, sometimes it 's quick,
But still the clóck goes tick tick tick;
And tick tick tick from morn to night
Goes still the heart, be it sad or light;
But sád or light and slow or quick,
Both soón shall cease their tick tick tick.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 15,
1854.

Í, BEING a bóy, used thus to count my fingers:
Stand úp, right thúbmb here; thou art Geoffrey Chaucer,
Grave, reverend father of old English song,
The cleár, the strong, the dignified, the plain;
I lóve thee well, thy prologues and thy tales,
Néver for me too long, nor long enough;
Thouú art my dictionary, primer, grammar;
From theé I 've learned, if I have learned, my tongue,
Nót from the módern winnowers perverse
Who sáve the chaff and cast away the grain.
Yét, Chaucer, though I honor and admire
And déarly love thee, there are in my breast
Some deép emotions which thou touchest never:
Kind, géntle, tearful pity, dire revenge,
Stérn, unrelenting hatred, and sweet love;
Áwe reverential too of influences
Uneárthly, unsubstantial, superhuman,
And álmost adoration of the face
Sublime of wild, uncultivated nature —
Cháuцер, thou touchest none of these; go down.

Stand úp, forefinger; thouú 'rt the árch-enchánter,
Sweet, fánciful, delicious, playful Shakespeare,
With his hobgoblins, fairies, Bottom, Puck,
His róbbers and his cút-throats and his witches,
And bóld Sir John and all his men in buckram,

And géntle Juliet and impassioned Romeo,
And bloódy Richard wooing lady Ann
Or stúdying prayers between two reverend bishops.
But chárming though thou art and captivating,
And lóved within the cockles of my heart,
I 've yét a crow to pluck with thee, my Shakespeare;
For whén thou shouldst be noble thou 'rt oft mean,
And fúll of prattle when thou shouldst be brief,
And, like a míser doating grown and blind,
Stúffest intó thy bags of gems and gold,
Nót the pure métals only but false coins
And víle alloys groped out of mire and dirt,
Which éven the scavenger had disdained to touch —
I 'm sórry, Shakespeare, but thou must go down.

Stand úp, strong middle finger; thou 'rt John Milton,
Mónarch of Éngland's poets, prince of verse;
I lóve thy deep, harmonious, flowing numbers,
Thy sénse, thy léarning, gravity and knowledge,
Thy ráational Adam, and sweet, hapless Eve;
Bút I like nót thy bitter pólemics,
Thy smáall philosophy and mean religion,
Nor thát inflexible, obdúrate temper
Thou bórrowedst from the temper of the times;
No vénial faults are these, so get thee down.

Stand úp, ring finger; thou 'rt accomplished Pope,
Melódious minstrel of the rounded rhyme,
Philósopher and satirist and wit,
Acúte, dogmatic, antithetic, bright,
The póet of the reason not the heart,
A pédagogue who lashes and instructs,
A rhétorician léss loved than admired,
Whó, when we ask him for a tender tale,

Reáds us a syllogism, a dry prelection;
Yét for his brilliant wít's sake and his keen
Well méritéd scourgings of that vicious age,
Ánd for the noble height at which he stood
Abóve religion's vile hypocrisy
I could forgíve his frailties and forget,
Hád he but with more conscientious hand,
More skilled, more diligent, less imaginative,
Paínted his English portrait of great Homer —
Thou múst go dówn, Pope, I love others better.

Stand úp, weak little-finger; thou art Goldsmith,
Símples and tenderhearted to a fault,
The bútt of witlings, even of his best friends,
Jóhnson and Burke and Reynolds, coarser natures
But little capable of understanding,
Or dúly valuing had they understood,
The póet's almost childish inexpertness
In life's conventionalities, masquerade,
And súbtle thimble-rig and hocus-pocus.
Yét his sweet Auburn, Traveller, Venison-Haunch,
Good, símples Vicar and queer Tony Lumpkin
Shall fill their separate niches in Fame's temple
When féw shall ask what was 't churl Johnson wrote,
Burke tálked about, or cold Sir Joshua painted.
Still áll too soft thy gentle genius, Goldsmith,
And móre the wax resembling which receives,
Thán the hard stóne which stamps, the strong impression;
I lóve thee wéll, but yet thou must go down.

Stand úp, left thumb here; thou art mighty Homer,
Bright mórning sun of poesie heroic,
Whose beáms far-darting west are with redoubled
Spléndor and beauty from the disks reflected

Óf the great Mantuan and British planets.
I knów not, Homer, whence thou in thy turn
Thy light hadst, whether from some farther sun
Whose ráys direct have never reached our eyes,
Ór from a fount in thine own self inherent,
But this I know at least: those sceptics err
Who see indeed and recognise the light
But have no faith there ever was a Homer.
Well! let it be, so long as they cannot
Rób us same time of th' Odyssey and Iliad,
Themsélves, their species, of the noblest work
That issued ever from the hands of man;
Not pérfect, some have said — alas! what 's perfect,
What cán be perfect in imperfect eyes,
That múst, were 't but for change, have imperfection?
So, blámed or blámeless, get thee down, great Homer.

Stand úp, forefinger; nightingale of Andes,
That in the dewy evening's pleasant cool
Sángst out of húmble hazelbush sweet ditties
Of Córydon and Thyrsis, and how best
To twíne the póllard with the vine's soft arms;
Then bólder grown pour'dst from the highest top
Of birch or hólm-oak thy sonorous song
Of wárs and battles, Gods and Goddesses,
And Róme's foundation by the second Jason,
Advénturous like the first, and, like the first,
Perfidious, calculating, cold seducer,
Whóm with more complaisance than truth thou styl'st
The ténderhearted — I blush fór thee, Virgil;
Hádst thou no other fault, thou must go down.

Stand úp, strong middle finger; thou 'rt Venusium's
Wórld-famous lyrist, moralist, and critic,

My heart's delight, judicious, pithy Horace,
Who, frugal in his plenty, never wastes
A word not by the sense required, and, liberal
Even in the midst of his frugality,
Flings free the useful, necessary word.
Yet, Horace, thou 'rt for me something too much
The courtier; for a prince's smiles and favors
Too readily sold'st a poet's independence.
I can forgive the purchase by the great
Of ease and honors, dignities and fame,
Of the vile populace' vivats and hurrahs,
Of the priest's unction and the lawyer's parchment,
Even of Hygea's ministers' leave to live
A life of sin and luxury and riot,
But I cannot forgive the poet's sale
Of his fine soul to the demon Patronage —
Too, too obsequious Horace, thou must down.

Stand up, ring finger; thou 'rt the Florentine,
The hapless, exiled, ever persecuted
But still undaunted Dante, who in the dim
Dark middle age the first was to hold high
The beacon torch of rational enquiry
And boldly speak the truth he boldly thought;
Wert thou less stern, less terrible, less just,
Less Eschylean, hadst thou less of Moses,
Less of that jealous and vindictive God
Who punishes children for their fathers' sins
Even to the generation third and fourth,
And hadst thou taken Maro for thy real,
Not merely for thy nominal, leader through
Death's awful, unexplored, Trans-Stygian land,
And hadst thou oftener slaked thy knowledge-thirst
At the clear, welling fountain of Lucretius,

And nót kept drawing still unwholesome draughts
Óút of Saint Básil's, Hilary's, Chrysostom's
And Áthanasius' duckmeat-mantled pools,
I dóubt if in my heart I could have found it
To sáy, as now I say: Dante, go down.

Stand úp here, little finger; thou 'rt the pensive,
Délicate, gentle, noble-minded Schiller,
Ténder white-rose frostnípped in Weimar's garden
Ére it had raised its modest head above
Luxúriant Goethe's all too neighbouring shade.
Redúndancy of words, enthusiasm,
Subjéctiveness (youth's faults) are thy faults, Schiller!
Amiable weáknesses which every day
Of lónger life had sobered, cúrtailed, cured —
Diis aliter visum; so thou must go down.

Só, being a bóy, I used to count my fingers,
And só in mánhood sometimes count them still
Ín the late gloáming or the early morn
Or when I sleepless lie at deep midnight.

Walking from SANCT ANTON on the ADLERBERG (German TYROL) to TEUFEN
in Canton APPENZELL, Sept. 6—10, 1854.

“WHÝ 's a priest like a fingerpost, you dunce?”
Saíd a schoolmáster to his pupil once;
“I think I know,” replied the roguish elf;
“He points the way, but never goes himself.”

Walking from UNTERBRUCK to KREUTZSTRASSEN near MUNICH, July 4, 1854.

THERE wás a curious créature
Lived mány years ago;
Don't ásk me what its náme was,
For I myself don't know;

But 'twás a curious créature,
So délicately made
It could not bear the súnshine,
It scárce could bear the shade.

Its júdgment was deféctive,
Its mémory was weak,
Until it was two yeárs old
Not óne word could it speak.

Capricious in its témpér,
And gráve by fits, then gay,
It séldom liked tomórrow
The thing it liked today.

When 't mét a little tróuble
'Twould heáve a doleful sigh,
Clásp its forepaws together
And loudly sob and cry;

And thén when something pleased it
'Twould fáll into a fit
And wórk in such convúlsions
You 'd think its sides would split

With little taste for lábor,
And weáry soon of rest,
It seemed álwáys in a púzze
Which óf the two was best.

So áfter a while's lábor
It wóuld sit down and say: —
“This lábor is a killing thing,
I 'll wórks no more today.”

Then áfter a while's síttíng
'Twóuld fóld its arms and cry: —
“Donóthing 's such a weáriness
I 'd álmósts rather die.”

As fóx or magpie clever,
And fúll of guile and art,
Its chiéfests study ever
Was hów to hide its heart;

And séldóm thróugh its feátúres
Cóuld you its thoughts discern,
Or whát its feelings towards you
Fróm wórds or mánnér learn.

Fierce, únrelenting, crúel,
Bloodshéd was its delight;
To gíve páin, its chief pleasure
Fróm mórríng úntil níght;

All kínds of beasts, bírds, físhes,
'Twóuld fáll úpon and kíll,
And nóts even its ówn líke spare,
Its húngry maw to fíll;

And wén it could no móre eat
But was stúffed up tó the throat,
'Twould hún't them down for pástime,
And ón their anguish gloat.

Of ímitative mánners,
And a baboon in shape,
Some náaturalists will háve it,
It wás a kind of ape;

But í would not beléve it
Though depósed to upon oath —
Such cálumnies to crédit
Wise men were ever loath;

And áll the ancient réconds
Unánimous declare
It wás God's own legítimate
Líkeness and son and heir,

That fór some seventy yeárs should
Live wíckedly, then die
And túrn into an ángel
And flý up to the sky;

And thére in the blue éther
With Gód for ever dwell,
Oft wóndering how it cáme there
When 't shóuld have been in hell.

Begun at ARCO in the Italian TYROL, Aug. 24, 1854; finished while walking from CAMPIGLIO across the VAL DI NON and over the PALLADE to SPONDINI at the foot of the ORTELER, Aug. 29 to Sept. 2, 1854.

THE GAP IN THE CLOUDS.*

It happened as one summer day I walked
From Küssnacht round the Righi's foot to Schwyz,
And had behind me left Tell's Hollow Way
And the green, sloping banks of Zug's clear lake,
That looking up I saw *a gap in the clouds*
And asking what had made it, was informed
'Twas left there by the fall of Rossberg mountain
Whose ruins strewed the valley at my feet.
Doubting, as usual, and incredulous,
Again I looked up, at and through the gap,
And saw beyond it in the clear, blue ether
The figure of a man with open shirtneck,
Seated and writing something upon papers
Which ever and anon down through the gap
He scattered to the ground. One near me fallen
I picked up, curious, and began to read;
But being no lover of *non sequiturs*
And Beggings of the Argument and mean
And vulgar thoughts dressed up in melodrame,

* Mountains have fallen
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel — thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg.

BYRON.

And nót being over patient of bad English,
 And hólдинг still that *sápere* is the basis
 Of áll good writing whether prose or verse,
 I soón grew weary and threw down the paper,
 And ón my wáy to Schwyz sped and no more
 Thóught of the *gap in the clouds* or of the writer.

Walking from KÜSSNACHT to LUCERNE, Sept. 21, 1854.

"I 'll take mine ease in mine inn."

IN mine inn I 'll táke mine eáse,
 In mine inn do whát I pleáse;
 In mine inn my pipe I 'll smóke,
 Reád the néws and cráck my jóke,
 Eát my púdding, drínk my wine,
 Gó to béd when Í inclíne,
 And if Í the báрмаid kíss
 Whó 's to sáy I díd amíss?

Whén to vísit yóu I gó
 Knóck knock knóck! door 's ánswered slów: —
 "Máster Místress nót at hóme;
 Dón't know whén back théy will cóme;
 Cáll agáin at six, seven, eight;
 Álmost sùre they 'll stáy out láte."

Whén to vísit mé you cóme
 Ánd by chánce find mé at hóme
 Í must sít and wait on yóu
 Máybe á good hóur or twó;
 Lét my bússiness préss or nót
 Thére I ám, nailed tó the spót,

And my wife and children too,
Paying compliments to you.

Tó my inn door when I come
Í enquire not who 's at home,
Walk in straight, hang up my hat,
Order this and order that,
Right before the fire sit down,
Call the waiter out and down
If I must five minutes wait
Ére the chop smokes on my plate.

Him that first invented inns
God forgive him all his sins;
When he comes to Paradise gate,
Early let it be or late,
Good Saint Péter, open straight;
'Twere a shame to make him wait
Whose house door stood open still;
Í 'll go bail he 'll pay his bill.

In mine inn I 'll take mine ease,
In mine inn do what I please,
In mine inn I 'll have my fling,
Laugh and dance and play and sing
Till the jugs and glasses ring,
And not envy queen or king.

Walking from RANKACH over the FREIERSBERG to OPPENAU in the BLACK
FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 11, 1854.

A DOÚBLE folly how to cook
If you desire to know,
You 'll find it in a cookery book
That some score years ago

Was printed for the use of cooks
Who well had learned to read;
I 've tried it often, and still found
The récipé succeed.

You 'll take the first young man you meet
That 's handsome and well made,
And dress him in a brán-new suit
Of clothes of any shade;

But blue and drab, or brown and white,
Is said to be the best;
His gloves must be of yellow kid,
Of patterned silk his vest.

His glossy, lacquered boots, too small
To hold with ease his toes,
Should glánce and sparkle in the sun
At every step he goes.

Both cheeks should be scraped close and clean,
But I advise you spare
Just in the middle of his chin
One little tuft of hair;

And léave upon his upper lip
 Enóugh to take a twirl —
In áll as múch hair as may show
 He 's nót all óut a girl.

And thén you 'll teach him airs genteel,
 And wórds of import small
About religion, politics,
 And the last fancy-ball.

When your young mán is thus prepared,
 Look róund until you find
A máte for him as suitable
 In pérsón as in mind.

Simple and dignified must be
 Her boárding-school-taught mien,
And for the last five years her age
 Sóme thing about eighteen.

She múst have learned a mincing gait,
 And nót to swing her arms;
And cán she sit bolt úpright straight
 'Twill dóuble all her charms.

Ígnorance of things she knows right well
 Her loóks must always show,
And things she 's wholly ignorant of
 She múst pretend to know.

Néver must shé behínd her look
 While wáking in the street;
Her eyes and those of a young man
 Must néver, never meet.

Bút she may peep behind the blinds
When in the room 's no óne,
And wátch what in the opposite house
Or streét is going on.

She múst have learned neat angle hand
And hów to fold a note;
Búlwer and Byron understand,
And on dear children doat.

Bút above áll things she must love
The ónly, one, true church,
And héresy and unbelief
Háte, as bold boys the birch.

They 're reády now, the youth and maid,
And neéd but to be brought —
Mind wéll! — by accident together
Ánd without all forethought.

Two raínstreams on the window pane
You 've seén together run,
Two poóls of milk upon a tray
You 've seén blend into one.

So youth and maid bring them but near
Are súde to coalesce;
Cértain the fact, although the cause
May hárdier be to guess:

Grammárians hold it for the accórd
Of similar tense and case,
Attráction, it 's by chemists called,
Of ácid for a base.

Musicians call it the concórd
Of óctaves lower and higher,
Philósophers the sympathy
Of púppets on one wire.

Geólogists find éven hard stone
Given to conglomerate,
And nót a botanist but knows
Each plant turns toward a mate;

Áll may be right or all be wrong
For ánything I know,
Beyond the simple matter of fact
It 's nót for me to go.

They 've seén each other at a friend's;
Well dóne! you 've now to choose
A place convenient to them both
For fréquent rendezvous.

The máll 's too public, and almost
As public evening Tea;
'Twére a real pity your good work
Should spoiled by tattling be;

Bút in a Propaganda school
As óften as they please
They 'll cóme together, youth and maid,
In sáfety and at ease.

Here while he teaches little boys
She girls their catechism,
From him to her from her to him
Streams fást the magnetism.

Your wórk is done; your youth and maid
No móre need of your care;
Léft to kind heaven and to themselves
They áre a wedded pair.

A dóuble folly so they cooked
Some twéntry years ago,
But whý so called the excellent dish
Ask nó, for I don't know;

But this I know, the recipé
Succéeds even in these days,
And mérits of all culinary
Cónnoisseurs the praise.

Walking across the mountains from CORTINA in VAL AMPEZZO to PREDAZZO
in VAL FIEME, July 24 — 26, 1854.

SAID Vinegar-cruet to Mustard-pot once: —
“I wish you knew how to behave;
What pleásure can any one take in the feast,
While you keep still looking so grave?”

“Excúse me, dear Vinegar-cruet,” replied
Mustard-pót, “I ’ve been thinking this hour
How háppy we ’d áll be and merry the feast
Were you but a little less sour.”

OPPENAU, in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 12, 1854.

TÉN broad stéps there 's tó my ládder,
Fíve on óne side, fíve on th' óther;
Ón one side I móunt my ládder,
And come dówn it ón the óther.

Ón the fírst step síts a móther
Rócking with her foot a crádle;
Lísten ánd you 'll heár her sínging
"Húsh-a báby, báby húsh-a."

Ón the sécond mý heart trémbles
Tó see seáted á schoolmáster
Slápping leárning with a lóng cane
Ínto á refráct'ry púpil.

Ón the thírd step Álma Máter,
Stánding in the midst of dóctors,
Púts a réd gown ón the shóuld'ers
Óf a yóung man leárned and módest.

Ón the fóurth step thé same yóung man
Púts a góld ring ón the finger
Óf an — ángel is 't or góddess?
Kneéling bý him át the áltar.

Ón the tóp step síts a fáther
Ín the évening bý the fíreside,
Children róund his kneés are pláying,
Móther 's wáshing úp the teá-things.

Ón the fírst step dówn my ládder
Sít a géntlemán and lády,
Bóth with spéctaclés, and reáding
Hé the néws, she Mrs. Tróllope.

Ón the sécond step dówn, a lády
Ánd a géntlemán sit trýing
Át the mírror, hé a brówn seratch,
Shé a ghástly rów of white teeth.

Ón the thírd step dówn, a wrinkled
Wíthered gránny knítting sócks sits,
Ánd a pálsied óld man shákes out
Hís pipe's áshes ón the táble.

Ón the fóurth step dówn, two ármchairs,
Óne each síde the fire, stand émpty;
Ón two tábles át two béd-sides
Lábelled phíals stréwed abóut lie.

Ón the lást step dówn, two séxtons
Síde by síde two gráves are sódding;
Listen ánd you 'll heár them clápping
Thé soft híllocks with their shóvels.

Yé that háven't yet seén my ládder,
Cóme look át it whére it stánds there
With its five up stéps in súnlight,
Ánd its five steps dówn, in sháadow.

Walking from FALKAU to TRYBERG in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob.
8—9, 1854.

BEERDRINKER'S SONG,
UNDER A PICTURE OF GAMBRINUS.

GAMBRINUS was a gallant king
Reigned ónce in Flanders old,
Hé was the man invented beer
As í 've been often told.

Of mált and hops he brewed his beer
And máde it strong and good,
And sóme of it he bottled up
And sóme he kept in wood.

The gólden crown upon his head,
The beérjug in his hand,
Beerdrínkers, see before ye here
Your bénomfactor stand.

Beerlóvers, paint him on your shields,
Upón your beérpots paint —
'Twere wéll a pope did never worse
Than máke Gambrinus Saint.

And nów fill every man his pot
Till the foam óverflows;
No higher praise áskes the goód old king
Than fróth upon the nose.

Bácchus I 'll honor while I live
And while I live love wine,
But still I 'll hold th' old Flanders king
And beérjug more divine.

While I have wine night's darkest shades
To mé are full moonlight,
But keep my beérpot filled all day
And í 'll sleep soúnd all night.

So bléssings on th' old Flanders king,
And bléssings on his beer,
And cúrse upon the táx on malt,
That mákes good drink so dear.

Walking from SCHOPFHEIM to GERSBACH in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN),
Octob. 6, 1854.

ÓNCE it háppened í was wálking
Ón a bríght sunshíny mórning
Thróúgh the córnfields, gáy and háppy,
Lílting tó mysélf some nónsense;

Áll at ónce came á policeman,
Caúght me fást by thé shirt cóllar,
Drágged me tó the víllage Séssions,
Ánd befóre their Wórships sét me: —

"Hére 's the féllow stóle the ápple,
Pleáse your gráve and réverend Wórships;
Nów he 's ín your hánds do with him
Ás required by láu and jústice."

"Nó, I díd not ; it 's a fouíl lie;
Í 'm no thiéf, stole néver ápple;
Lét me gó, and thé false witness
Púnish ás your Wórships think best."

"Nót so fást; it hás been swórn to:
Yóur grandmóther stóle the ápple;
Thát 's the sáme in láu and jústice
Ás if yóu yoursélf had stólen it."

"Só you 're séntenced tó go álwáys
With your coátsleeves ínsíde óút turned,
Thát all seéing yóu may knów 'twas
Yóur grandmóther stóle the ápple."

Thát 's the reáson, Génts and Ládies,
Í go álwáys ín this fáshion;
Thrów no bláme upón my táilor,
Thé fault 's áll my óld grandmóther's."

SUMISWALD in Canton BERN, Octob. 2, 1854.

THE human skull is of deceit
As full as any egg of meat;
Full of deceit 's the human skull
As any egg of meat is full.
Some eggs are addled, some are sweet,
But every egg 's chokeful of meat;
Clever some skulls, some skulls are dull,
But of deceit each skull 's chokeful.
Let your egg addled be or sweet,
To have your eggshell clean and neat
The first step is: scoop out the meat;
And clever let it be or dull,
If you would have an honest skull,
Out you must scrape to the last grain
The vile, false, lying, perjured brain.

VERONA, August 19, 1854.

I AM a versemaker by trade
And verses of all kinds have made,
Bad ones to win me fame and pelf,
And good ones to amuse myself.
Of various humor grave and gay
I poetise the livelong day
And sometimes sit up half the night
Some fluent nonsense to indite
About an elephant or a fly,
Or Annabel's bewitching eye,

About past, present, or to come,
About America, Carthage, Rome,
About high, low, or great, or small,
Or maybe about nothing at all.
I wish you saw me when I write
Verses for mine own delight;
I can't sit still, I jump about
Up and down stairs, in and out;
My cheeks grow red, my eyes grow bright,
You 'd swear I 'd lost my senses quite.
But when I 'm set a verse to spin
That shall be sure applause to win,
Lord, but it is an altered case!
I wouldn't my foe see in my place;
In vain my locks I twirl and pull,
And bite my nails, and thump my skull,
My spirit 's ebb'd, my wit 's at null;
Gods, but it 's hard work to write dull!
Thrice-gifted Wordsworth — happy bard
To whom that task was never hard! —
Teach me the art into my Muse
Not "gentle pity" to infuse,
Or fear or hope or jealousy,
Or sweet love, or philosophy
And reason strong and manly sense,
But paltry cunning, sleek pretence,
And how to give no vice offence,
That sits installed in station high
And mixes with good company;
In all, sufficient skill to cook
Some fiddle faddle, pious book
On drawing-room table fit to lie
And catch the idle visitor's eye
And help the author on to fame

And p  nsion and a poet's name.
 Don't   sk me can I nothing find
 More fitting to employ my mind
 And while away my idle time
 Than "stringing blethers up in rhyme"
 For you   and other fools to sing,
 For      m as happy as a king:
 My tr  chees are my diamond crown,
 My   napests my purple gown,
 My p  n's my sceptre, my inkst  nd
 S  rves me for r  venues and land,
 And as for s  bjects — every thing
 In he  ven and e  rth owns m   for king;
 So m  ny h  ve I that I choose,
 And t  ke the good, the bad refuse;
   n the whole w  rld, I'd like to know,
 Where 's th'   ther king that can do so?

Walking from BEUERN to WEINGARTEN (BADEN), Octob. 14 — 15, 1854.

ST. ARNAUD.

"  N, to the fight!" St. Arnaud called
 Though f  int and like to die;
 "Bring me my horse and hold me up,
 We 'll win the victory."

  nto the fi  ld the hero rushed,
 One h  ld him on each side,
 He w  n the fight, then turned about
 And dro  ped his head and died.

BRUCHSAL in BADEN, Octob. 16, 1854.

SOMETÍMES I 've with my Muse a miff,
Sometímes my Muse with me,
You 'd think we féll out just to have
The pleásure to agree.

Last níght she came to my bedside
And twitched me on the ear: —
“Wéll, Miss,” said I, turning about,
“What ís it brings you here?”

“I 've cóme to sing you a new song,”
With a sweet smile she said,
And ón the táble laíd her lamp
And sát down by my bed.

“This ís no time to sing,” said I
And túrned me round to sleep,
“You wóuld not tríll one note all day,
Your sóng for mórning keep.”

No wórd replied the deár sweet maid,
Nor taúnted me again,
But géntly laíd her hand on mine
And sáng so sweet a strain,

So ténder, melancholy, soft,
That teárs came to mine eyes
And sómetímes scarce the words I heard
Fór mine own bursting sighs: —

"Chármer, sing on, sing éver on,
We 're ónce more friénds," I cried;
"A thousánd years I 'd nótt think long,
My sóngstress at my side."

I túrned about as thus I said,
But ló! the maid was gone,
Had táken her lamp and left me there
Ín the dark night alone.

In vain I watched the livelong night,
All dáy I 've watched in vain:
But stáy — aye, thát 's her ówn dear voice,
And hére she comes again.

Walking from OPPENAU to BEUERN (BADEN), Octob. 12 — 13, 1854.

SWEET breáthes the hawthorn in the early spring
And wállflower petals precious fragrance fling,
Sweét in July blows full the cabbage rose
Ánd in rich béd's the gay carnation glows,
Sweet smells on sunny slopes the nów-mown hay,
And belle-de-nuit smells sweet at close of day,
Sweét under southern skies the orange bloom
And lánk acacia spread their mild perfume,
Bút of all odorous sweets I crown thee queen,
Plain, rústic, unpretending, bláck eyed bean.

Walking from ACHENKIRCHEN to SEEHAUS on the ACHENSEE, in the
German TYROL, July 9, 1854.

KING Will his seat in royal state
Takes on Thought's ocean shore,
And "Silence!" calls to the loud waves;
The waves but louder roar.

"Back báck, audacious, rebel slaves,
How dáre ye" — the king cries —
"How dáre ye come my person near?"
The waves but higher rise.

And first they drench his velvet shoes
And thén they splash his knee;
The king's cheeks grow with choler red,
An angry man is hé.

"What meán ye, whát?" three times he cries,
"Thús to assault your lord;
Ye sháll be hanged up every one —"
The waves hear never a word;

And óne comes souse and overturns
Hím and his chair of state —
Make háste, good king, and save yourself
Before it is too late.

Then cómes another, twice as big,
And rólles him up the shore,
And sáys: — "Lie there, and call us slaves
And vássals never more."

"Minion," faint gasping he 'd have cried

But ló! the wave was gone,
And from the deep already comes
Anóther rolling on,

And breaks and flows over the king
As if no king were there,
And knócks about his chair of state
Like ány common chair.

"Enoúgh! he 's had enoúgh," cries loud
The fóurth wave tumbling in;
"Now lét him off; though great his crime,
To drówn him were a sin.

"Dówn to this shore, I promise you,
Unléss he is a fool,
King Will will not come soon again
Thought's ócean waves to rule."

"So bé it, so bé it," they all reply,
And ébb and leave him there
To drý himself as best he can
And gáther up his chair.

Thát was the first day kíng Will claimed
Rúle over Thought's free waves,
And you may sweár it was the last
He éver called them slaves.

Walking from TRYBERG to OBERWOLFACH in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN),
Octob. 9 — 11, 1854.

WELL, it is a dárling créature!
Í could loók for éver át it;
Lóvelier báby Í saw néver —
Stáy — is it a són or daughtér?

Són! I knéw it — ówn Papá's self,
Ówn Papá's nose, móuth and fórehead.
Hów I wish its éyes would ópen!
Í could álmóst swéar they 're házel.

Fié! no mátter — 't hás no sénse yet —
Sís weeks! whý, I 'd sáy sís mónths old.
Wípe its nóse — all 's ríght agáin now;
Whát a swéét smíle! whý, it 's an ángel.

Cóme come, dón't frown, máster Bóbbý —
Ísn't it Bóbbý I 'm to cáll it?
Fírst son 's álwáys fór Papá called;
Chérub beáuty! lét me kíss it.

Fié agáin! a spoónful fénnel;
Sómething súde 's the mátter wíth it
Ór it wóuld not twist and whínge so,
Swéét, good témpéred, quíet dúcky.

It 's the grípes; the grípes are whólesome;
Quick the fénnel; míc some súck with 't:
Deár, sweet créature, hów it súffers!
'Tmúst be páin that mákes it crý so.

Gíve 't the breást; what! wónt it táke it?
Dón't be cróss, dear prétty Bóbbý;
Pá wont háve you if you crý so;
Thére there! gó to sleép, sweet Bóbbý.

Deár me! whát can bé the mátter?
Máýbe á pin 's rúnning ín it;
Strip it quáick; see! thére 's no pin here —
Poór, dear bábe! what ís it áils it?

Heát the flánnel át the fíre well,
Dróp six dróps of brándy ón it,
Bind it tíght round — nót so stráit quite —
Still it criés as múch as éver.

Whére 's the sáffron, thé magnésia?
Í 'm beginníng tó be fríghtened;
Bút it loóks ill! cáll a dóctor;
Stóp, I thínk it 's grówing quáiet.

Húsh-o húsh-o; whát 's that nóise there?
Shút the doór to, dráw the cúrtains,
Lét no foót stir; húsh-o húsh-o;
Húsh-o, dárling báby, húsh-o.

Nów it 's quáiet, it 's asleép now;
Húsh-o, dárling báby, húsh-o;
Ánd it 's slóbberring, thát 's a goód sign,
Thís time Gód wont táke his chérub.

Whát a sweet smile! ít 's awáke now;
Táke ít úp, put ón ít cleán bib;
Nów 'twill táke the breást I wárrant;
Hów ít súcks, the little glútton!

Púking! lóvely; ít 's all ríght now.
Wípe ít móuth — anóther cleán bib;
Bléssings ón ít fór a fíne child!
Ít will bé a greát man sóme day.

Walking from TODTMOOS to MENZENSCHWAND in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 7, 1854.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT PREDAZZO IN VAL FIEME (ITALIAN TYROL) WHERE GEOLOGISTS FIND CHALK UNDERLYING GRANITE.

BREÁD upon bútter spread is rare,
Rare heéls up and heads down,
Grass grówing toward the céntré 's rare,
Rare underfoot a crown;

Bút of all rárest, granite here
Lýing on chalk is seen,
Ánd by some blunder chalk below,
Where gránite should have been.

July 27, 1854.

WITHÍN the convent of Johannathal,
 Befóre daybreak upon Ascension day
 There is a sound of móre life than is common
 Within Saint Ursula's bare and lofty walls.
 Three times the porterness to the latticed window
 Óf the locked gáte has put her ear to listen
 If foót of prior's mule might yet be heard
 Or réverend bishop's up the valley wending
 From fár Saint Martin's, and fourth time at last
 Héaring the hoofs, the portal wicket opens
 And to "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus," answers
 With fólde'd hands "In Ewigkeit, Herrn Väter."
 "God greét the lady Philippina," said
 The bîshop and the prior entering the parlour,
 "And Gód greet all the sisters here assembled,
 And Gód greet trebly her whom here today,
 Sáved from a sinful world, we are to add
 To hóly Ursula's pious sisterhood."
 "I need not ásk, Sir prior," then said the bishop,
 "Íf to our deár child Agatha has been
 Dúly administered for seven days past
 Each dáy the sacrament of the Lord's body,
 Her heárt being first prepared for its reception
 By fúll and free confession of her sins
 Éven the most vénial?" "As thou say'st, my lord."
 "And thoú, my lady abbess, of no cause
 Art cógnizant why to this sisterhood

Should nó't be added one more loving sister,
 Not plánted in the garden of the Lord
 This shoót of promise, this sweet, fragrant branch?"
 "Í of no hindrance am aware, my lord,
 Unléss it be a hindrance, to have passed
 In pénitence, obedience, selfdenial
 And wórks of mercy and beneficence
 The yeárs of her noviciate and white veil."
 "Then lét the child attend us in the chapel,
 If reády there the coffin and the pall."
 The yóungest sister then the candles lit,
 And twó by two, each with a light in hand,
 They wálked in slow procession from the parlour
 Alóng the corridor and down the stair
 And róund the cloister court into the chapel,
 The nóvices before, the white veils last,
 Behínd the novices the prior singly
 In gów'n and scapulaire, the bishop then
 In púrple pallium, on his head the mitre,
 And in his hand the golden, jewelled crozier,
 Betweén whom and the white veils the long train
 Of bláck veils headed by the lady abbess,
 The greát bell all the while the death knell tolling.
 Meanwhíle two sisters, beckoned by the abbess,
 Condúcted to the chapel from her cell
 The lády Agatha pale, weak and trembling,
 And on her knees in front of the crypt's staircase
 Pláced her beside a lidless, plain deal coffin.
 Of coárse black stuff her raiment; from her head
 Behínd in loóse folds hung the long white veil;
 Ón her white néck a crucifix of jet;
 A góld, gem-stúdded hoop on the ring finger;
 Behínd her and at éach side of the crýpt stair
 Stood mótionless the two attendant sisters;

Behind the crypt the altar hung with black;
And cúrtained black the doors, lucárnes and windows;
A síngle díim lamp from the hígh vault burning.
The tólling ceased as entering the chapel
The sísters ranged themselves in triple file
Half-moón shaped round the entrance of the crypt,
The kneéling Agatha and open coffin,
In eách right hand still burning bright the taper.
"Selécted child of God," then said the prior
Besíde the bishop standing in the midst
And putting into the maid's trembling hand
The véry crucifix Saint Ursula
Préssed to her lips upon her martyr day,
"Íf of its own free will thine heart accepts
The wórds thou now shalt hear the bishop utter —
Wórds which for ever from the world divide thee,
From fáther, mother, friends, and house and home,
Bróther and sister, all the joys of life —
Sweár to the wórds and kiss the holy rood."
"Thou sweár'st," then said the bishop, "that till death
Thou wilt be faithful to the mother church,
That to the letter thou 'lt observe the rules
And órdinances of Saint Ursula,
Obéy the lady abbess of this convent
In preference to thy father and thy mother,
And love this sisterhood more than thy sisters,
Sweár'st that thou 'lt live in chastity perpetual,
Seclúision, poverty and self-abasement,
And in all things conduct thee as becometh
The bride of Christ, the adópted of the Lord;
And as thou keep'st this oath or break'st it, so
Máy thy soul whén thou diest ascend to heaven
Thére to live éver in the joy of the Lord,
Ór be thrust dówn to hell to dwell for ever

In tórment with the enemies of God."
 "I sweár," said Agatha, and kissed the rood;
 Then, taking each a hand, the attendant sisters
 Upraised her from her knees and one of them
 Dráwing the góld hoop from her finger dropped it
 Ínto th' offértory held by the other;
 Néxt from her heáð they undíd the long white veil,
 And loósed and lét upon her shoulders fall
 Her gólden lócks, then in their arms both raised her
 And láid her strétched at fúll length in the coffín,
 Ánd the pall over her and the coffín spread,
 Leáving the head bare, and beyond the edge
 Of the cóffín the dishévelled gold locks hanging;
 Then óne of them the lócks held while the bishop
 Clean sheáred them from the head, saying same time: —
 "As thése locks never to the head return,
 So thoú returnest never to the world."
 Oút of the coffín then the two attendants
 Raised her together, and the long black veil
 Threw óver her, head, neck and shoulders covering
 Dówn to her waist behind; the bishop then
 Námed her Euphemia, and upon her finger
 Pútting the núptial ring and on her head
 The núptial crown, pronounced her Christ's affianced,
 The Lórd's own spouse now and for ever more,
 And, having given into her hand the attested
 Áct of Profession and the Rules of the Order,
 Rósary and práyerbook, raised both hands and blessed her
 And báde her go in peace; then the abbess kissed her
 And áll the sísters kissed her one by one;
 And háving sung a hymn, all left the chapel:
 The nóvices before, the prior following,
 And thén the bishop, next the lady abbess
 Héading the bláck veils, with the last of whom

And youngest, tottering walked the new-professed,
 The white veils last, the great bell again tolling.
 The cloister court they round and up the stair
 Tó the refectory and collation frugal:
 Sausage and cheese and bread, and each one glass
 Of Rudesheimer four years in the cellar.
 The prior and bishop some short quarter hour
 Converse of things indifferent with the abbess;
 Take leave; the wicket again opens, closes;
 The patter of the mules' hoofs dies away;
 Each to her separate cell the nuns retire,
 And once more still as death 's Saint Ursula's cloister.
 Next day a messenger conveys the parents
 All of their daughter that they now might claim:
 The golden ringlets sheared off by the bishop;
 And in one narrow cell from that day forth,
 Strictest and holiest of Saint Ursula's nuns,
 In penitence and prayer lived Agatha,
 Except when morning, noon, or evening bell
 Called her to chapel, or her daily walk
 She took the court round or the high-walled garden,
 Or at long intervals in a sister's presence
 Spoke some short moments through the parlour grating
 With some once dear friend of her former world.
 So forty years she lived and so she died,
 And other Agathas walking where she walked
 Her name read on a flag beneath their feet
 As from the court they turn into the chapel.

Begun while walking from RIED to SAINT ANTON on the ADLERBERG (German TYROL), Sept. 4 — 5, 1854; finished at TEUFEN in Canton APPENZEL, Sept. 12, 1854.

I LIKE the Belgian cleanliness and comfort,
The Bélgian liberty of thought and action,
The áncient Bélgian cities, full of churches
With pointed windows and long Gothic aisles
And vócal steeples that pour every hour
Dówn from the clóuds their lárklike melody;
I love too the soft Bélgian languages,
Walloón and Flemish, and the Bélgian song,
And Bélgium's pictures — chiefly thine, Van Eyck!
Unéqualled colorist, and first who dipped
In oil the pencil. But I like not all,
Múch though I like in Bélgium; I like not
Its híl-less, smóoth, unvariegated landscape,
Where even the very rivers seem to languish;
Still léss I like its parallel, straight-cut roads
Where séldom but to telescope-armed eye
Discérnible the further end or turning;
And leást of all I like him whóm Cologne,
Prouód of a little, fain would call her own,
Though fóreign-born, him of the broad, slouched hat,
The paínter who shades red and with red streaks
And bloódy blotches daubs the sprawling limbs
Óf his fat Venuses and Medicis,
Susánnas, Ariadnes and Madonnas,
Álways except his sweetheart with the stráw hat,

For whóse sake I 'd forgive his sins though doubled —
But óther lands invíte me, farewell Belgium!

Thrice wélcome, Holland! refuge, in old times,
Of persecuted virtue, wisdom, learning;
Mighty Rhine-delta, I admire thy ports
Fúll of tall másts, wayfarers of both oceans;
Thy cábinets replenished with the riches
Of éither Ind; thy dikes, canals, and sluices,
And térritory from the deép sea won
Bý thy hard toil and skill and perseverance;
Bút I like nót thy smug, smooth-sháven faces,
Sleék, methodistic hair, and white cravats,
And swállowtailed black coats, and trowsers black;
Still léss I like the odour of thy streets
Ére by kind winter frózen, and thé far more
Than Jéwish eagerness with which thou graspest
At évery pound or penny fairly earned,
Ór it may bé unfairly — so I turn
Sóuthward my pilgrim step; and say — “Farewell!”

Two Gérmánies there are, antipodistic
Eách of the óther, a Northern and a Southern:
Stúrdy the one, and stíffnecked and reserved,
Cáutious, suspicious, economical, prudent,
Indústrious, indefatigable, patient,
Stúdious and méditative and with art's
And literature's most noble spoils enriched,
That raised, three hundred years ago, revolt's
Audácious standard against mother church
And from that day has lived and flourished fair
Withóut the hélp of Pope, Bull, or Indulgence,
Ánd in its náked, shrineless temples worshipped
Its únsubstantial notion of a God.

South Germany, less thoughtful, and preferring
Eáse and known wáys to toilsome innovation,
Clings to its fóresires' creed, and only closer
And clóser clings the more it 's shown to be
Nónsense downright, hypócrisy and imposture.
Bóth Germanies my diligent, plodding feet
From Nórth to South from East to West have travelled,
From filthy, rích, commercial, sensual Hamburg
Tó the far Draúthal and the Ortelerspitz,
Ánd from where in the Moldau's wave reflected
The minarets of Prague, to where broad Rhine,
Frésh from Helvétia's Alps and glaciers, washes
Básel's white wálls and weak Erasmus' tomb,
Ánd I have found the German, in the main,
A plain fair-dealer without second purpose
Ánd to his wórd true; seldom over-courteous,
And álwáys quite inquisitive enough
About your náme, your country, your religion,
Whence, whíther, what and why and where and when;
And táke fair wárning, reader! shouldst thou ever,
Smít with the lóve of that coy spinster, Knowledge,
Vénture upon a Gérman tour pedestrian,
Oútside the limits of still courteous Schwárwald,
The wátchdog all day long his iron chain
Clánks on each boór's inhospitable threshold,
And éven the inn door in the country opens
Slówly and súllenly or not at all
Tó the belátéd, tired and houseless stranger.

From Gérmany I turn into Tyról;
A kíndlier, friéndlier land; where tired pedestrian
Thóugh he arrive late has no growl to fear
Of súrly wátchdog or more surly landlord,
But greéted with "Willkommen!" and the smile

Of búsy, gay, key-jingling Kellnerin,
Throws down his knapsack on Gast-Stube table,
And áfter short delay is helped to the best
Saúsage, stewed veál, and wine the inn affords;
Nor is this all; finds when he goes upstairs
His béd, though nothing wider, has in length
Gáined on the measure of his German crib
Some goód three inches, cleaner far besides
And bétter furnished, but for greater width
Thán his cramp German crib's spare thirty inches
He múst have patience till he leaves behind him
Not Gérmány alone but North Tyról,
And figs, vines, peáches, pomegranates and olives
And brighter suns and warmer airs announce
The Eúropean Eden, South Tyról.

From Vál Ampezzo and the belfry Glockner
And whére in crystal vase is still preserved
The dróp of the hólý blood, I take my way
With the descending Drave into Carinthia's
East-trénding valley-land flanked North and South
By mány a snow-clad Alp and ruined castle,
And sówn by many a diligent peasant's hand
With mélons, maize, hemp, bere, oats, beans and barley.
I rúbbed mine eyes and wondered was 't a dream
Whén I behéld once more the female face
Óval and seémly, such as I 'd been used
To admíre in England, Scotland and dear Ireland,
And hád in vain sought through all sprawling-mouthed,
Broad, próminent cheékboned, cat-eyed Germany.
But hándsome though they be, Carinthia's maids
Detáin not lóng my faithless, wandering steps,
And on the banks of Téssin or old Tyber
Or strétched at ease upon the sunny slopes

O'erhánging Spezzia's palms and placid bay,
Behóld me wooing soon a lovelier beauty.

I like thee, Ítaly, and I like thee not;
Thou' that a thóusand years thine iron sceptre
Laid'st héavy on the neck of human kind
From wéstern Tagus to far eastern Ganges,
And from the Picts' wall to the burning Line,
Thine hour of retribution 's come at last
And crúshed beneath the tyrant's heel thou liest
Writhing unpitied, not again to rise.
First waned thy private morals, then thy public;
Thy síngleness and honesty of purpose,
Thy vátor, heroism, selfdenial;
And though, of life tenacious, thy religion,
Clád in a different mantle and with features
Adjústed in the mirror of the times,
Síts in her ancient seat and fain would thence
Rúle as of óld the world and act the God,
A time is coming when even Róme's religion
Must túmble down and perish like Rome's State,
Or dón another mantle, other features,
And spreáding out with óne hand a new forged
And lýing patent, tear down with the other
Fróm the flagstáff the cross, and round a cone,
Triángle, square, trapezoid or circle,
Rállly new hósts of wónderworkers, martyrs,
Voices and signs and omens and believers.
Such shádowy prospect, far the field outlying
Óf the myópíc vision of the vulgar,
Ópens before my strained eye in the dim
But hóurly clear and clearer growing future,
And intérmédiate lýing a vast plain
Cóvered with cámps and bivouacs and battles

And charging horse and foot, and dead and dying,
Defeat and victory, prisoners and pursuit,
And burning cities villages and cornfields,
Rape and waste and all the whole heart of man;
And groans assail mine ears and shouts of triumph,
And cries of wretches broken on the wheel
Slow inch by inch, or in the fire consuming,
Or rotting underground in damp, dark dungeons;
And, mixed with these, bells ringing, organs pealing,
And hymns in chorus sung to the new God,
And preachers' voices loud anathematising
Christ and his cross, rude barbarous superstition
Of a benighted, God-deserted age.
Turn, weary ear and shocked, disheartened eye,
And seek refreshment in the happier past;
Alas! there 's no refreshment in the past
For ear or eye; horrors and woeful sounds
And sights of blood fill the whole backward distance:
Allah, Christ, Jove, Jehova, Baal and Isis,
With all their prophets, miracles and priests,
Sheiks, Popes, Druids, Patriarchs, and Bonzes
In battle melée charge and countercharge,
Conquerors alternate, and alternate conquered —
History, begone! henceforth let no man write
The annals of his kind, or dissipate
The sweet and fair illusion that on earth
Sometime and somewhere Charity has lived,
And men not always when they used God's name
Had fraud or blood or rape in their hearts.
Stage upon which so many stirring scenes
Of the world's history have been enacted,
Not without awe I tread thee — here where Brutus
Did his great deed, where Marcus Tullius pleaded,
Where Brennus threw into the wavering scale

His swórd's weight; here where Clodius brawled, where wronged
 Virginius' knife ended Decemvirates;
 Hére where into the delicate, fine ears
 Óf the world's máster, the Venusian bard
 And Mántuan poured the honey of their song;
 Hére where, resuscitated by the sculptor's
 Life-giving chisel, round about me stand
 In áll their ancient majesty, reinstalled,
 The lánd's pristine possessors, heroes heroines
 Góds Demigóds philosophers and bards,
 Hére is no púppet show no village playhouse.
 So far I wrote or thought, when on mine eyes
 Fell slúmber like a veil, and lo! I 'm seated
 Ón the top bench of a vast circular building,
 Úp next the áwning; on each hand all round
 Rome's ártizans, on the stone benches crowded,
 Look dówn with strained necks into the Arena;
 I toó look dówn past the filled tiers and wedges,
 Pást the dense róws of senators and knights,
 Procónsuls, Prétors, Heads municipal,
 And fóreign princes in costumes outlandish,
 And délegates from the round world's three thirds,
 And pást the Podium where on gold and crimson
 The Émperor lolled, the Fasces at his back,
 Ínto th' Aréna, where in the midst I saw,
 Náked except the loins and all defenceless,
 An óld man and a youth together standing;
 Ánd to the question who or what they were
 Receíved for answer from those sitting near me: —
 "A fáther and his son condemned to death
 For spreáding blasphemous, Jewish superstitions
 Amóng the vulgar, teaching them one Christ,
 A Jéwish rebel, was their rightful Cesar,
 Jóve's bástard by a fair Alcmena Jewess."

As thús I heard, two glittering swords unsheathed
 Were thrówn into the midst, and a loud voice
 Proclaímed the Cesar's mercy to that one,
 Óf the two cúlprits, whether son or father,
 Who should the other slay in single fight,
 Thére in the présence of assembled Rome.
 Cold hórror chilled my blood as I beheld
 Fáther and són, at the same instant armed,
 Brándish the weapons: — "Hold," I cried, "hold, hold" —
 And wóke, and found me in the Coliseum,
 Seáted upon the ruíned, crumbling Podium,
 Befóre me and on either side Christ's chapels
 And kneéling worshippers, overhead the cross.
 I knów not, Ítaly, whether thou art fairest
 Ín thy blue ský, translucent lakes, broad rivers,
 Thy pébbly half-moon bays and hoary headlands,
 Thine írrigated vales of pasture green,
 Thy mantling vines, tall cypresses, gray olives,
 Thy stóne-pines, hólmoaks dark, and laurels noble,
 Ór in the intérior of thy marble halls
 Where évery pillar, every flag I tread on,
 Has félt Bramante's or Palladio's chisel,
 And évery wall and every ceiling glows
 Frésh with the tints of Raphael or Guercino;
 But wéll I know that where thou shouldst be fairest
 Thou art most foul; in all the sweet relations
 Of life domestic, Italy! thou art naught:
 Thou knów'st no happy fireside, no tea table;
 About the móther, in the evening, never
 Gáther the children whether sons or daughters;
 No book is read, no family instruction;
 Th' exámple of the father leads the son
 Tó the Casíno and the coffeehouse,
 The móther, seated on her throne the sofa,

Receives all dáy long the seductive homage
 Óf her obedient, courteous, gay cicisbeo,
 And seés not, or cares nót to see, which way,
 Or whéther more than óne way, roves the husband.
 The daúghters, to the convent sent, learn plain
 And fáncy work, a little music, spelling,
 Less wríting, and no counting but to know
 Upón the rosary how many beads,
 Hów many Saint's-days in the calendar,
 And on the satin frock to be presented
 Tó the Madónna on her Son's birthday
 How mány spangles will have best effect.
 Ah, Ítaly! thou that so chaf'st against
 A fóreign yoke, so kick'st against the pricks,
 Ere into thy long-unaccustomed hands
 Thou ták'st the government of thyself, first teach
 Óne of thy sóns to govern well himself
 And his own hóuse; the social virtues
 Precéde, not fóllow, the political;
 An independant State 's created by,
 Ére it créates, good husbands, parents, children.

Betweén me and my home lies many an Alp
 With mány a toilsome, rugged, steep ascent,
 And sheér descending, dizzy precipice,
 And mány a chasm, and áwful, black abyss,
 Ravine and fissure in the splintered mountain,
 Tó be crossed óver on the insecure
 And crázy footing of half-rotten plank
 Móssgrown and slippery with the drizzling spray
 Óf the loud róaring cataract beneath.
 Fróm my youth úp I 've loved thee, Switzerland;
 At schoól, in college loved thee; of thee dreamed
 While ón mine ears the lecturer's dry theme

Unfructifying fell, or in my hand
 Forgót and useless lay dissector's knife;
 And when at last the college Term went by,
 And the damp foggy days and long dark nights
 Gave way to joyous July's glowing sun,
 With what a light, elastic heart I threw
 My knápsack on my shoulder, in my hand
 My wánderer's stáff took, and set out to scale
 Thy snówy mountains, thy green valleys tread,
 Drink thy free air and feel myself a man!
 Lónely my wanderings then, my sole companions
 The ríver and the breeze, the cloudy rack,
 Or sóme stray goat, or sheep that to my hand,
 Expécting salt, came bleating; later years
 Brougħt me a cómrade; a coeval youth,
 Woóer like me of Nature, by my side
 Stép for step taking with me, the long way,
 The dáy tempestuous or the evening's gloom
 Cheéred with sweet ínterchange of thoughts congenial.
 Upón this mossy bank we sat together,
 Twénty five yéars ago this very day,
 And wáched September's mitigated sun
 Go dówn, as now it goes, behind yon Stockhorn;
 From Mérligen's white steeple on our left
Rest rést, ye weary! even as now was tolling;
 And hígħ above, high high above, the horn
 Of Mórgenberg, the Jungfrau's frozen cheeks
 And Mönch's and Eigher's glowed, as now, bright vermeil
 Under the lást kiss of departing Day;
 Befóre us in the mirror of the lake
 The Niésen pyramid, point downward, trembled,
 And dówn below the point the crescent moon
 And, lówer still, gray evening's silver star
 Their únpretentious, míngled light as now

Were wide and wider every moment spreading
 O'er the subaqueous heaven's fast waning blue;
 Here on this bank we sat opposite the Niesen,
 My friend and I, that calm September evening,
 Planning our journey for the following year
 Up yonder Simmenthal to well loved Leman;
 But to my friend, alas! no following year
 Came ever; to his fatherland returned
 An early grave received him, and for years
 Long years thou 'st been to me a stranger, Thun!
 And thy sweet, placid lake, and Simmenthal,
 And well loved Leman. With the more delight
 Albeit subdued, I myself changed meanwhile,
 View from this well known bank the unchanged prospect.
 Mountain and lake, blue sky and star and moon,
 And snow rosetinged by the same setting sunbeams.
 Ah, that insensitive nature so should live
 While every thing that feels so dies and changes!
 Yet let me not complain, for out of death,
 Death only, comes new life, and if my youth's
 And manhood's friends lie in their sepulchres,
 I 've here beside me sitting on this bank
 The friend of my declining years, my daughter,
 Sharing the toils and pleasures of my travel
 And from me learning early to despise
 The brilliancy of cities, and to seek
 Less on the horse's back and in the carriage
 Than from the use pedestrian of her limbs
 In daily journies over hill and valley
 Bodily vigor; more the mind's adornment
 In observation and comparison,
 With her own eyes and ears and head and hands,
 Of wonder-working Nature's ways and means,
 Than in the formal, cold accomplishments

Of fáshionable boardingschool or college
 Skilled to incúlcate fundamental errors
 As fúndamental truths, and in the name
 Of reáson, vírtue and religion teach
 Gróss superstítion, immorality,
 And hów to reason ill and falsely judge.
 But fáded from the Jungfrau's highest snows
 And Mönch's and Eigher's, day's last roseate tint;
 The moón, grown yellower, 's sinking fast behind
 The dárkening Niesen; and no more a lone
 Spángle of silver on gray Evening's brow
 Shines Hésperus, but brightest of the bright
 Diamonds that sparkle in Night's jewelled crown —
 Come cóme, my child, let 's hasten to the hamlet;
 Mind well thy steps; the night 's dark, the way rocky:
 Good night, sweet lake, we meet again tomorrow.

Walking from PETERZELL (CANTON ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND) by the Lakes
 of THE FOUR FOREST CANTONS, SARNEN, and THUN to FALKAU in the BLACK
 FOREST, BADEN; Sept. 16 to Octob. 7, 1854.

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI FAMED FOR
 HAVING SPOKEN WITH FLUENCY TWENTY SEVEN LANGUAGES.

WHAT a wónder of wisdom, it has óften been said,
 Mezzofánti with twénty séven tóngues in one heáð!
 Greater wónder of wísdóm — I vów I don't móck —
 Mezzofánti with twénty seven kéys for one lóck.

Walking from ARGENTHAL to SIMMERN (RHENISH PRUSSIA); Octob. 29, 1854.

ONCE on a time it happened as I was lounging in the Vatican
I met an old friend of mine, a very leárned mán —

“Now I could almost swear I know the very man you mean;
A shilling to a penny, it has Cardinal Mai been.”

Done! and you ’ve lost your bet for these weighty reasons two:
He ’s neither learned nor a friend of mine, that pippin-hearted

Jew;

Unless you count it learning, to be perpetually men’s ears
boring

With his scouring of old boók-shelves, and pálimpsest restoring,
And unless you call it friendship that twice my hand he shook
And kissed me on both cheeks, and took a present of my book;
So much as this of his Eminence I learned three years ago,
And more than this of his Eminence I don’t desire to know.

So to go back to where I was when you interrupted me: —

“I ’m heartily glad,” said I, “my good old friend to see;
And are you very well? and when did you come to Rome?
And what is it brings you here? and how are all at home?”

“I ’m very well,” said he, “and at home I left all well,
And since yesterday I ’m here, and now please to me tell
How things are going on here, and what ’s the newest news
With the Pope or the Consulta or your own sweet Irish Muse.”

“As for my Muse,” said I — for I always put her first —

“Of all places in the wide world Rome is for her the worst,
For she ’s always kept so busy here gazing round on every side
With uplifted hands and open mouth and eyelids staring wide
On painting, arch and statue, pillar, obelisk and dome
And all the thousand wonders of ever wondrous Rome,

That I can't get one word out of her let me tease her as I may
Except "Please let me alone, Sir," and "I'll do no work today."
And as for the Consulta, it doesn't consult with me,
And if it did I doubt me much 'twere long ere we 'd agree.
And then as to his Holiness, I hope you don't suppose" —
And here I looked as wise as I could and clapped my finger
on my nose —

"Dear Sir, has anything happened or do you anything know?"
"Not I indeed, my good friend, or I'd have told you long ago;
But this much I can tell you and I doubt not but it's true,
And remember what I say now's strictly between me and you:
This building here's the Vatican, this city is called Rome —
And mum about his Holiness until we both get home."

Walking from WORMS to KREUZNACH in RHENISH PRUSSIA, Oct. 27—28, 1854.

I WISH I wére that little mouse
Thát no rént pays for his house,
That néither sows nor reaps nor tills,
Bút his plúmp, round belly fills
With cheese páring's or a slice,
Léft on my pláte, of bacon nice.
Soón as spreád night's raven shades
Ánd to béd are boys and maids
And sílence thé whole hóuse pervades,
Móusey póps nose, whiskers out,
Sníffs the aír and looks about —
The coást is clear; right joyfully
Oút on the cárpet canters he
To táke his pleasure all the night
And spórt abóut till morning light.
He has nóť on lazy groom to wait,
Coáchman and équipage of state;

He has nó to shave, brush, tie cravat,
 Loók for glóves, cane, cárds and hat,
 This countermánd and order that,
 But álways ready dressed and trim,
 And sleék and smooth, sound wind and limb,
 Springs out light-heárt upon the floor,
 Cápers from wíndow to the door,
 From doór to wíndow, many a race
 Takes round the washboard and surbáse,
 Níbbles the crúst I 've purposely
 Drópped on the crumbcloth while at tea,
 Climbs up the wainscot, and a swing
 Véntures upon the béllpull ring;
 Or scáles the leg of the escritoire,
 Squeézes into th' half ópen drawer,
 Amóng the papers plays about
 A mínute or two, then scampers out,
 And pást the inkstand as he goes
 With súch a curl turns up his nose
 As thórough-bred gentility shows
 Ánd that your móusey 's too well born
 Nó to hold literature in scorn.
 So háppy móusey sports away
 The lívelong night till dáwning day,
 And ónly then of slumber thinks
 When through the window-shutter chinks
 Long streáks of light fall on the floor
 And mílk-pail clink at the hall door
 Annoúnces man's return to toil,
 Fresh cáre and sórrow, cark and coil,
 Ánd that anón into the room
 Will búrst with sweéping-brush and broom
 Dówdy Lisétta, half awake,
 Her fússy morning round to take,

Dust táble, sófa, sídeboard, chair;
 Throw up the sash to let in air,
 Pólish the írons, light the fire —
 Móusey, it 's time you should retire
 And leáve your hápless neighbour, man,
 To enjói his dáylight as he can
 While you lie napping snug, till night
 Invítes you out to new delight —
 Ah! móusey, if you 'd change with me
 How háppy in your place I 'd be!

Walking from BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, and at HEIDELBERG; Octob. 17
 and 24, 1854.

To the key of my strong box.

THREE things thou téstifiest, careful key:
 First that there is on earth something material —
 Vile therefore and corrupt and perishable —
 Which yét my fine, imperishable soul
 Prizes, esteéms and cáres for; secondly
 That I 'm the happy owner of such treasure;
 And thirdly that I 've found a talisman
 Wherewith to guárd it from the covetous eye
 And óften thiévish, sometimes burglar, hands
 Óf the innúmerable hordes whose fine,
 Ethérial, heáven-sprung, heáven-returning spirits
 Pursué with áppetite kéener even than mine
 And móre unscrúpulous, the chase of Earth's
 Despised, reviled, repúdiated riches.

Walking from HEIDELBERG to FRANKENTHAL in the PALATINATE, Octob. 26, 1854.

AS my dóg and my cát
At the párlour fire sát
 One cold níght after teá,
Says my dóg to my cát: —
“By this and by thát
 You shall nótt purr at mé.”

Says my cát, looking blué: —
“Sir, I dón’t purr at yoú,
 And I meán you no hárm;
’Twere a pítý that wé
Should just thén least agréé
 When we ’re móst snug and wárm.”

Says my dóg: — “Mistress Mínn,
I dón’t care one pín
 For your wárm or your cóld;
But this much I knów:
If you keép purring só
 I ’ll to tówse you make bóld.”

Snarly Snáp growls attáck;
Mínnie Mínn humps her báck
 And jumps úp on a chaír;
’Twas not shé caused the strife,
But she ’ll fight for her life
 If to toúch her he dáre.

She has fòur sets of cláws,
And sharp teéth in both jáws,
And two eýes glaring fire;
Snarly Snáp, if you 're wíse
You 'll not cóunt on your size
But ground árms and retire.

But the dóg or the mán
Point me óut if you cán
That befórehand is wíse —
Snarly Snáp makes a bóunce,
On his múzz gets a tróunce
That makes bleéd nose and eýes.

Snarly Snáp turns his tail
And to mé comes with wail

And compláint against Mínn: —
“Nay, Snarly Snap, náy;
Those the píper must páy
Who the dáncing begín.

“But you 've bóth trespassed só
That óut both must gó,

For I lóve to be júst;”
So I cálléd for the broóm,
And óut of the roóm

Both belligerents thrúst.

BRUCHSAL in BADEN, Octob. 16, 1854.

A NIGHT IN MY INN.

AT NÍNE o' Clock, weáry, I lie down in béd;
At TÉN o' Clock swárms of gnats búzz round my heáð;
At ELÉVEN can it búgs be that óver me creép?
At TWÉLVE for the tickling of fleás I can't sleép;
At ÓNE how that bóld squalling brát I could flóg!
At TWÓ o' Clock bów-wow-wow goés the watchdóg;
From THREE óut every quárter hour cróws chanticléér;
At FOUR dówn the street ráttling the Málleposte I heár;
From the steéple the mátns come peáling at FIVE;
At SIX to the márket the cárts and cars dríve;
At SÉVEN from my fáce I 'm kept brúshing the fliés;
At EÍGHt I can't sleép for the sún in my eýes;
At NÍNE comes a súdden tap táp to my doór;
I ríse in my shirt and barefoót cross the floór,
Turn the káy and peep óut: — "Well, my goód friend, what
nów?"

"Please will you be sháved, Sir?" replíes with a bów
A little, pert, dápper, smug fáced gentlemán
With ápron and rázor and hót-water cán;
Struck with hórror I slám the door tó in his fáce.
Gentle reáder, imáagine yoursélf in my pláce,
With a beárd such as mine, and a threát to be sháved,
And áll the night sleépless — how hád you beháved?
But I díd him no hárm, only slámmed the door tó —
An exámple of pátience for Christian and Jéw —
Then dressed, breákfasted, sét out and, trávellíng all dáy,
Passed the night in the néxt inn much in the same wáy.

Walking from MEHREN to LOSHEIM, in the EIFEL (RHENISH PRUSSIA);
Novem. 1 — 2, 1854.

THE RECRUIT.

OFF I gó a redcoat sóldier, old Éngland's lion cúb,
With my sérgeant and my cólors and my rúb-a-dub-a-dúb;
Here 's my firelock, here 's my báyonet, here 's my leáther
cross-belt white,
Here 's my shíning black cartoúche-box — March! hált!
face left and right!

There 's a húndred thousand óf us, counting évery mother's,
són,
And not óne among us áll knows whý the war 's begún;
That 's our commander's búsiness, *our* búsiness is to fight,
Down with our country's énemies, and Gód defend the right.

Good býe, my pretty lássy, I 'm góing from you fár;
Think sómetimes of your rédcoat when you heár talk of the
wár;
Take hálf this bran-new sixpence for a plédge twixt you and
mé,
And évery time you sáy your prayers, pray fór our victorý.

Come cóme, let 's have no frétting to spoíl those pretty éyes;
I 'd ráther have one sweet smile than áll your tears and
sighs.

Here 's a húndred kisses fór you — one móre for luck —
don't crý —
And nów I 'm off in éarnest, good býe, my lass, good býe.

KREUZNACH in RHENISH PRUSSIA, Octob. 29, 1854.

HEAVEN.

"So this is Heaven," said I to my conductor,
"And I 'm at lást in full and sure possession
Of life etérnal; lét me look about me.
Methinks, somehow, it 's nót what I expected;
Nor cán I say I feel that full delight,
That éxtasy I had anticipated.
Perháps the reason is, it 's all so new,
And I must hére, as on the Earth below,
Grów by degreés accústomed and inured."
My guía replied not, but went on before me,
I fólloving: — "Are you súde we are in Heaven?"
Said Í, growing uneasy; for I saw
Neither bright ský, nor sun, nor flowers, nor trees;
Heard nó birds cároling, no gurgling waters;
Far léss saw angel forms, heard angel voices
Singing in chórus praise to the Most High;
But áll was blank and desert, dim and dull,
Misty, obscúre and undistinguishable,
Fórmless and void as if seen through thick fog
Or nót seen through, but only the fog seen,
The fóg alone, monotonous, uniform,
Ráyless, impenetrable, cheerless, dark;
And áll was silent as beneath the ocean
Ten thóusand thóusand fathom, or at the centre
Of the sólíd Éárth; and when I strove to speak

I stárted, stárted when I strove to hear
 My guide's responses, for neither my guide
 Nor Í spoke húmanly, nor in a human
 Lá nguage, for I had left my tongue on Earth,
 To rót with my bódy, and had becóme a spirit
 Voiceless and eárlless, éyeless and etherial,
 Ánd with my guide, for he too was a spirit,
 Convérsed by cóncsciousness without the aid
 Of voice or tongue or ears or signs or sounds: —
 "If this indeéd is Heáven," said I at last
 Or stróve or wished to say, "in píty bring me
 Óút of the wáste and horrid wilderness
 To whére there is some light, some sóund, some voice,
 Some living thing, some stir, some cheerfulness."
 "Spírit, thou talk'st as thou wert still in the flesh,
 And still hadst eyes to see, and eárs to hear,
 And touéh wherewith to hold communication
 With sólíd and material substances.
 What úse were light here where there are no eyes?
 What úse were sounds here where there are no eárs?
 What úse were substance where there are no bodies?
 Here cheerful stir or action would but harm
 Where évery thing 's already in perfection,
 Alreády in its right, most fitting place.
 Nay, sígh not, spírit; this is thy wished Heaven."
 "At leást there is communion among spírits,
 Spírits knów and love each other, spírits hope,
 Spírits rejoyce together, and together
 Síng Hallelújahs to the Lord their God."
 "I said that spírits síng not, when I said
 Spírits have neither voices, tongues, nor ears;
 And whére 's the room for hope, or love, or knowledge
 Whére there 's no heárt, brain, ignorance or passion?
 With thy condúctor there 's indeed communion,

Súch as between us now, till thou 'rt installed
And in complete possession; of itself
Then ceases all communion, useless grown;
And thou art left in thy beatitude,
Untouched, unstirred, through all eternity;
Without all care, all passion, hope and fear;
Nothing to do or suffer, seek or avoid."

"Then bring me, ere communion wholly ceases,
Quick bring me to my mother's sainted spirit.
Mainly that I might once more see my mother,
Know and embrace and to my bosom press her,
Longed I for Heaven; quick, kind conductor, quick."

"Thou hast no mother, spirit; never hadst.

Spirits engender not, nor are engendered.

She whom thou call'st thy mother, was the mother
Not of thy spiritual, but thy fleshly nature.

Thou, spirit, com'st from God, and having dwelt
Some few, brief seasons in the fleshly body
Engendered by the flesh thou call'st thy mother

Return'st, by me conducted, back to Heaven,
Leaving behind thee in the Earth to rot

The consanguineous flesh, mother and son."

"Then bring me to the spirit that sometime
Dwelt in that flesh which mixed with other flesh
The flesh engendered which, below on Earth,
So long as it lived, afforded me kind shelter."

"Thou know'st not what thou ask'st, scarce spiritual spirit;
Even were communion possible in Heaven

Twixt spirits which on Earth had grown acquainted
Through th' accident of having inhabited

Related bodies, such communion were

In this case out of the question, for the spirit

Which chanced to have its dwelling in that flesh

By which the flesh in which thou dwelt'st on Earth

Was génerated, is not here in Heaven,
But dówn, dówn, dówn at the other síde of the Earth,
Dówn in the dépths of Hell, for ever there
Condémned by the unchangeable decree
Óf the Allmérciful, to writhe in torment.”
He said, or seemed to say; with horror struck
I shriéked, methought, and swooned, and know no more.

TROMPETER-SCHLOESSCHEN, DRESDEN, June 11, 1854.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

By a shállow, púrling streámlet,
Sát a lóvely maíden weéping: —
“Mén are fálse; I álways thought so;
Nów, alás! at lást I knów it.

“Breák, tough heárt; why thrób on lónger
Mócked, forsáken ánd despairing?
Ín this broók here Í would drówn me
Wére there bút enóugh of wáter.”

Bý a deép and rápid river
Néxt day síts the weéping maíden,
Eýes the floód a whíle, then shúddering
Rises ánd awáy walks slówly: —

“Mén are fálse; I álways thought so;
Nów, alás! at lást, I knów it.

Néxt time thát a mán deceíves me
Í 'll know whére to find deep wáter.”

TROMPETER-SCHLOESSCHEN, DRESDEN, June 8, 1854.

"WHAT dóg is thát, Sir, tell me, pray,
That bý my síde the lívelong day,
Where'ér I go — up, down, left, right —
Trots steády while the sun shines bright,
But whén the sky begins to lower
And gáthering clouds portend a shower,
Sneaks prudént off, and far away
Liés in safe shélder till Sol's ray
Breaks out once móre on hill and plain,
When ló! he 's at my síde again?"

"Your cómrade of the sunny ray,
That leáves you on a cloudy day,
Pácks up his tráps and runs away —
I 'd nótt my time hair-splitting spend —
Must bé your sháadow or — your friend."

Walking from BERTRICH to MEHREN, in the EIFEL (RHENISH PRUSSIA);
Octob. 31, 1854.

"IF wéll thou wouldst get through this troublesome world,"
Said ónce a dying father to his son
Who at his bédside weeping asked his counsel,
"Thou múst to these two principal points attend:
Fírst, thou must never dare to wear thy shoes
With broádd, square toes while narrow-pointed shoes
Are áll the fashion. Second, thou must never

Assért, God's unity when all around
 Maintain he 's triune. Thése are the two points
 On which especially thy fortune hinges."
 "But if my neighbours are among themselves
 Divided on these points, and some their shoes
 Wear squáre-toed and maintain God's unity,
 While sóme their shoes wear with long narrow toes
 And sweár that God was never but triune,
 What thén, dear father? how am I to judge?"
 "Hóld with the stróngest party, for the strongest
 Has álways right. If balanced are the partiēs,
 Espécially if they wage civil war
 Against each óther, thou art free to use
 The liberty which honest men acquire
 When knáves fall out, and if thou pleasest wear
 Thy shoés even round-toed and declare thy faith
 Either in nóne or in a dual God."
 This saíd, the wise old man hiccup'd and died;
 Ánd the son, éver from that day forth moulding
 Both shoés and creed according to the counsel,
 Lived hónored and respected, rose to wealth
 And pówer and dignity and on his deathbed
 Léft to his son again the talisman.

Walking from ST. GALL to SCHWELLBRUNN in CANTON APPENZELL, Sept.
 15, 1854.

ANÓTHER and another and another
And still another sunset and sunrise,
The sáame yet different, different yet the same,
Seen by me now in my declining years
As in my early childhood, youth and manhood;
And by my parents and my parents' parents,
And by the parents of my parents' parents,
And by their parents counted back for ever,
Seén, all their lives long, even as now by me;
And by my children and my childrens' children
And by the children of my childrens' children
And by their children counted on for ever
Still to be seen as even now seen by me;
Cleár and bright sometimes, sómétimes dark and clouded
But still the sáame sunsetting and sunrise;
The sáame for ever to the never ending
Líne of obsérvers, to the same observer
Through áll the chánges of his life the same:
Sunsétting and sunrising and sunsetting,
And thén again sunrising and sunsetting,
Sunrising and sunsétting evermore.

HEIDELBERG, Octob. 25, 1854.

"GET úp, fool, fróm your bended knee;
 Gód has no eýes and cannot see."
 "But mén have eýes and see me kneel;
 To kneél to Gód is quite genteel."
 "Then kneél away, but don't grimace;
 An úgly thing 's a lóng-drawn face."
 "I bég excúse; it 's so they paint
 Madónna, Magdalen and saint."
 "At leást your óratory spare,
 The wheédling rhétoric you call prayer;
 Or for the Gód blush, who, to do
 What 's right, needs to be coaxed by you."
 "My rhétoric were indeed misplaced,
 Of goód breath a mere wanton waste,
 Hád my by-stánding friends no ear
 The húmble, suppliant voice to hear,
 In which I let th' Omníscient know
 What we think of him here below,
 And hów, if he 'd few blunders make,
 Mé for his coúnsellor he should take,
 And, in all things requiring nice
 Discrimination, my advice
 Exáctly fóllowing, hímself spare
 Respónsibility and care,

And mé scarce léss anxiety
 Lest áll should nótt well managed be."
 "Incómparably honest friend,
 Pray ón; my lécture 's at an end;
 There 's nótt a word you 've said but 's true;
 I 'll kneel beside you and pray too."

FLEURUS, HAINAULT (BELGIUM), NOV. 10, 1854.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

JÁCK and JÓCK once mét each óther
 Ón a roádt that eást and wést lay,
 Pósting bóth as fást as áble,
 Wéstward Jáck, and JÓCK due eástward: —

"Whither, Jáck, in súch a húrry?"
 Sáid Jock, stópping shórt and greéting.
 "Straíght to héaven," replíed Jack hásty,
 "Túrn abóut, Jock, ánd come with me."

"Whát! to héaven?" sáid JÓCK astónished;
 "Jáck, you cán't to héaven get thát way;
 Héaven lies eástward évery chíld knows —
 Cóme with mé, I 'm bóúnd stráíght fór it."

"Báh!" sáid Jáck, "you 're súrely jóking;
 Whý, it 's stráíght to héll you 're góíng.
 Íf you 're wíse you 'll túrn with mé, Jock;
 Reádt the signpost: HEÁVEN *** MÍLES EAST."

“Whát care í, Jack, fôr your signpost?
Áll my friénds have stíll gone thís way;
Fáther, móther, bóth grandfáthers,
Áll mý úncles, aúnts and cúsins.”

“Fôr your friénds I cáre as líttle,
Jóck, as you care fôr my signpost,
Bút to énd our dífference lét us
Leáve it tó the tóll-bar keéper.”

Tó the tóll-bar Jáck and Jóck go,
Dóff their bónnets, pút the quéstion: —
“Géntlemén,” replíes the tóll-man,
“Pléase bóth óf you páy the tóll fírst.”

Paíd the tóll, says thé toll-keéper
With a shréwd shrug óf his shóúlders: —
“Géntlemén, you ’re fréé to táke now
Éíther roád to héaven or néíther.”

Só the twó friénds fóllowed ón stráight
Éách the wáy he hád been góíng,
Ánd I dóúbt much éíther ’s neárer
Héaven todáy than whén he stárted.

Walking from BASECLES to TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 14, 1854.

THE BEGGAR AND THE BISHOP.

"My lord bishop," said the beggar,
"Thou and I in Christ are brethren;
Let us therefore live as brothers;
I'll begin, do thou as I do."

"Here 's one half my crust and bacon,
Here 's one of my two sixpences;
Now give me one half the income
Of thy see and presentations."

"Yes, beyond doubt we are brethren,"
Said the bishop with a grave smile,
"And have both received our portions
From the same impartial Parent."

"To divide again were impious
Discontentedness on our parts;
Keep thou thine as I will mine keep,
And let both praise the great giver."

"But as I am bound in fairness
To acknowledge I've the lion's share,
Take this charitable shilling
And my blessing, and no more say."

Walking from CANTERBURY to SITTINGBOURNE (KENT), Nov. 23, 1854.

TÓNGUELESS thou 'st yet a triple voice, gray lock;
 For, first, thou speakest of a time when soft,
 Brown, glóssy, curly hair my temples shaded;
 When súpple and elastic were my joints,
 My stróng heart full of joy and hope and courage,
 My infant reáson breathless in pursuit
 Of fúgitive, light-foot, ignis-fatuus Knowledge;
 A time when in my curling locks my mother
 Her fingers used to wreath and smiling say: —
 “Heaven bléss my boy and make him a good man.”
 And néxt thou speákest of a time, gray lock,
 When prématurély with my yet brown hair
 White hairs began to mingle, and my mother
 With ténder hand would pluck them and say sighing: —
 “Thése might have wéll a little longer waited,
 And spáred the sórrow to a mother's eyes.”
 And Í would smile, and press her hand and say: —
 “Bé of good héart; we 've many a year before us,
 Móther and són, to live, and lóve each óther,
 My vigorous mánhood sheltering and protecting
 Hér in whose shélder sáfe I grew to manhood.”
 And lást, thou speakest of a time, gray lock —
 A time, alás! no lónger in perspective,
 Distant and díim and dreáded, but here present —
 Whén the kind fíngers, that in my brown curls

Once wreathed themselves or plucked the odd white hair,
Lie mouldering in the sepulchre, and I,
Three fourths my journey made to the same goal,
Play with my fingers in my daughter's curls
And sigh and say: — "Already a white hair!"
Such triple voice hast thou, truthful gray lock.

FONTAINE L'EVEQUE, HAINAULT (BELGIUM); NOV. 12, 1854.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMBSTONE OF MARAT.

SLAÍN by an ángel in the guise of wóman
Here lies that fiénd incarnate, Jean Marat;
The ényemy of mankind, THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.*
Alás, magnanimous Corday, that the world
Must bý its riddance from the incubus
Át the too high price of thy virgin blood!

LILLE, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE); NOV. 17, 1854.

LÉT men boást their Brútus,
Scévolá and Cócles,
Wómen háve their greáter,
Nóbler, púrer Córday.

LILLE, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE); NOV. 17, 1854.

* L'ami du peuple.

Í DON'T knów thee, Sórrow,
Háve no wish to knów thee,
Dón't admire thy pále face
Droóping líds and moist cheeks.

Yét methinks I 've seén thee —
Áh! I nów remémber —
Twice befóre I 've seén thee,
Dísmal, bláck-robed Sórrow.

Fírst when ón her deáthbed
Láy my nóble móther
Ánd with fáiling breáth breathed
Bléssings ón her children,

Thére beside the deáthbed
Í behéld thee, Sórrow,
Wríng thy hánds in ánguish,
Ánd the scálding teár shed.

Néxt I sáw thee, Sórrow,
Sítting bý my Ánn Jane's
Néw-made móúnd sepúlchral
Ín the vále of Sárca.

Nó tear thén thy cheék wet,
Nór didst thou thy hánds wring,
Bút beside the gráve sat'st
Gázing ón the frésh earth;

Ón the frésh earth gázing
Mótionléss as scúlptured
Móurner in a chúrch aisle,
Ínside á tomb's ráiling.

Toó, too wéll, I knów thee,
Súnk cheeked, réd eyed Sórrow;
Hié thee tó the gráveyard,
Hére there 's nó place fór thee.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM). Nov. 15, 1854.

ÁH! it 's háted dáybreak,
Ánd the deár dreams vánish,
Visions óf the pást time,
Fáces óf the wéll loved.

Ónce again she has léft me
Hére alóne to móurn her,
Shé that báde me fárewell
Ín the vále of Sárca,

Wáved her hánd and saíd: — "James,
Héncéforth wé meet néver
Bút in dreáms and visions
Óf the déep and deád night;

"Thén we 'll sómetimes meét, James,
As of óld we mét oft,
And while wé 're togéther
Think we 've néver párted."

Fly fly, háted dáylight!
Sweét night, cóme again quick!
Till again I meét her
Whó by dáylight néver

Meets me sínce we párted
Ín the vále of Sárcá —
Wóuld there wére no dáylight,
Bút deep midnight éver!

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 16, 1854.

Í WOULD nót belíeve it,
Thóugh a thóusand swóre it,
Thát the greát and goód God
Púnishés his créatures;

Whý did hé so máke them —
Thát same greát and goód God —
With those pówerful pássions
Ánd that púny fóresight?

Like the bóiling láva,
Like the hówling témpet,
Like the rólling thúnder,
Like the fláshing líghtning,

Rúshing únéxpécted
Cómes the pássion ón them;
Whén the pássion 's ón them,
Whére 's the pówer to stáy it?

Áh, the hápless créatures!
Hów they 're tórñ and táttered
Bý the ráging pássions
Gíven them bý the goód God!

Lét it cóme more slówly,
Steálthilý creep ón them,
Still it cómes as sùrely,
Thé insídious pássion;

Coils itself abóút them,
Squeézes bónes and márrow,
With its fángs their flésh nips,
Spírts its vénom ón them.

Áh the hápless créatures
Bíttén, squeézed and póisoned
Bý the vénomous pássions
Gíven them bý the goód God!

Hé it is I 'd púnish
Whó the pássions gáve them,
Nót the hápless créatures
Vítims óf the pássions.

Walking from FLEURUS to FONTAINE L'EVEQUE, HAINAULT (BELGIUM);
Nov. 11, 1854.

Betrothed maiden sings.

WÉLCOME! wélcome! wélcome!
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,
Twittering át my window
Júst befóre the súnrise.

Whére hast beén all winter,
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,
Ín what pleásant wárm lands
Fár beyónd the deép sea?

Téll me hást thou seén him,
Mý hardheárted truéllove,
Whó last autóumn léft me
Ánd took shípping sóúthward;

Fór the sóúth took shípping
Ánd alóne here léft me
Tó watch fór him álways
Ánd look álways sóúthward.

Yés yes, thou hast seén him,
Bríng'st good tidings óf him:
Thát he 's wéll and háppy;
Thát he 's hómeward cóming;

Élse, my prétty swállow,
Thou' wouldst nó so gáily
Twitter át my window
Júst befóre the súnrise,

Bút wouldst gó and hide thee
Sádly in some córner
With the móping ówlet
And ill-bóding ráven.

Yés he 's cóming hómeward,
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,
Téll me thé whole stóry,
Twitter, twitter, twitter.

Walking from BAILLEUL to EBBLINGHEM, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE);
Nov. 19, 1854.

EÁT your oáts, my póny;
'Tis your máster bríngs them,
Feéds you with his ówn hand,
Lóves to heár your whínny.

Oútside it 's a rough night,
Ráiny, cóld, and blówing;
Hére you 're snúg and cózy,
Tó your kneés in frésh straw.

With old háy your ráck 's filled,
Eát and sleép till mórning,
Thén I'll bríng you móre oats —
Pleásant dreáms, my póny.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM); Nov. 15, 1854.

Emigrant sings.

Nór a dáy from heáven comes
Bút I thínk a dózen times
Óf those Í 've behínd me
Léft in mý old cóuntry,

Óf my fáther, móther,
Óf my sísters, bróthers,
Óf my aúnts and cóusins,
Wóndering hów they áll are;

Bút of theé, my Nánny,
Eách day Í but ónce think,
Fór thou 'rt ábsent néver
Fróm my mínd one móment.

ST. OMER, PAS DE CALAIS (FRANCE); Nov. 20, 1854.

MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER CHILD.

BLÉSSINGS ón my báby,
Gód presérve and lóve it,
Fróm all dánger keep it,
Wáking, sleéping, álways.

Dón't make ít a greát man,
Grácious Gód, I práy thee;
Greátness is uncértain,
Óf itsélf down túmbles.

Dón't make it a wise man;
Wísdom ís mere fóilly —
Pérsecúted álwáys,
Háted bý the whóle world.

Bút make it a kínd man;
Kindness stíll ís háppy,
Éven while it 's cheáted,
Íll used bý the whóle world.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM); Nov. 15, 1854.

THE SOLDIER AND THE BRIGAND.

“LÁWLESS róbber, bloódy cút-throat,”
Sáid the sóldier tó the brígang,
“Í shall seé thee hánged I hópe yet,
Wére it bút as án exámple
Thát slow-foóted jústice sómétimes
Óvertákes the málefáctor.”

“Lícensed róbber, whólesale cút-throat,”
Sáid the brígang tó the sóldier,
“Í shall seé thee shót I hópe yet,
Wére it bút as án exámple
Thát one-síded jústice sómétimes
Ís by áccidént impártial.”

STAR INN, GILLINGHAM (KENT); Nov. 23, 1854.

To my gray beard.

Ít 's a bárgain, gráy beard,
Signed and seáled and públished,
Thou and Í the ópposite
High contrácting párties.

Thou on thy part, gráy beard,
Únderták'st to cóver
Ánd, as fár as máy be,
Hide from viéw the fúrrows

Time has ón my súnk cheeks
Ánd abóut my líps ploughed,
Ánd befóre my toóthless
Shrúnk gums háng a thíck veil.

Thou shalt fúrther, gráy beard,
Áll the livelong winter
With thy friéndly múffle
Shiéld my throát and lánk jaws,

Máking mé feel wármer
Thán if róund my néck tied
Cómfortér of lámbs wool
Ór chinchilla tippet.

Lástly, thou engágest
Thát no óne shall hénceforth
Táke me fór a wóman
Ór dwarfed, withered schoólbóy.

Í, on mý part, bind me
Évery dáy to trim thee,
Wásh, comb, oíl and brúsh thee
Ánd in órder kéep thee;

Álso tó my lást gasp
Stóutly tó defénd thee
Fróm the extérmináting
Bárber's soáp and rázor.

Só in strict alliance
Wé shall líve togéther,
Shéltering ánd protécting
Úntil deáth each óther.

Óf our sólemn treáty
Thís the prótocól is.
Kéep thou thý word, gráy beard,
Ánd I 'll trúly míne keep.

QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON; Dec. 3, 1854.

EVENING ODE,

ADAPTED TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND POETICAL TASTE OF THE AGE.

HÁRK! 'tis the meditative hour
Whén the soul feels in all their power
Its áspirations heavenward rise
Dráwing it gently toward the skies
And híg angelic colloquies.

Wélcome! sweet hour of rest and calm,
That bring'st the wounded spirit balm,
That, mild as thine own pensive star,
Stillest the breast's intestine war,
And bidd'st the passions cease to jar.

Let nó unhallowed thought intrude
Upón my evening solitude,
When fáith and hope with taper bright
Scáattering the darkness of the night
Shed áll around extatic light,

Póinting to realms of bliss above,
Régions of innocence and love,
Where néver breast shall heave a sigh,
Where néver tear shall dim the eye,
Where nóne are born and none shall die;

Where spírits, that here lived in pain
Drágging their sordid earthly chain,
Ín-entering at the narrow door
Shall báthe in bliss for evermore
Upón a safe and stormless shore.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Febr. 9, 1855.

SÁTURDÁY clothed in plain drúgget
Ánd with cáre and hárd work wórned out,
Háppened ónce to meét her ídle
Sísiter Sún-day ín her sátins: —

“Í ’m so glád to meét you, sísiter,”
Sáturdáy in húmble tóne said,
“Fór I knów you ’re ténderheárted
Ánd will lénd a hánd to hélp me.

“Fróm befóre daylight this mórning
Í ’ve been wáshing úp and scrúbbing,
Brúshing, dústing, réguláting,
Till I ’ve nótt a bóne but ’s áching.

“Cóme, do pút your hánd to, sísiter;
Éxercise you knów is whólesome
Ánd a sóvereign cúre for énnui
Ánd you ’re loóking dúll and lánguid.”

"Nóthing wóuld so múch delight me,"
Answered Sún-day with a símper,
"Ás in ány wáy t' oblige you,
Ór your heávy búrden lighten;

"Bút I need not téll you, sister,
Hów I máke 't a point of cónscience
Tó live álways like a lády
And with nó work soil my fíngers.

"And even wére I, which I ám not,
Óf mysélf inclined to lábor,
Gód's commándment is explicit:
'Mý seventh child shall dó no lábor'."

"Gód's seventh child! why, thát 's mysélf," said
Sáturday laying dówn her rúbber;
"Whát a fool I 've beén to wórk so!
Bút in fítur e Í 'll be wiser.

"Hów came you so lóng to insíst on 't
"Twás the first child wás exémp'ted,
And make your six yóunger sisters
Wórk, to keep you like a lády?

"Nów you 've lét by chánce the trúth out,
Ít 's the séventh child is exémp'ted —
Táke the scrúbber; ón your kneés down;
Í 'll dress fine and práy and ídle."

"You had ónce your túrn," said Sún-day,
"Thé seventh child once wás exémp'ted,
And I wórk'd just ás you nów do,
Í and your five élder sisters;

"Bút you gréw so próud and saúcy
Heáven or eárrh could nót endúre it,
Ánd your bírthright wás taken fróm you
Ánd bestówed upón your bétters."

"Í remémber wéll the róbbery
Ánd the liés to jústify it;
Ánd how, nót t' expóse the fámily,
Í put úp with 't ánd said nóthing."

"Í remémber tooó, my sísters,
Whén they advísed me tó keep quáiet,
Próphesiéd you 'd soón grow próuder,
Saúcier fár than éver Í was."

"'Lét her háve it,' óne and áll cried;
'Prívilége was éver ódious;
Lét her háve it, máke the móst of it;
Cóme, dear Sáturdáy, with ús work.'

"Í obeyéd; you toók my títle;
Cálléd yoursélf God's Hóly Sábáath,
Dréssed in sátin, práyed and ídled,
Ánd grew évery dáy more saúcy,

"Móre hardhéarted, vain and sélfish,
Móre intólerant, súpercílious,
Hýpocritical, óverbeáring,
Céremónious ánd religious,

"Tíll at lást the whóle wóld hátes you,
Feárs you nó less thán despíses,
Cálls you ín plain térms impóstor,
Fóul usúrper óf my bírthright."

"Véry fine talk fôr my lády
Dówagér Profáni Prócul;
Whý! it 's nót my likeness, sister,
Bút your ówn you háve been dráwing;

"Faithful fróm your mémory dráwing,
Ás you wére while you réigned místress
Ánd your flátterers lów befóre you
Bówed and kíssed the hém of your gárment.

"Whó was 't thén was óverbeáring?
Whó was 't thén was súpercílious?
Whó was 't thén was vain and sélfish,
Céremónious ánd religious?

"Ánd if nów you 're sómething wíser,
Sómething móre discreét and módest,
Léss encroáching, sáncetimónious,
Phárisáical ánd exclúsiue,

"Í 'm to thánk for 't, whó have taúght you
Thát 'twasn't you your flátterers cáred for,
Bút to háve sómething to flátter,
Ány ídol tó bow dówn to."

Súch the Billingsgáte the sisters
Flúng and réflung át each óther;
Whích aimed bést and hit the hárdest,
Júdge, for Í can't, pátient réader.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Dec. 25, 1854.

Now my idea 's neither móre nor less than that it was set up
where it is simply becaúse God
Hadr't, or couldn't at the moment find, a more convenient
spot to put it in;
And I 'm further of opinion that if you or I had had the
placing of it,
It 's no better but a thousand times worse it would have been
placed than nów it is.

For while I admit that it does indeed at first sight seem a
little too far fórdward set,
Like a camp picket or vedette upon the very fore front and
edge of danger,
Still there 's no denying the solidity and security of its basis,
And that it rarely if ever happens it 's obliged to evacuate
its position.

Why, I 've seen an enemy come up to it in a towering fit of passion,
And with his right hand clenched till it looked like a sledge-
hammer or mason's mallet
Strike it such a blow right in the face as you 'd swear must
annihilate it,
Or at least send its ghost down dolefully whimpering to Orcus.

Nay, I 've seen its best friend and nearest earthly relative
With a giant's grasp lay hólđ of it, and squeeze it between
finger and thumb,
Till it roared with downright agony as loud as a braying ass
or élephant,
And yet, the moment after, it seemed not a hair the worse
but rather refрэshed by it.

But all this is scarce worth mentioning in comparison of what
I've seen it bear

At the hands of that same natural friend, ally, and protector,
Who twenty times a day or, if the humor happened so to take him,
A hundred times a day would in one of the dark cellars under it

Explode all on a sudden so strong a détonating powder
That you 'd say there never yet was iron tower or vaulted
granite casemate

That wouldn't have tumbled down incontinent at the very first
concussion,

And yet that wondrous piece of flesh and bone seemed but
to take delight in it.

But, setting aside these wholly minor and secondary considerations,

What would you say of an architect who had constructed a face
With a pair of eyes staring, one on the right side and the
other on the left side of it,

And yet had made no manner of provision at all for the
support of a pair of spectacles?

So avaunt with your idle criticisms, your good-for-nothing
stuff and twaddle,

Such as one dozes over a-nights in the Quarterly just before
one goes to bed,

And let me have a pinch out of your canister, for I know
it's the genuine Lundy

More care-easing even than Nepenthe, than Ambrosia more
odoriferous.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Dec. 16, 1854.

ÓN the dáy befóre the first day
Gód was tired with dóing nóthing,
Ánd detérmined tó rise eárlý
Ón the néxt day ánd do sómething.

Só upón the néxt day Gód rose
Véry eárlý, ánd the light made —
Yóu must knów that úntil thát day
Gód had álwáys lived in dárkness: —

“Brávo! brávo! thát ’s a goód job,”
Saíd God whén his eýe the light caught;
“Nów I think I ’ll trý and máke me
Á convénient pláce to líve in.”

Só upón the néxt day Gód rose
Át the dáwn of light, and heáven made,
Ánd from thát dáy fórdward néver
Wánted á snug bók to líve in.

“Wéll! a little wórk is pleásant,”
Saíd God; “ánd besídes it ’s úseful;
Whát a pítý I ’ve só lóng sat
Dúmping, múmping, dóing nóthing!”

Só upón the thírð day Gód made
Thís round báll of lánd and wáter
Ánd with right thumb ánd forefínger
Sét it like teetótum spinning;

Spinning twirling like teetótum,
Roúnd and roúnd aboút, the báll went,
While God clápped his hánds, delíghted,
Ánd called th' ángels tó look át it.

Whó made th' ángels? if you ásk mé,
Í replý: — that 's móre than Í know;
Fór if Gód had, Í don't dóubt but
Hé 'd have pút them ín his cálogue.

Bút no mátter — sóme one máde them,
Ánd they cáme aboút him flócking,
Wóndering át the súdden fit of
Mánufácturing thát had táken him: —

"Ít 's a prétty báll," they áll saíd;
"Dó pray téll us whát 's the úse of it;
Wón't you máke a greát many óf them?
Wé would líke to seé them trúndling."

"Waít until tomórrow," saíd God,
"Ánd I thínk I 'll shów you sómething;
Thís is quíte enóugh for óne day,
Ánd you knów I 'm bút begínning."

Só aboút noon ón the foúrth day,
Gód called th' ángels áll aboút him,
Ánd showed thém the greát big báll he 'd
Máde to gíve light tó the líttle one.

"Whát!" said th' ángels, "súch a big ball
Júst to gíve light tó a little one!
Thát 's bad mánagement ánd you knów too
Yóu had plénty of líght withóut it."

"Nót quite plénty," said God snáppish,
"Fór the light I máde the first day,
Álthough goód, was ráther scánty,
Scárce enóugh for mé to wórk by."

"Ánd besides how wás it póssible
Íf I hád not máde the big ball
Tó have gíven the little one seásons,
Dáys and yeárs and níghts and mórnings?"

"Só you see there was nóthing fór it
Bút to fíx the little ball steády,
Ánd abóut it sét the big one
Tópsy-túrving ás you hère see."

"Ít 's the big ball wé see steády,
Ánd the little one róund it whirling,"
Said the ángels, bý the greát light
Dázzled, ánd their eýebrows sháding: —

"Nóne of yóur impértinence," said God
Grówing móre vexed évery móment;
"Í knów thát as wéll as yóu do,
Bút I dón't choose yóu should sáy it."

"Í have sét the big ball steády
Ánd the little one spínning róund it,
Bút I 've tóld you júst the ópposite
Ánd the ópposite yóu must sweár to."

"Anything you say we 'll swear to,"
Said the angels humbly bowing;
"Have you anything more to show us?
We 're so fond of exhibitions."

"Yes," said Gód, "what was deficient
In the lighting of the little ball,
With this pretty moon I 've made up
And these little twinkling stars here."

"Wasn't the big ball big enough?" said
With simplicity the angels: —
"Couldn't, without a miracle," said God,
"Shine at once on back and front side."

"There you 're quite right," said the angels,
"And we think you show your wisdom
In not squandering miracles on those
Who believe your word without them."

"But do tell us why you 've so far
From your little ball put your little stars;
One would think they didn't belong to it,
Scarce one in a thousand shines on it."

"To be sure I could have placed them
So much nearer," said God smiling,
"That the little ball would have been as
Well lit with some millions fewer;

"But I 'd like to know of what use
To th' omnipotent such economy —
Can't I make a million million stars
Quite as easily as one star?"

“Right again,” said th’ ángels, “thére can
Bé no mánnér of dóubht abóút it.”

“Thát ’s all nów,” said Gód; “tomórrów
Cóme agáin and yé shall móre see.”

Whén the ángels cáme the néxt day
Gód indeéd had nót been ídle,
Ánd they sáw the little ball swármíng
With all kínds of lívín gcréátures.

Thére they wént in páirs, the créátures,
Óf all sízes, shápes and cólors,
Stálking, hópping, leáping, clímbing,
Cráwling, búrrówing, swímmin g, flýing,

Squeáling, sínging, róaring, grúnting,
Bárking, bráying, méwing, hówling,
Chúckling, gábbling, crówing, quácking,
Cáwing, croáking, búzzing, híssing.

Súch assémbly thére has néver
Fróm thát dáy down beén on eárrh seen;
Fróm thát dáy down súch a cóncert
Thére has néver beén on eárrh heard.

Fór there, rámping ánd their máker
Práising in their várioús fáshions,
Wére all Gód’s créated spécies,
All excépt the fóssilized ones;

Fór whose ábsence ón thát gréat dáy
Thé most líkely cáuse assígned yet,
Ís thát théy wére quíte forgóttén
Ánd wóuld nót go únínvítéd.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,
All th' unfóssilized ones wére there
Striving which of thém would nóisiest
Praise bestów upón their máker.

“Wéll,” said th’ ángels, whén they ’d loóked on
Sílently some tíme and listened;
“Wéll, you sùrely háve a stránge taste;
Whát did you máke all thése queer things for?”

“Cóme tomórrow ánd I ’ll shów you,”
Sáid God, gleéful hís hands rúbbing;
“Áll you ’ve yét seen ’s á mere nóthing
Tó what you shall seé tomórrow.”

Só, when th’ ángels cáme the néxt day
Áll tiptoé with éxpectátion,
Ánd stretched nécks and éyes and éárs out
Tówards the néw world, Gód said tó them: —

“Thére he is, my lást and bést work;
Thére he is, the nóble créature;
Í told you you shóuld see sómething;
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?”

“Whére, where is hè?” said the ángels;
“Wé see nóthing bút the little ball
With its big ball, moón and little stars
Ánd queer, yélping, cápering kickshaws.”

“Í don’t wéll know whát you meán by
Kickshaws,” said God scárcely quíte pleased,
“Bút amóng my créatures yónder
Dón’t you seé one nóbler figure?

"By his strong, round, tail-less buttocks,
And his flat claws you may know him
Even were he not so like me
That we might pass for twin brothers."

"Now we see him," said the angels;
"How is 't possible we overlooked him?
He 's indeed your very image
Only less strong and wise looking."

"So I hope the mystery 's cleared up,"
Said God with much selfcomplacence.
"And you are no longer puzzled
What I 've been about these six days."

"Even th' Almighty," said the angels,
"May be proud of such chef-d'oeuvre,
Such magnificent and crowning
Issue of a six days' labor."

Here a deep sigh rent God's bosom,
And a shade came o'er God's features: —
"Ah," he cried, "were ye but honest
And no traitor stood amongst ye!"

"Then indeed this were a great work,
Then indeed I were too happy;
Ah! it 's too bad, downright too bad,
But I 'll — shall I? yes, I 'll let you;

"Let you disappoint and fret me,
Let you disconcert my whole plan —
Why of all my virtues should I
Leave unpractised only patience?"

“Thére he is, my nóblest, bést work :
Táke him, dó your pleásure with him.
Áfter áll perháps I ’ll find some
Meáns to páth my bróken saúcer.

“Nów begóne! don’t lét me seé you
Hére agáin till Í send fór you;
Í ’m tired wórking, ánd inténd to
Rést my weáry bónes tomórrow.”

Só God láy late ón the néxt day
Ánd the whóle day lóng did nóthing
Bút refléct upón his ill luck
Ánd the gréat spite óf the ángels.

Ánd he said: — “Becaúse I ’ve résted
Áll this séventh day, ánd done nóthing,
Eách seventh dáy shall bé kept hólý
Ánd a dáy of rést for éver.”

Ánd as Gód said ánd commáded
Só it is now, ánd still sháll be:
Áll hard wórk done ón the séventh day,
Tó the fírst day áll respéct shown.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), JAN. 21, 1855.

DÍRE Ambition úp hill toiling,
Straining évery nérve and sínéw,
Sweáting, pánting, táking nó rest,
Díre Ambition, listen tó me.

Highest clímbers gét the wórst falls,
Ón the hill-top stórms blow fiércest,
Lightning óftenest strikes the súmmit,
Díre Ambition, túrn and cóme down.

Ín the válley hére it 's shéltéred,
Eásy, sáfe and sùre and pleásant;
Ón those stéep heights thére 's scarce fóóting,
Í grow dizzy tó look át thee.

Higher still thou clímb'st and higher,
Léndest nó ear, loók'st not ónce down;
Álmost ín the clóúds I seé thee,
Fár abóve the réach of mý words.

Fáre thee wéll then — ónly fáll not —
Ánd as háppy bé abóve there,
Íf thou cánst, as Í belów here
Ín the cálm, sequéstered válley.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), April 4, 1855.

IVY LEAF.

Ívy leáf, come, í will praise thee,
Júst becaúse thou 'rt únpreténding
Ánd hast séldom hád the fórtune
Tó be praised as thou desérvest.

Súmmer's váriegáted, gáy leaves,
Fríghtened át th' approách of wínter,
Lóng agó have fléd and léft me
Tó thy néver-fáiling shéltér.

Ón this bleák Novémber mórning
Ín thou peépest át my wíndow
Wíth as kíndly, fríéndly greéting
Ás though wé were stíll in Júly.

Yésterdáy I ásked the rédbreast
Thát from yónder báre spray cárols: —
“Whére, my prétty sérenáder,
Ón these cóld nights fíndest shéltér?”

“Ín the ívy,” ánswered Róbin,
“Únderneáth your bédroom wíndow,
Néstling cózy, í care líttle
Fór the bleák nights óf Novémber.”

Cónquering BÁCCHUS, fróm the Índies
Dríving ín tríúmphal cháríot,
Twined his ThÝrsus, crówned his témples,
With thy green branch ánd black berries.

Fróm that dáy down tó the présent,
Róund the wíne cup ánd the tánkard
Wind harmóníously togéther
Clústering grápe, and ívy bránches.

Cleárer, sweéter fár the hóney
Í 've each mórning át my bréákfast
Thán the hóney thé Athénians
Bróught from Hýbla ánd Hyméttus;

Whý? becaúse all thé long súmmer
Mý bees ríot ín thy blóssoms,
Ánd who éver heárd of ívy
Ón Mount Hýbla ór Hyméttus?

Whén I 'm deád and o'ér my áshes
Ríses thé cold márble cólumn,
Shróúd it, ívy, with thy green leaves;
Áll too láte the páltry tríbute.

Walking from FONTAINE L'EVEQUE to BASÉCLES, HAINAULT (BELGIUM);
Nov. 12—13, 1854.

WHY paint Deáth the kíng of térrors?
Whó so quíet, cálm and peáceful?
Whó so húmble? whó so lóvely?
Whó a kínder friénd to mán is?

Whý hung róund with bláck the chámbér?
Whý those sád looks, síghs and sóbbings?
Tósses ón this cóuch a féver?
Heáves this breást with ánxíous thróbbings?

Ón these cheéks there glóws no ánger,
Ón these pále lips wríthes no ánguish;
Cáre this brów no lónger wrínkles,
Fróm these líds no teárs are stárting;

Fóolish móurners, fór yoursélves weep,
Whó have stíll with Lífe to strúggle,
Lífe the treácherous, únrelénting,
Crúel kíng of páíns and térrors.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 2, 1855.

T O * * *

THERE wás a time when to our view
This dúll old world looked fresh and new,
And you loved me and I loved you,
 There wás a time.

There wás a time when young and gay
We frólicked through the livelong day,
And áll our whóle year was one May,
 There wás a time.

There wás a time we did not dream
That things are other than they seem
And with delusive lustre gleam,
 There wás a time.

There wás a time we had not yet
Leárned to fume and cark and fret
And thankless riches hardly get,
 There wás a time.

There wás a time — but it is past;
The child 's become a man at last,
And age and death are coming fast,
 There wás a time.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 7, 1855.

"TÝRANT, I 'll have my rights;" I once heard say
 A village cur to a neighbouring farmer's mastiff:
 "One hálf that bone exact I claim as mine,
 Fór in God's sight all kinds of dogs are equal;
 Hé made us áll, we 're áll alike his children."
 "Take it," replied the mástiff, "with that strength
 Équal to mine, which thát impartial God
 No dóubt has gíven thee; I impugn thy right not."
 Grówling he said, and Cur away sneaked prudent,
 And hád that night gone supperless to bed,
 Hád not kind Próvidence brought by chance that way
 My lády's pug with bone stolen from the larder;
 Which Cúr, an adept now in equity,
 With sudden snatch to appropriate not demurring,
 Bore off and at the cabin door contented gnawed,
 The lívelong evening, praising God and saying: —
 "Eách has his ówn; the mastiff his, I mine;
 Had Gód intended Pug to have kept his bone
 There 's nót a doubt he would have made him stronger."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 1, 1855.

DO goód to your friénd and hé 'll do goód to you,
 Perháps, and if not ínconvénient tó him;
 But if you 'd háve him réally líke and lóve you
 You múst in áll things sweár to hís opínion.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 18, 1855.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

"LÉT the law táke its cóurse," the Roman said,
Sitting in júdgment; and the lictors seized
Forthwith the two young men, the judge's sons,
And stripped them to the waist and bound and flogged.
In vain turned towards the judgment-seat the youths'
Wild eyes, imploring; the uplifted ax
Sévered first óne and then the other's head.
Prou'd to have éxecuted Roman justice
Éven on his ówn rebellious sons, the judge
Unblénched descéded from the judgment-seat;
Hóme to his désolate house returned, the sire
In sécret wépt his disobedient children.
Súch were the wóndrous men that made Rome Rome.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 12, 1855.

DRAW báck from the mírror; your ímage recédes,
And at lást disappeárs in the ínfinite distance;
Approách; and, behóld! from the dépths of the mírror
A still brightening ímage comes fórwárd to meét you:
So, sad Mém'ry's eye fóllovs the flíght of the pást;
So, brightening, to Hópe's eye, approáches the fúture.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 2, 1855.

MY SISTER MARY'S DOG RAP,

WRITTEN THE HOUR HE DIED.

SÉLDOM lived dog or man more peaceful life,
More free from envy, bitterness, and strife;
Séldom died dog or man more placid death,
Or strúggled less in yielding up the breath;
Séldom left dog or man a friend behind
More true, Rap, than thy mistress or more kind.
So peaceful I would live, so placid die,
And, dying, hear the same survivor sigh,
And dead, not far off in the earth be laid,
Under th' ancestral elm and yew-tree shade.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; Dec. 17, 1854.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

ÚNDERNEÁTH this moul'dering heáp
Lies sóme poor cláy
That ónce like theé could láugh and weép,
And hád its dáy.

Íf by the wórld thou árt despised,
A while here stáy;
Íf pámppered bý the wórld and prized,
Awáy! awáy!

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 6, 1855.

ONLY FULL AND TRUE REPORT

OF THE CONTENTION BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES FOR THE SPECTACLES,
AND THE ISSUE THEREOF. *

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

* In Mr. Cowper's report of this celebrated case we look in vain for his accustomed impartiality, his characteristic love of truth and justice. Not only has he garbled the pleadings by a total omission of the plea of the eyes, but even falsified the record itself by the substitution of an absurd and unjust decision of the court for the rational and equitable compromise by which the case was actually closed, and the proceedings brought to a termination satisfactory to both parties. To this, the sole dereliction of the straightforward path with which he has ever been charged, Mr. Cowper was no doubt seduced by his partiality for the nose, Mr. Cowper, as it is well known, having always been accustomed to wear his spectacles

„In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear

And your Lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear;
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court: —

“Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is: in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again would your Lordship a moment suppose

(’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,

With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Having thus made a case on behalf of the Nose

No less valid in law than in equity strong,
Tongue changed sides and with arguments weighty as blows
Showed the spectacles only to Eyes could belong: —

upon his nose. In order to guard my report against all tinge of a similar predilection for the eyes (a predilection of which I acknowledge I cannot wholly divest myself, the eyes in my case having always had the use of the spectacles), I have taken the precaution not to draw my account of the arguments of Counsel on behalf of the nose from the same source from which I have drawn my account of the plea of the eyes and of the final compromise, viz. the books of the Court of Uncommon Pleas, the court in which the case was tried and in which I have been so fortunate as to find a complete record of it, but to adopt Nose’s arguments verbatim and literatim from the report of Nose’s best friend, Mr. Cowper himself.

“My Lord, spectacles being, as we all know, a pair,
And Eyes a pair also, while Nose is but one,
That it 's Eyes and not Nose that should spectacles wear
Is as plain and as clear as at noonday the sun.

“And as for the ownership Nose claimed just now
On the ground of his fitting exactly the straddle,
Why, my Lord, allow that, and you can't but allow
That the horse owns by right both the rider and saddle.”

Here the court, interrupting, proposed compromise —
Between next-door neighbours such strife 's a disgrace —
And Nose waived his claim, on condition that Eyes
Should from thenceforth let spectacles lie in their case.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); Febr. 11, 1855.

“Epicuri de grege porcum.”

THERE 's nóthing I so much admire
Ás a full glass and roaring fire,
Unléss it be cow-heel or tripe,
Or wéll replenished meerschaum pipe —
Stáy, darling Meg, I did but jest;
Of áll God's gifts thou art the best.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; Jan. 25, 1855.

FRÓM his shroúd the deád man peéping
Sáw the móurners róund him weéping,
Heárd such sóbs and sighs and groáns
Might have mélted heárts of stónes.

Nót a wórd the deád man said,
Bút the thought came into his heád:
Tó that whining blúbbering páck
Gód keep mé from góing báck.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; April 3, 1855.

WHAT benéficient Jóve was 't, or Búddh or Osiris
Or Sáturn or Sátan, who, nó for their ówn good
But mán's use, créated poor birds, beasts and fishes;
And his protégé, móre to enrich and exált him,
Into twó halves divided and to the óne half
Gave the óther for sérvant and bóndslave for éver?

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 13, 1855.

TRAY.

FRÓM my bédroom, in my gówn,
Évery mórn when Í come dówn,
Tráy says tó me with his tail: —
“Hópe I seeé you frésh and hále.”

Át my bréakfast whén I sit
Múnching slówly bít by bít,
Tráy reminds me with his páw
Hé too háa a toóth and jáw.

Whén I táke my hát and stíck,
Tráy perceíves the mótion quíck
Ánd acröss the párlour floór
Scámpers jóyful tó the doór.

Whén I wálk alóng the streét
Stópping évery friénd I meét
With: — “Góod mórning! hów do you dó?”
Tráy's nose áskas each: — “Whó are you?”

Tó Belínda's whén I cóme,
Tráy snuffs róund and róund the roóm,
Thén lies dówn beside my chair,
Knóws I 'll stáy a lóng while thére.

Whén I rise to gó awáy
Fróm Belínda's, ánd call Tráy,
Tráy comes slówly, knówing wéll
Í 've to sáy a lóng farewéll.

Dówn the streét toward mý hall-doór
Whén I túrn my fáce once móre,
Whó so jóyful thén as Tráy?
Trý if you can máke him stáy.

Tó my doór got, if bell-ring
Doés not quickly sóme one bring,
You would píty Tráy's hard cáse,
Droóping tail and ruéful fáce.

Ópened whén the doór at lást,
Tráy bolts maíd and máster pást,
Ánd, ere wéll hung úp my hát,
Ón the heárthrug óútstretched flát

Liés with múzzle ón the ground,
Ánd half clósed eye, wáatching róund,
While preparatives dúly máde —
Crúmbcloth spreád and táble laíd —

Hérald neár approáching Threé,
Hoúr of weíght to Tráy and mé;
Weíghty hoúr to mé and Tráy,
Túrning-point of thé whole dáy.

Súch our fórenoons; wóuld you knów
Íf our áfternoóns pass só,
Wórse or bétter; Í can't sáy
Thére 's much dífference — is there, Tráy?

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 8, 1855.

NO more quéstions, good friénd, no more quéstions, I práy;
I 'd be choóser mysélf what to sáy or not sáy;
With your ‘Whó?’ ‘Which?’ and ‘Whát?’ ‘How?’ ‘When?’
‘Whérefore?’ and ‘Why?’

You but shút my heart clóser, my tóngue tighter tié;
Nay, you 've nó one to bláme but yoursélf, if with lýing
And quibbling and shúffling I páy back your prýing.
So deál with me fáirly and gíve *quid pro quo*
And your ówn thoughts first téll me, if mý thoughts you 'd knów.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; March 30, 1855.

'TIS the little boy lashing his top in the court;
With all his whole heart he's intent on his sport,
And as his top merrily spins round and round,
In the world where's a happier soul to be found?

I'll go dówn to the cóurt and the whóle livelong dáy
At whip-my-top thére with that háppy boy pláy;
Give me tóp and lash hére, and let him take who will
My grówn man's wealth, hónors, strength, wisdom, and skill.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 6, 1855.

ÁS in Tíbur's pleásant villa
Strólléd Mecénas ónce with Hórace,
"Whát can bé the reáson, póet,"
Sáid Mecénas cávaliérly,

"Thát the ádjéctive must álways
Tó the nóun be só obséquiouss;
Fóllow ál its whíms and húmors,
Trót besíde it líke a spániel?"

"Í don't knów, heard néver reáson,"
Ánswéred Hórace, hís head shákíng.
"Whát! not knów?" repliéed Mecénas,
"Í thought póets knéw all súch things."

"Nów I récolléct," said Hórace
With an árch smíle, "mý schoolmáster
Úsed to sáy that nóun was pátron,
Ádjéctive, poor dévil! póet."

Walking from ZELL to SIMMERN, RHENISH PRUSSIA; July 9, 1855.

'Twas ón the First of Jánuary éarly in the mórning
I paid my Love a vísit, and a háppy new year wished her;
She gave me her right hánd and said she was glad to see me —
Ah! little thought I thén, she was entering on her lást year.

'Twas ón the First of Fébruary, a cold and snowy mórning,
I paid my Love a vísit and asked her was she quíte well: —
“I ’ve gót a little cough,” said she, “but I don’t think any-
thing óf it;
Coughs and colds are goíng, and I hope I ’ll soon be bétter.”

'Twas ón the First of Márch and a bitter wind was blówing;
I paid my Love a vísit, and asked her was she bétter: —
“I ’m not much better yét,” said she, “and the cough is
sticking tó me,
But when the weather sóftens I don’t doubt I ’ll be bétter.”

'Twas ón the First of Ápril when a blink of sun was gleáming
Between two chilly shówers, I paid my Love a vísit;
When she saw me her eye bríghtened and she said she ’d
soon be finely,
But I thought she didn’t lóok well and I had a sad forebóding.

'Twas ón delicious Máy-day I paid my Love a visit;
The ský was clear, the air was soft, the birds were gaily
singing,
But my Love her pallid cheék upon her hand was leáning,
And I didn't ask her hów she was, for I saw it but too clearly.

'Twas ón the First of leáfy June I paid my Love a visit;
When she saw me from the window she waved her hand to
greét me,
And I éntered the house joyful, thinking she was surely bétter,
But when I came in neár her I saw how she was wásting.

On the First of warm Julý I paid my Love a visit;
She was chilly cold and trémbling, with her shawl wrapt
close abóut her,
For the fever fit was ón her, and insidious Hectic búsy
Sápping poor besiéged Life's weak and tottering fórtress.

Upón the First of Aúgust I paid my Love a visit;
She was laid upon the sófa, and her hand was dry and búrning;
She bade me kindly wélcome, and I sat down there beside her,
But rose and came awáy straight, for she talked to me of dýing.

Upón September First I paid my Love a visit;
She raised her head upon the pillow and looked out on the
reápers: —
"How pleasant it 's out thére," said she, "and yet I 'm still
growing weaker,
And perhaps" — but there she stópped short, for she heard
me sóbbing.

Upón October Fírst I paid my Love a vísit;
Her cheeks were sunk and pále, with a red spot in the middle:—
“Ah!” said she, “the winter ’s neár, for the leaves are falling,
fálling —
But you ’ll think of me in spring when you hear the black-
bird whistle.”

Upón November Fírst I paid my Love a vísit;
It was a lowering mórning and the rain was drizzling dreáry:
“It will be brighter by and bý,” said I, between my fingers
taking
Her emáciated wrist — “Yes, yes,” said she, “in heáven.”

Upón December Fírst when I paid my Love a vísit
I met, ’twas for the first time, no stretched-out hand, no
greéting,
For she láy there in her shroúd wrapt, more lovely fair than
éver,
And if never more to lóve me, pain to suffer néver.

Upón this Fírst of Jánuary, désolate and lónely
I sít here, in the chúrchyard, wáatching by my Lóve’s grave;
And if I weep, it ’s nót for hér, for shé ’s safe from all sórrow,
But fór myself behind her left so désolate and lónely.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 14, 1855.

THE s6n 's a poor, wr6tched, unf6rtunate creat6re,
With a n6me no less wr6tched: I-WOULD-IF-I-COULD;
But the f6ther 's rich, gl6rious and h6ppy and mighty
And his t6rrible n6me is I-COULD-IF-I-WOULD.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 12, 1855.

YOU d6n't like my wr6t6ngs, won't re6d them nor b6y them;
Then d6 me the f6vor at le6st, to decry them;
Where the pr6ise of good j6dges is h6rd to be h6d,
The n6xt best thing t6 it 's the bl6me of the b6d.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 8, 1855.

"I BELI6VE it," said Fa6th, "though I kn6w it 's a fl6t
Contr6d6ction, and bre6ch of supr6me Nature's l6ws,
For I s6w it and he6rd it and f6lt it and sm6lt it,
And n6 one was wicked en6ugh to dece6ve me,
And se6eing and he6ring and fe6eling and sm6lling
Are s6rer than 6ven supr6me Nature's l6ws.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

"ÉVEN the Lóvely must die" * — To be sure, Mr. poet,
Éven the Lóvely must die; do you think we don't know it?
Yet bád as the cáse is — and who doubts it 's bad? —
That the Úgly should nót die were something more sad.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, May 27, 1855.

MAIN Fórcé with saw, háchet and stróng rope achiéved,
Much sweáting, the fáll of the stoút-timbered cédar;
But Cúnning abóut the root dúg unperceíved,
And flát with the first breath of wínd fell the cédar.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 2, 1855.

IN the héight of his glóry said César to Cássius: —
"Mankínd will talk óf me for éver with wónder."
"To be súde, mighty César," said Cássius, "mankínd will
Of theé and thy greát deeds talk éver with wónder;
But the wónder of wónders will still be that César,
Magnánimous César, so cáred to be tálked of."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

* Auch das Schöne muss sterben. SCHILLER.

SLEÉP and Wáking ónce a strífe had:
Which was móst by Próvidence fávored;
Ánd with láwyerlike acúmen
Thús their séparate cáses árgued: —

“Í ’m the fávorite,” first said Wáking,
“Fór the whóle wide wórld ’s for mé made,
Eáarth, sun, moón, and áll the little stars,
Nót to speák of lámp and gás light.”

“Wrétched Wáking,” said Sleep listless,
“Táke thy gímc racks ánd my pítý,
Thóú that múst keep álwáys hámmering
Át some fiddle fáddle nónsense.

“Táke thy gímc racks — pleásure, prófit,
Science, leárning — máke much óf them;
Ádd if it pleáse thee lábor, énnui,
Sórrów, páin and thirst and húngér.

“Hére at eáse upón this bénch stretched
Fór thy whóle wórld Í no stráw care,
Ór, if só be thé whim táke me,
Háve it in my dreáms for nóthing;

"In my dreams have pleasures, riches,
Wisdom, fame, and power and knowledge,
Double, triple, hundredfold more
Than e'er fell to thy lot, Waking.

"I take wing and through the air fly,
Or with fins glide through the water,
Or turn patriot and my fingers
Riddle with the blood of César,

"Yet no risk run; mine not thine are
Heaven and earth, time past and present —
Good bye, Waking; what need more words?
Thee thy work calls, mé siesta."

Scarcely had Sleep the last word uttered,
Up came Nightmare, hideous grinning,
And about Sleep's neck a noose threw
And began with main force pulling.

"Save me, save me," cried Sleep half choked —
"Who 's God's favorite now?" said Waking
As he cut the noose and saved Sleep
And drove off the grinning monster.

STROMBERG, RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 11, 1855.

WHÍLE there 's óne drop in the bóttle
This life 's stíll a life of pleásure,
Fúll of prómise stíll the fúture;
Lét the lást drop leáve the bóttle
And the dáy grows dárk and heávy,
Thére will bé a stórm tomórrów.

PFEDDERSHEIM in the PALATINATE, July 15, 1855.

"IF rightly on my theme I think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine; a friend; because I 'm dry;
Or lest I should be, by and by;
Or any other reason why."

ANSWER.

If rightly on my theme I think,
There 's but one reason why men drink;
And that one reason is, I think —
Why, just because men like to drink.

HEIDELBERG, July 21, 1855.

HE 's deáð these long áges, and áll his bones moulðered,
And scáttered his dúst to the points of the cómpass,
But we still have and will have for éver amóng us
The heárt of the Póet embálmed in his vérse.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 10, 1855.

THAT I 'm much praised by men of little sense
Offénds me nó; I know it 's mere pretence,
The hóllow echo of what, every day,
They heár men of a better judgment say.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 16, 1854.

"PÁGAN, forsáke your Góds," the Christian cries,
"And wórship mine; your Gods are dirt and lies."
"Christian," replies the Pagan, "honor 's due
Éven to *your* Gods; to each his God is true."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, March 31, 1855.

LETTER

RECEIVED FROM A REVIEWER TO WHOM THE AUTHOR, INTENDING TO
SEND THE MS. OF HIS SIX PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HEROIC TIMES FOR
REVIEW, HAD BY MISTAKE SENT, INSTEAD OF IT, A MS. OF
MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

With all the care and attention permitted by my multitudinous
And harassing, yet never upon any account to be neglected,
avocations,

I have read over, verse by verse, from near about the begin-
ning to the v ry end,

The poem which, some thirteen or fourteen months ago, you
did me the honor to encl se me;

And as I feel for literature in general and especially for literary
men

A regard which I make bold to flatter myself is something
more than merely professional,

In returning you your work I venture to make these few
hurried observ tions:

And first, I 'm so far from being of opinion that the work 's
wholly devoid of m rit

That I think I can discern here and there an odd half line
or line in it,

Which even Lord Byron himself — for since Lord Byron
became p pular,

Reviewers' opinions concerning that truly great man have undergone, as you know, a most remarkable change —
I think I can discern, I say, here and there in your work
an odd half line or odd line
Which even the greatest poet of modern times need not have
been ashamed of.
And the whole scope and tenor of your work, on whichever
side or in whatever light I examine it,
Whether religiously, esthetically, philosophically, morally or
simply poetically,
Give me great ground to hope — and I assure you I feel
unfeigned satisfaction in expressing the hope —
That, in process of time, and supposing your disposition
amenable to advice and correction,
You may by dint of study and perseverance acquire sufficient
poetical skill
To entitle you to a place somewhere or other among respectable
English poets.

And now I know I may count upon your good sense and
candor to excuse me
If I add to this, you'll do me the justice to allow, no illiberal
praise of your performance,
Some few honest words of dispraise, wrung from me by the
necessity of the case:
Your style, for I will not mince the matter, seems to me very
often to be
A little too Bombastes Furioso, or, small things to compare
with great, a little too Miltonic;
Its grandiloquence not sufficiently softened down by that
copious admixture of commonplace
Which renders Bab Macaulay, James Montgomery and Mrs.
Hemans so delightful;

Whilst on the other hand it exhibits, but too often alas! the
 directly opposite and worse fault
 Of nude and barren simplicity, absence not of adornment
 alone but even of decent dress.
 I'll not worry you with a host of examples; to a man of
 your sense one's as good as a thousand;
 "Ex uno disce omnes," as Eneas said, wishing to save Dido
 time and trouble;
 The very last line of your poem, the summing up of your
 whole work,
 Where, if anywhere, there should be dignity and emphasis,
 something to make an impression
 And ring in the ear of the reader after he has laid down
 the book
 And be quoted by him to his children and children's children
 on his deathbed,
 As an honored ancestor of mine, one of my predecessors in
 this very reviewer's chair,
 Is said to have died with — no, not with the concluding
 verse of Homer's *Iliad* on his lips,
 For Homer has by some fatality concluded his great poem
 much after your meagre fashion —
 But with the magnificent couplet on his lips, which the judicious
 translator substitutes for the lame Homeric ending:
 "Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."
 The very last line of your work, I say, the peroration of
 your poem,
 So far from presenting us, like this fine verse, with something
 full and round and swelling
 For ear and memory to take hold of and keep twirling about,
 barrel-organ-wise,
 That is to say when ear and memory have, as they often
 have, nothing better to do,

Hasn't even sufficient pith in it for an indifferent prose period,
Exhibits such a deficiency of thew and sinew, not to say of
soul and ethereal spirit,
Such a woful dearth of rough stuff and raw material, not to
say of finish and top dréssing,
That the reader cares but little either to catch a hold or keep
a hold of it,
And it drops from between the antennae of his disappointed
expectation
Pretty much in the same way as a knotless thread from be-
tween a housewife's fingers.
And yet when I consider how well adapted your "Home to
his mother's house, private, returned" is
To take off the edge of the reading appetite, and with what
right good will
After reading this verse one lays down the book without
wishing it were longer,
I can't help correcting my first judgment and saying, with a
smile, to myself:
"Well, after all, that finale 's less injudicious than appears
at first sight."
And now I have only to beg your kind excuse for the freedom
of the observations
Which in my double capacity of friend of literature and
literary men,
And clerk of the literary market, bound to protect the public
Against unsound, unwholesome or fraudulently made-up intel-
léctual food,
I have felt it my duty to make on your, to me at least, very
new and original work,
A work which, crude and imperfect as it is and full of marks
of a beginner's hand,
Affords to the practised critic's eye indubitable evidences of
a látent power

Sure to break forth as soon as the favorable opportunity
presents itself
And astonish the world perhaps with a second — I was
going to say Don Júan,
But, as I hate hyperbole and love to be within the mark,
I'll say — with a second Thalaba or Antient Mariner or Ex-
cúrsion;
Glorious consummation! which the kind Fates have, no doubt,
in resérve for you
If in the meantime you 're content to live upon hope, and
don't too much economize midnight oil.

[HEIDELBERG, July 26, 1855.]

"OBÉY;" said Majórity ónce to Minórity;
"To be sùre," said Minórity, "fór thou 'rt the stróngest."
"Not becaúse I the stróngest am," answered Majórity,
"But becaúse I 'm the wisest, it 's thine to obéy."
"Right again," said Minórity híding a slý smile,
"Wise men álways were númerous, foóls always féw."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

BEWÁRE how you attempt the world to cheat,
Lést yourself súffer by your own deceit:
Yóu cheat the wórld; back from the world to you
Retúrns your lie and you believe it true.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 9, 1855.

"SEE before thee," said Hópe, "where the pleásant light
yónder,
More bright every móment, dispérses the dárkness."
But Fear cried: — "Bewáre! for the light but looks bríghter
Becaúse, on all sídes round, the dárkness so deépens."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

WITH pállid lip quívering and fiery eye fláshing,
Wrath rúshed on his víctim and brándished the knife;
But Píty with nóiseless step stóle up behind him
And wrénched the blade fróm him and smiled in his fáce.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

PÁST TIME 's deád and gone, and búried, and the réquiem
sung óver her;
FÚTURE TIME 's not bórn yet, and whó knows how úgly she
may be?
So gíve me a kiss, sweet PRÉSENT, and let 's háppy be togéther —
Óne, two, three, and begín again — thou 'rt the girl for mý
money.

HEIDELBERG, July 25, 1855.

HAMLET.

THE king of Denmark 's murdered by his brother;
The bróther dons his crown, marries his widow;
Nó one suspects the deed, till at deep midnight
The ghóst, in suit complete of burnished steel,
From purgatory comes and fires sulphureous
To tell his son, young Hamlet, the whole story,
And rouse his youthful blood to similar deed.
The prince falls into a mighty, towering passion,
And hates mankind, and wishes he was dead,
And damns his uncle, and will surely kill him,
Nót at his práyers, for not to heaven he 'd sénd him,
Bút in the midst of some unfinished lust
Fall on him and direct to hell despátch him.
Slów on the hot resolve follows the deed
Límping, for wisely thus the youth bethinks him: —
“Hów, if my wicked uncle kill me first,
Mé ere I him? where then were my revenge,
The credit and the glory of this deed,
The duty to my parent and my parent's
Unhappy ghost, my piety toward heaven,
The example to the world, and to my mother
The lash of scorpions, wielded by her son?
For Í 've no son to whom if Í were murdered
Mý ghost might come to hie him on to murder
Mý murderer; and if I had such son,
Hów can I know he would believe my ghost?
Which gives me róom to think: what if this ghost
I saw last night were not my father's ghost,
But some malignant spirit sent from hell

With lies to tempt me to my uncle's murder.
So charily, good Hamlet; softly tread;
Tést the ghost's tále, and táke care of thy head.

And so most careful cautious of his head
Hámlet goes mad, for kings suspect not madmen,
And many a wise and many a mad thing says,
Wise at this móment, raving mad the next;
And, lighting by good fortune on a pack
Of strolling players, sets about to teách them
With such consummate skill their proper art
Thát you are tempted to accuse dame Nature
Of having by some blunder made a kíng's son,
Whén she had taken in hand to make a player.
Pláywriter, next, and manager become,
The versatile youth into his players' play
Intécalates the scene of his father's murder.
The uncle blenches; the ghost's credit 's stamped;
But, láck a day! the unlucky birdcatcher,
Júst as he thinks he has but to bag his bird,
Falls into his ówn springe and is bagged himself,
And off to England à la Bellerophon packed;
But not before in one of his feigned fits
He has killed his truelove's, sweet Ophelia's, father,
Táking him for the king, and her chaste ear,
His ówn Ophelia's innocent, chaste ear,
With ribaldry polluted and audacious,
Counterfeit madness, till he drives her mad,
And in a pond, poor soul! she drowns herself,
Singing lorn ditties, and one true heart adds
Tó the long coúnt of trueé hearts cracked by love.

Meantime not idly in his cabin chewing
The tedium of his voyage sits young Hamlet,

But, seizing occupation pat at hand,
The seal breaks of his uncle's missives — reads,
And to the deep consigns, his own death-warrant,
And with a ready, fair, and clerklike hand,
Fór he 's a clérk too, writes out the death-warrant
Of his escort, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern;
Fórges the king's sign manual, and affixes
The royal seal; and, having scarce taken time
To palm upon his escort the forged packet,
Jumps into a boarding pirate and is carried
Sólus to Dénmark back; bidding God speed
And safe retúrn home, to the two brave youths,
The interesting Danish Siamése twins,
Good Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern,
Who, holding on their voyage, and delivering
To England's majesty the fraternal missives,
By England's majesty have their heads instanter
And without further ceremony chopped off —
Hurrah for Éngland! móre power tó thee, Hamlet!

The first act of our story with a ghost,
A grisly ghost, began; come with me now,
Kind reader, that is if thou 'rt not afraid,
Ínto a chúrchyard where good Christians lie
Waítíng the final trump to rise to glory.
Hére in his splenetic mood arrives young Hamlet,
And standing on the edge of the deep grave
That 's waiting for his injured, sweet Ophelia,
Begins to crack jokes with the base grave-diggers,
Make puns, say witty things, and moralize
Át the expénse of frail humanity's relics,
Till the corpse cómes; then down into the grave
Leáps in the desperation of his sorrow,
And, cóllared on the coffin by the brother,

Blusters and tugs and spouts and wrestles hard
Till the crowd come between and part the mourners.

Adjourn we now to royal palace-hall,
And gay assembly met to adjudge the prize
To him who best knows how to wield the small sword,
Ophelia's brother, practised well in France,
Or our dear nephew, all-accomplished Hamlet.
Look sharp now to thyself, thou that wouldst kill
With thine own hand thine uncle; for there 's poison
Upon thine adversary's rapier point;
And if, victorious, thou escape the point,
A poisoned chalice stands by to refresh thee.
But stay — what 's this already? in the name
Of heaven, and of the ghost and thy revenge,
Thy wisdom and thy mumming and thy madness,
The bloody arras, sweet Ophelia's pond,
And the two heads of thy once College friends,
Lopped off instead of thine by courteous England,
What 's this I see already? not thine uncle's
But thine own blood upon a poisoned rapier
And streaming down thy doublet: make haste, Hamlet; —
And there thy mother drinks death from the cup
For thee no longer necessary, who
Hast but five minutes' life — make haste, and wrest
Out of thy murderer's hand the poisoned point,
And turn it on him; bravo! now thine uncle;
Bravo again! 'twere pity thou 'dst forgót him.

And now die happy; thou 'st at last achieved
This most magnanimous, meritorious deed;
And though, plain truth to tell, a little slowly,
And somewhat in the manner of a thing
A while forgotten then remembered sudden,

Yet with so little risk to thine own bones,
Béing thyself already in those clutches
Which from all further earthly harm protect,
I own thou 'st put me into a sort of puzzle
Which crówn first tó award thee; of hot valor,
Ór of hot vátor's base antipodes,
Sneáking discretion; I 'll e'en home and sleep on 't.
Meanwhile, inexplicable, unintelligible
Compound of incongruities, Good night.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 28, 1855.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

BRAVE, courteous, handsome, clever, gallant Romeo
With all his heart and soul loves Rosaline;
Shé is the pólestar of his longing eyes,
The haven of his hopes and aspirations,
His dream by day, his vision all the night,
The book in which he reads perpetually
The loveliness and excellence of woman.

Being fond of pleasure this same Romeo goes
A-masking to the house of Capulet,
Where for a Montague to be seen is death,
So hot the feud between the two old races,
And falls slapdash o'er head and ears in love
With fourteen-year-old Juliet, the host's daughter,
Whó with like pássionate suddenness on him
Doáts on the instant, seeing behind his visor
The properest, fairest, and discreetest man,

Nót in Veróna only, but the world,
And kicks against the chosen of her parents,
The County Paris, will have none but Romeo,
And Romeo must and will have; dutiful child!
And for fourteen of most miraculous wisdom!
And nothing headstrong! only will be married
Off hand to the acquaintance of five minutes,
The enemy of her house, the pledged to another;
Módest withal and chaste! though a proficient
In filthy language, and right roundly rating,
Éven on her wedding day, the slow approach
Of closely curtained, "love-performing" night.

But sour is still near sweet, and rain near sunshine,
Sórror near pleásure, near the rose a thorn,
And out of this same merry masking comes
Not love alone but fierce and deadly quarrel:
Týbalt, the fair one's cousin, spies behind
The réveller's mask not Cupid's laughing eyes
Bút the curled móustache of a Montague,
And, taking fire, comes to a brawling match
And rapier thrusts with devil-may-care Mercutio,
And makes short work of him, and in requital
Ís himself máde short wórk of by hot Romeo,
Who forthwith must to banishment in Mantua,
Fár from Veróna, far from love and Juliet.

Meantime the parents, ignorant that their child
Is theirs no longer, and that among Christ's
Osténsible ministers there has óne been found
To affix Christ's signet to the stolen compact,
Préss upon Romeo's wedded wife Count Paris,
And fix tomorrow for the wedding day;
Miss pouts, and hangs her head: is quite too young,

Too innocent, too tender yet for marriage,
And will not till she 's forced; would rather die,
Take poison, stab herself, do anything
A high souled girl of fourteen dare to do
The truth to hide and the first crime to double.

Is there no help, no help in the wide world
For maid so hardly used — for wedded wife?
Aye to be sure there is, while there 's a priest;
That same friar Laurence knows an herb of power
To impart for two days death's cold, pallid semblance
Trackless upon the third day disappearing
Before returning health and bloom and vigor.
This herb drinks Juliet, and the wretched parents
And County Paris on his wedding day
Greet not a bride and daughter but a corpse,
Which the next night with tears and sad array
They lay in the tomb of all the Capulets.
The next night after, with sweet smelling flowers
To deck his bride's untimely grave, comes Paris
And there falls foul of — whom? the ghost of Tybalt?
No, but the banished Montague that made
Tybalt a ghost — the banished Romeo prowling
At midnight round the tomb of Capulet —
And draws upon his enemy and falls
And dying begs a grave beside his bride.
Now if thou 'dst know what business in Verona,
What business at the tomb of Capulet,
Had Romeo, when he should have been a-bed
And snug asleep in banishment at Mantua,
Please ask friar Laurence didn't he send for him
To come and from her temporary tomb,
Her parents and Verona and Count Paris,
Bear in his arms away his wedded wife.

“Aye, that I did,” the holy friar will answer,
“And had agreed with wrenching iron there
Myself to meet him, and a second time
Consign the Capulet’s child to the Montague.”
And true the answer of the holy friar,
But nót comes Romeo therefore, not to snatch
A living Capulet out of Capulet’s tomb,
But to entomb there a dead Montague,
Námely himsélf; for which be these two reasons:
First the miscarriage of the friar’s true message,
To come post haste to unbury living Juliet;
And next the carriage by eye-witnesses
Óf the friar’s lie, that on her wedding night
Juliet was laid a stiffened corpse beside
Her cousin Tybalt in the Capulets’ tomb.
Thérefore comes Romeo, for in the name of love
And sober sense, and piety toward heaven,
And fortitude and magnanimity
And common prudence, how could Romeo live,
Júliet being deád, his five minútes’ acquaintance,
And, counting-in the two days she is dead,
Now nearly three whole days his wedded wife?
How could he live? and if he killed himself
In Mantua there, how was the world to know
’Twas all for Juliet’s love he killed himself?
So Romeo, being in earnest, buys real poison,
And being in haste moreover, hires post horses,
And that same night, first having as we have seen
Despatched poor Paris, dies Felo de se
And kisses with his dying lips dead Juliet,
Whó, the next instant opening such bright eyes
As make the whole tomb look like a lighthouse lantern,
And seeing, upon óne side, her dead husband,
And on the other, her dead bridegroom lying,

And not far off her cousin dead and rotting,
 Thinks 'twere not far amiss she too should die
 Were 't but for the sake of such good company,
 And being besides in so convenient place,
 And draws out of the sheath her husband's dagger
 And sheathes it in her bosom, there to rust,
 And dies outright. The watch seize friar Laurence
 And let him go again; and there 's an end;
 And more 's the pity, seeing there was never
 Of perfect truelove a more perfect model,
 Never a story of more pleasant woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 4, 1855.

THE TEMPEST.

FÁR in a désert island in the midst
 Of the Méditerranéan lived, long years ago,
 A wrinkled, withered hag, called Sycorax,
 With Caliban her son, an uncouth savage
 And worshipper, like her, of Setebos,
 Whoever Setebos was. The old witch died
 And Caliban reigned alone in the desert island,
 When one day in a leaky boat arrived,
 With his boóks of magic and his infant daughter,
 Milan's Duke, Próspero, expelled his duchy
 By his usurping brother, Antonio,
 And turned adrift; black day for Caliban,
 Whó, as a matter of course, is robbed of all,
 And civilized, and taught a new religion,
 And made to fetch and carry for a master

And for his master's daughter, sweet Miranda,
Now growing to a woman, and at last
A woman grown, who of no other men
Knows in the world but Caliban and her father,
Though I'll not swear she has never heard of spirits,
Her father being a sorcerer, and dealing
Largely with creatures of that Natural Order,
Darkening the sun by their means, raising storms,
And doing with equal ease all possible things
And all impossible. Especially
One Ariel was his favorite, a blythe spirit
Whom, when he came to the island first, he found
Pegged in a cloven pine — "A spirit pegged!"
Aye, to be sure, for Sycorax was a witch,
And witches can as easily peg spirits
Into cloven pines, as tapsters can peg spiles
Into beer barrels — and there the spirit was howling,
And writhing to get out, now twelve whole winters,
When Prospero came, and, the dead witch defying,
Widened the pine-tree rift and let him out.
Another twelve years and we find the spirit
On board the king of Naples' ship in the offing,
Frightening the king of Naples and his friend
And protégé, the usurping Duke Antonio;
Now playing Jack o' lantern on the mast,
Now running up and down the shrouds like wildfire,
Now firing squibs and crackers in the cabin,
But in the long run quite goodnaturedly
Saving them all from foundering in the tempest:
He had brought upon them by his master's orders,
And sound and dry into his master's hand
Delivering both the usurper and the king,
And the king's drunken jester, drunken butler,
And handsome son; of whom Miranda chooses,

After a game at chess, the last for husband,
The wedding ceremonial being however
Deferred, for want of a priest, till safe return
Of the high contracting Powers to Christendom
With the drunken jester and the drunken butler,
And wicked brother Antonio freely pardoned
Without his even so much as asking pardon
Or promising amendment or saying thank ye;
And so breaks off, a little abrupt, the story,
Leaving us to surmise how they got home,
And wondering often whether they took with them,
Or there behind them left, poor Caliban;
And as for Ariel who can't well refuse,
Having supplied the storm that brought it thither,
To find fair weather for the ship returning,
He's to have leave, this last turn served, to go
And shift for himself and keep clear for the future
Of witches, cloven pines, and Dukes of Milan.

Lord, what delight the enactment of this story
By full grown men and women gives to children!
And how I laughed, when I was seven years old,
At all the queer things staggering Trinculo said,
And hid my head when Caliban crawled out,
And peeped again when it was Ariel flying,
And wondered why 'twas not at blindman's buff
But chess the king's son and Duke's daughter played,
And hated the bad duke, and loved the good one
With his enchanter's wand and long, striped coat!
Alas, those happy days of seven years old
For me are fled, and with them fled, for me,
Tom Thumb and Cinderella and The Tempest!

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 15, 1855.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE king of England meets the king of France
And shákes hands with him in a field near Ardres; —
The Duke of Buckingham 's accused of treason,
Triéd and condémned, and sés off in a barge
For Tówer Hill, there to have his head chopped off; —
Kátharine of Árragon, poor virtuous queen!
Has hér trial toó, and, being repudiated,
Diés brokenhéarted in Kimbolton castle; —
Proud Wolsey blooms and ripens in the sun
Of royal favor till a cloud between
Hím and the sún comes, and he droops and fades
And shrívels up, and begs a little earth
And leáve to lay his bones in Leicester Ábbey,
And diés at eight p. m. and goes to — heaven; —
The king sees Anna Boleyn at a ball
And takes her out to dance, and kisses her,
And gives her Kátharine's wárm place in his bed; —
The yóung queen's coronation is a sight
Ángels look dówn upon from heaven with envy:
The prayers, the benedictions, holy chrism,
The ball and sceptre and the bird of peace,
The happy crowds of gaping, wondering faces,
The anthem and the fúll choir and the organ,
The battle-ax-men and the halberdiers,
The golden circlet placed by England's primate,

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Upon the fairest of the six fair brows
 Whose happy fortune 'tis, one after th' other,
 To please for a while the taste of scrupulous Henry;
 And, not least gazed at of the brave assembly,
 The heretic doctor, placed for his heresy
 At the head of all the bishops and archbishops,
 The same good man who, give him time enough,
 Shall, in the sight of some of those there gazing,
 Abominate and abjure his heresy;
 Nay, far more curious and delectable sight!
 Abominate and abjure his abjuration; —
 A lying-in comes next, with cake and caudle; —
 And thereupon a christening, where the same
 Half-heretic doctor gossips, and foretelling
 The blessings kind heaven has in store for the baby,
 Ignóres, with true prophetic skill, the blessings
 The sáme kind heáven has in stóre for the báby's móther
 And the wise próphet's self. So ends the story,
 And what do you think it 's called? the unfortunate duke?
 Or good archbishop? or bad cardinal?
 Or meeting of their highnesses at Ardres?
 Or Kátharine's divorce? or Anna Boleyn's
 Wóóing, or lying-in, or coronation?
 Or happy Christening of Elizabeth?
 Nó; but it 's cálléd, after the peg on which
 The nine odd scraps are hung, King Henry the Eighth.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 18, 1855.

"HERE I gó up and dówn, hop, hop, hóp,
And from mórning till night never stóp
Picking seéds up and filling my cróp;
And though Í 'm but a spárraw, and thou
A mighty great mán, I allów,
I wóuld not change with thee, somehow."

"For a thing of thy size," answered Í,
"Great 's thy wisdom, I 'll néver dený,
So to live on the sáme way I 'll trý,
As I líved years befóre thou wast háched,
Or the bárn, thou wast háched in, was thatched;
Pert spárraw, I hópe thou art máched."

"Very wéll," said the spárraw; "let bé;
Hadst thou nót looked uncívil at mé,
I 'd no wórd said uncívil to theé,
For we 're bróthers alike, after áll,
Though you mén, have the fáshion to cáll
Yourselves greát and us, poór sparrows! smáll."

HEIDELBERG, July 31, 1855.

AUF WIEDERSEH'N!

AUF Wiederseh'n! politer word
I doubt not there might be,
Could one but of politeness think
When taking leave of thee.

Auf Wiederseh'n! then, dearest girl,
Since from thee I must part —
Auf Wiederseh'n! not from the lips
But from the sad, sad heart.

HEIDELBERG, July 28, 1855.

TO

HOFRATH SÜPFLE AND HIS DAUGHTER EMILIA;

ON OUR LEAVING CARLSRUHE, AUG. 16, 1855.

ADIEÚ! kind friends; and, by these idle rhymes
Or by the hour reminded, think sometimes
Of the two strangers, widely wandering pair,
With whom ye pleased your evening walks to share,
Gláddening their one short week in still Carlsruhe,
But sáddening — ah, how saddening! their adieu.

TO PROFESSOR GRATZ

LIBRARIAN OF THE GRAND DUCAL LIBRARY, CARLSRUHE.

ON MY LEAVING CARLSRUHE, AUG. 16, 1855.

FAREWELL! and happy live till thou and I
Meet once again beneath a summer sky;
Should that day never come, then happy die —
Even while I say Farewell! the minutes fly.

AUGUST the Twénty Thírd, in Tübingen,
I paid a vísit to the poet Uhland,
Whó with some fórmal courtesy received me,
And néxt day at my lodgings left a card.
Móre wouldst thou knów of Úhland? páy him a vísit
Ánd, if thou 'rt áble, make more out of him
Than that he is a little, ugly, wiry,
Wrinkled, hard-visaged man of eight and sixty,
Who, jilted of his Muse, sits all day long
In his stúdy, moping over Lord knows what,
And little recks of friends, and less of strangers,
And báthes of summer mornings in the Neckar.

Walking from BEILSTEIN to WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 3, 1855.

TO DOCTOR EMANUEL TAFEL,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND LIBRARIAN IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF TÜBINGEN.

ON MY LEAVING TÜBINGEN, AUG. 31, 1855.

LEARNING and leisure, and a gentle mind
To works of charity of itself inclined,
Visions* of Good and Beautiful and True
Hiding the real, sad, suffering world from view,
Are bounteous heaven's munificent gifts to thee —
Enjoy them, and of all men happiest be.

“SO there's an end!” said I, and from the grave
Turned homeward, sorrowful, my lingering step,
And down beside the cradle sat and wept,
Then, having wept my fill, went out and labored
And with eased heart returned, and eat and slept,
And rose next day and labored, wept and slept,
And rose again next day and did the same,
And every day the same did, till the last;
And now, the last day come at long and last,
I weep because it's come and ends my weeping.

STUTTGART, Sept. 1, 1855.

* Doctor Tafel is a zealous disciple of Swedenborg's, and has written much and amiably and eloquently, but as it appears to me, without any vis consequentiæ, in support of that religionist's doctrines.

LUCEM PEROSUS.

NÁKED, and for the plunge prepared, I stood
Upón the deép pool's steep and silent brink,
And, having thought a brief farewell to home,
Kindred and friénds, hopes, joys, and pains, and fears,
Leáped like a fróg into the yielding water,
Which with a wélcome gurgling filled mine ears,
And mouth and nose and eyes, and stopped my breath,
Ánd I becáme as though I had nót been born;
And mén set úp a stone to mark the spot,
And cárved a deáth's-head and cross bones upón it,
Ánd the reproáchful wórds FELO DE SE;
And wóuld have killed me tén times, if they cóuld,
Ráther than ónce have lét me kill myself.
Píty their creéd 's not trué, else I 'd come back
Anights, and scare them as they lie abed
Thinking of ghósts and héll-fires and the damned,
And súicides in deep, black, dismal pools,
And heáven's revenge, and their own naughtiness
Which from their Gód even in their práyers they hide,
In vain. Let be; their creed 's their punishment.

Walking from THEMAR to SUHL, in the THURINGIAN FOREST; Oct. 3,* 1855.

WHY so shý of deáth, sweet infant?
Deáth 's but óne long, lásting húsh-ó,
Ánd the gráve a deép, deep crádle
Húng with bláck cloth ánd white línen.

"Í 'm not tired yet óf my córals,
Cándy, cákes, and mílk and hóney;
Ín the gráve Mammá won't pét me,
Nór Papá bring mé new pláy-things."

Jóyous strípling, whý so shún death?
Deáth 's no crábbed, soúr precéptor,
Wákes thee nóť of eárly mórnings;
Ín the gráve 's one lóng vacátion.

"Ín the gráve 's one lóng vacátion,
Bút no díce, no bówls, no ténnis;
Deáth toasts néver ín Champágne wine
Lízzy's lóve or Bélla's beauty."

Mán of rípe years, whý so dreád death?
Ín the gráve there 's nó more tróuble,
Deáth keeps wáth and léts not énter
Páin or lóss or feár or sórrow.

“In the gráve there is no tróuble,
Bút there 's álso nó enjoýment,
Deáth keeps wátch and léts not énter
Pleásure, prófit, hópe or hónor.”

Feeble, tóttering, weáry óld man,
Whý from Deáth's kind hélp recoil so?
Seé! he spreáds a sóft couch fór thee;
Cást thy stáff awáy and lié down.

“Gládly wóuld I Deáth's kind hánd take,
Ánd upón his sóft couch strétch me,
Díd no démons róund it hóver,
Díd no níghtmares íts sleep tróuble.”

Démons, níghtmares haúnt not thát bed,
Sóund its sleép, sound, sóund and dreámless;
Láy thine heáð down ón the pillow,
Clóse thine eýes now, ánd — all 's óver.

Walking from SUHL, in the THURINGIAN FOREST, to OHRDRUFF; Oct. 4, 1855.

ACÚTE, obsérvant, witty and profound,
Goéthe, the wórlðly wise, dwells in my brain;
Bút to my heárt of hearts, with all thy faults,
I táke thee, géntle, noble-minded Schiller,
And with thee móurn, not mock, humanity.

Walking from LUDWIGSBURG to BEILSTEIN (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 2, 1855.

"TÉLL me, Quintus," ónce said Virgil,
Ás he wálked in Róme with Hórace,
"Whát think'st thou of mý Enéís?
Whó can júdge so wéll as Quintus?"

"Fór the cómplimént I thánk thee,
Thóugh I ówn I scárce desérve it,
Cléver Públius," ánswered Hórace;
"Thou shalt heár my plaín opínion:

"Thine Enéís is a greát work,
Wórthy máтч of Grécia's greátest,
Róund the Róman Hómer's témples
Bínds a wreáth of báý perénnial.

"Wíder thán of Róman Eágle
Sháll the flíght be óf Rome's Épos,
Viéwed with wónder bý unbórn tribes
Óf all climates tóngues and cólors."

"With the fúture," ánswered Vírgil,
"Lét it bé as Jóve and Fáte will;
Ít 's enóugh for mé, my Quintus,
Tó have pleásed the Róman Píndar."

OHDRUFF, near GOTHIA; Oct. 4, 1855.

ÁSK me not whát her náme was — it's small mátter
About a náme — but ásk me whát herself was,
Ánd my whole béing, búrsting into teárs,
Ánswers: "She wás" — good Gód! and is't she *wás*?

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 4, 1855.

SHE néver in her whóle life wrote one stánza,
She knéw no Greék, no Látin, scarcely French,
She pláyed not, dánced not, sáng not, yet when Death
His árms about her thréw, to teár her fróm me,
I would have ránsomed her, not Orpheus-like
With mine own song alone, but with *all* song,
Músic and dánce, philosophy and learning
Were éver, or to bé were, in the world.

GOtha, Oct. 12, 1855.

THEY sáy I 'm óf a Propaganda school
And wóuld have áll men measure by my rule,
Ánd they say trúé, perhaps; but then the rule,
I 'd háve them measure by, is: THERE 'S NO RULE.

WÜRZBURG (BAVARIA), Sept. 29, 1855.

ÍNTÓ two clásses áll men í dívide,
The oppréssed on thís, the oppréssors on that, side;
Lét them change námes and places as they will,
Oppréssors and oppréssed I find them still.

Walking from SUHL to OBERNHOF in the THURINGIAN FOREST; Oct. 4, 1855.

IN FRÄULEIN JULIE FINCKH'S ALBUM.

HEILBRONN, SEPT. 19, 1855.

PLEÁSANT it is to journey on and on,
Obsérving still new lands and peoples strange,
But fár more pleasant on a spot to light
Which with so friéndly courtesy receives us,
Thát we stop shórt and sáy: — "Why one step further?"

PROVIDENCE *versus* CHANCE AND FATE.

THE ship struck on a rock by accident,
And sánk, and all on board were lost but two,
Whóm in the lóngboat of th' illfated vessel,
Álmost by miracle, a kind Providence saved.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 3, 1855.

NO wónder, reáder, that from all I say
Thou túrn'st with clósed eyes and closed ears away,
Fór in this point at least all men agree,
That éach will teacher, none will learner, be.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 13, 1855.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A LUCIFER-MATCH BOX.

(I)

PROMÉTHEUS' feát to thine was but a patch,
Glórious invéntor of the lucifer-match!
Thou steál'st not fire, but mák'st it fresh and new;
Ánd, what even Heáven forgót, hid'st it from view.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 20, 1855.

ÓN my bed
Dówn my head
Láid like lead,
Clóthes tucked in
Under chin,
I begin
Not to sleep,
But to weep
And watch keep,
Wondering why
Í don't die
Instantly,
And down low,
Sad and slow,
Tó Styx go,
There to moan
Faithless Joan
Áway flown,
Flown away,
Would not stay,
Lack a day!
Well, let bé!
Plain I see
'Twould kill me

Só to lie
'lone, and sigh
Heigh ho! heigh!
Rosalind
's fair and kind;
Wasn't I blind
To prefer
Joan to her?
I aver
I would not
Give one groat,
Stir one jot,
Joan to save
From the grave;
Beauty's slave
Though Fate me
Doomed to be,
Still — d' ye see? —
Shé left mé
Full and free
Liberty
This one's noose
Tó refuse,
Thát one's choose.

Só revolved
And resolved,
Thé case solved,
Driéd mine eyes,
Stilled my sighs,
Úp I rise
Át gray day,
And my way,
Fresh and gay,

Táke toward kind
Rosalind.
With stout mind,
Shown by nip
Óf my lip,
Ánd firm grip
Óf my stick,
Í pass quick
Thé hayrick,
Whére, close bý
Joán's house, I
Used to lie
On the ground,
Watching round
Sight or sound
Óf Joan nigh.
"Bye! good bye!
Joan," said I;
"Ás thou me,
Í leave thee,
Tó live free,"
And a look,
Turning, took
Of the brook
Ánd grass plat
Ánd flower knot
Ánd thatched cot.
Thé fresh sun,
His day's run
Just begun,
Clad with bright
Ruddy light
Tower and height,

And the green
Leaves between
Glancing sheen,
Every ray
Seemed to say: —
“Please, Sir, stay.”
“Stáy! not I;
Bye! good bye!
Joan,” cried I,
And, “Heigh hó!”
Sighed, and slow
Turned to go.
Wás’t echó
Answered: — “hó!”
Í don’t know,
Bút, turned round
At the sound,
There I found,
Bý my side,
Ín her pride,
Joan, my bride.
Wasn’t I blind
Rosalind,
Though she ’s kind,
So to her
To prefer,
And aver
Í would not
Give one groat,
Stir one jot,
Joan to save
From the grave?
Beauty’s slave

Whén Fate mé
Doomed to be,
Mistress she
'ssigned me none
But mine own
Peerless Joan.

TÜBINGEN, Aug. 28, 1855.

POET.

THESE v́erses read, and, having read, tell me
If nót as good as Horace's they be.

CRITIC.

As goód as Hórace's! my dear Sir, no;
Hórace wrote his two thousand years ago.

POET.

Had míne been writ two thousand years ago,
And Hórace's today, hadst still said No?

CRITIC.

Nó, by no meáns; then thou hadst been the rule,
And Í had learned thee off by heart at school.

POET.

Alas, alas, the tyranny of Fate!
Bétter not bórn at áll, than born so late.

CRITIC.

Pátience; thou 'rt tíme enough; each has his date,
Some eárlíer, later some, but all must wait.
Two thóúsand years hence thou perhaps shalt be
Greáter than Hórace — Why so stare at me?

POET.

I 'm thinking if two thousand years work so,
Whát will four thousand do; I 'd like to know.

CRITIC.

Undo all that two thousand years had done,
And leáve thee as thou 'rt now, by all unknown;
Ór, if thou 'rt Fórtune's special favorite, raise
And moót the question in some score of ways:
How many poets were there of thy name,
Ánd to thy vérses which has the best cláim,
Or hárk in with some future Wolfius' cry
That thoú and thy existence were a lie,
Fór to créate such noble works required
Some twénty bards at least, and all inspired.

POET.

Thén there 's no wáy to be for ever known,
And cónsecrate the world to come mine own.

CRITIC.

And if there were, what were 't but vanity
When ónce the coffin lid has closed on thee?

POET.

So bé it. Come, Múse, let 's not throw pearls away,
Or pípe for those who won't the piper pay.
We 'll pleáse our noble selves; I thee, thou me;
Ánd for itsélf let shift posterity.

Walking from WEINSBERG in WÜRTTEMBERG to WÜRZBURG in BAVARIA;
Sept. 25 — 29, 1855.

"Immer am widrigsten bleibt der Schein des Monds und der Sterne,
Nicht ein Körnlein, bei Gott! weckt ihr unpraktischer Strahl."

JUSTINUS KERNER.

THIS wórld 's so fast progréssing I do nót despair to seé yet
Three things, that now run áll to waste, turned tó important
úses:

There 's first of all the sínging birds, it goés to my heart to
heár them

Stráining their little throáts and lungs to nó conceivable
púrpose;

Teách them to sing a régular tune, and sóldiers could march
tó it,

And cóst of fife and drúm be spared as wéll 's of fifer and
drúmmer.

Then thére 's the moon- and stár-light bright, that, áll the
livelong night through,

On hill and vale and seá and plain Heaven só profusely
squánders,

I 'd like to know why it might not be in réservoirs collécted,
And úsed in manufáctories at hálf the cost of gás-light.

But wind 's the thing that 's wásted most, though wind 's
more worth than jéwels,

And át the State's expénse should be, by fórcing pump and
béllows,

In cópious streams, to évery house, suppliéd all day and
night long,

To kéep it clear from dúst and smoke and chóléra and féver;

And évery man should pay a fine that 's óf the crime convicted,
Of wásting wind in foólsh talk or blówing the church órgan,
But wómen's mouths should still be free, and weáthercocks
and windmills,

And shíps of every síze and rig, and mémbers of both Houés.
If Gód 's so good my lífe to spare until I see these chánges,
I 'll díe content, not dóubting but things will go ón impróving
Until at last the whóle wide world 's exáctly as it shóuld be.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 9, 1855.

THE coáchman drives, the hórses draw, the cárriage carries
Díves,

Who síts inside and lólls at ease, secúre from wind and weáther;
But Díves' nights are réstless, he has no áppetite for dínnér: —
"Dischárge your coachman, Díves, sell your hórses and your
cárriage,

And ón your two legs trúdge it, under évery wind and weáther,
And, *créde mi expérto*, as a tóp you 'll sleep all níght sound,
And hárdly wait for énded Grace, to fáll upon your dínnér."

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 7, 1855.

WOULDST thou convínce the dóubting world thou 'rt truly
And from thine heart repéntant thou 'st not married,
Márry; repéntance is best proved by penance.

HEIDELBERG, August 1, 1855.

THERE áre two sisters; óne with bright,
Gay, laúghing eyes, full of delight,
And óutstretched hánd and warm embrace,
And jóy-irrádiated face,
And stép alert, and such sweet voice
As mákes the hearer's heart rejoice.
Nó company is to my mind
In which I dón't this sister find.

Néver in this wórld was seen
Maíden óf more ópposite mien
Than th' óther síster: sóbs and sighs,
Droóping lids and tearful eyes,
And heávy footstep, lingering slow,
Unwilling, yet prepared, to go,
And hándkerchief white-waving still,
And práyers to Heaven to avert all ill.
Néver lóng, be it whére it may,
Whén I meét this maid I stay,
But right-ábout face, and away.
*** COME they call the cheerful maid,
FARE *** the melancholy jade;
Bóth in one hóuse live and attend
The cóming and the parting friend,
One ópens, and one shuts, the door;
Thou knów'st them bóth — Need I say more?

GOTHA, Oct. 11, 1855.

IN Róme's old dáy's of glóry, when a cítizén thought fit
A wéll desérving sláve, of free gráce, to mánumít,
He cálléd the várlet tó him, and, bídding him steády stánd,
A smárt slap ón the cheék dealt hím with ópen hánd,
And saíd: — "Thy freédóm táke and with it mý last blów;
Much goód may théy both dó thee; there — thou art free to gó."

That síght I néver sáw; but I 've seén as cúrious síght
When it pleásed a sóvereign prínce to máke a bélted knight;
For he cálléd the féllow tó him, and báde him dówn to kneél,
And sláppéd him ón the shóulder with the flát side óf his steél,
And saíd: — "Get úp, Sir knight, and abóut thy bússíness gó,
And take with thee fór remémbrance my lást and pártíng blów."
And úp the gállant knight got fróm his bénded knee
With the blów upón his shóulders, the pínk of chiválrý;
For a prínce is hónor's fóuntain, only sóurce of dígnítý,
And his blów chiválrous mákes, as the old Róman's blów
made free.

And I 'm sórry í wasn't bý, when, defýing áll belíéf,
A Brítish prínce a knight made óút of a loín of beéf: —
"Get úp, Sir loín," he saíd, with a flát slap óf his knífe,
And wórtíhíer knight made néver the goód prínce in his lífe.

GOtha, Octob. 14, 1855.

MUSINANDO.

POET.

O thou who all things here below understandest,
From whom Heaven hides nothing, who seest into Cháos,
Far Límbo, dim Púrgat'ry, Tártarus deép,
Who delightest thy friends to instruct and enlighten,
Who néver forgéttest and mák'st no mistákes,
Have I leáve, in the Státe's name, O Múse, to put to thee
Some few quéstions statistic concerning thyself?

MUSE.

I 'm no friend of statistics — revived Inquisitions —
Th' old sérpent crept back in the guise of a lámb;
But no mátter, the Státe has a right to commánd me;
Proceéd with thy bússiness and lét me be géing.

POET.

First of áll, with a víew to idéntificácion,
The Státe asks thy náme.

MUSE.

Asks my náme! let me think —
Eutérpe, Melpómene, Érato, Clío,
Terpsíchore, Polýmnia, Uránia, Thalía,
Aéde, Calliope, Mélite, Mnéme —
Choose which thou lik'st bést — one 's as goód as anóther —
Perhaps nóne quite corréct, but I ánswer to áll.

POET.

That 's the first point dispósed of. Now, whát 's thy religión?

MUSE.

Like the Státe's, it depénds upon tíme, place and fáshion;
Long Págan, then Christian; Mahómmedan néver,
Never Mórmon or Jéwish, though with tíme 'tmay be éither.

POET.

That 's the sécond point sèttled. Now, whére wert thou bórn?

MUSE.

In Beótia my foés say, my friénds say in Heáven;
My own mémory though lóng doesn't gó quite so fár.

POET.

Then thou 'rt óld?

MUSE.

Why perháps — I don't knów — I 'm not súde —
Can't one háve a good mémory without being óld?
Must the Státe know a lády's age júst to an hóur?
No; I 'll nótt be cross-quéstioned — I 've néver been úsed
to it —

And thou too, Mr. Poet, to máke thyself pártý!
Whither 's gállantry, chivalry, cóúrtesy fléd?
It 's the Íron Age cóme back — Et tú, Brute, tú!
Fare thee wéll; happy live; serve the Státe; keep progréssing
Like the blind grinding horse that thinks góing round 's
prógress —

POET.

For Gód's sake, Muse, listen —

MUSE.

Farewéll! we are twó.

POET.

She 's góne — I 'll go áfter — but whére shall I find her?
Whither túrn to look fór her? her dómicile whére?
Fool! that might'st to that quéstion have hád her own ánsver
Hadst thou deált but a little more gíngerly with her
And nótt touched her áge till thou 'dst léarned her abóde —
As it stánds in the schédule: ABÓDE — CALLING — ÁGE —
Wise schédule! well, hélp there was néver for spilled milk;
So pátiéce, as Máro says, "Ét vosmet rébus
Serváte secúndis;" i. e. in plain prose:
The dear gírl when she cómes next perháps may be sófter —

I 'll depend on thee, Máro, for who ever better
 Than Máro the maid knew, or questioned her closer,
 Or got her to tell more, or — worse kept her secrets?
 Not quite fair — not quite fair — thou 'st been scurvily treated,
 Poor Múse, I must own; and if thou but com'st back
 And talk'st kindly with me, and this once forgiv'st me,
 I swear by Parnássus I 'll never to mortal
 One syllable utter of all that has happened,
 Or ask thee from henceforth one personal question;
 Let the Státe, if it will, do its own shabby business,
 Or some one, more fitted than I, find, to do it;
 I 'll be none of its pimp — See! I tear up the schedule —
 There she comes! welcome back! that's my own darling girl!
 So by-gones are by-gones, and once more we 're friends.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 26, 1855.

THE ASTRONOMERS.

It chanced as I passed by my barn one fine evening —
 Few barns have so splendid a view to the West —
 I saw, side by side on the half-door perched cozy,
 My cock and my hen and a six-weeks-old chicken.

As I stood looking at them, and they at the sunset
 That was painting with gold me and them and the barn,
 Says the hen in reply to a question the chicken
 Had just put: — "I 'll tell you, my dear, all about it:

"The sun sets in the West; then beneath the round earth
 Goes across to the East and there rises again;
 His rising makes day and his setting makes night,
 And so he goes circling for ever and ever."

“No, Mammá,” said the chicken, “just hear me explain it: The sun when he sets stops a short while to rest him, Then turns, and goes straight back the same way he came, But you can’t see him going the night is so dark, And so he goes posting, like mail coach or steam train, To and fro on the same line for ever and ever.”

“You ’re both fòols,” said the còck, “not one inch the sun
búdgés,
But the eárrh on itsélf keeps round túrning incéssant,
Like a little boy’s top or an óld housewife’s spíndle;
The síde that turns tówards the sun thinks the sun ríses,
The síde that turns fróm the sun thinks the sun sèts,
And só it goes twírling in súnshine and shádw,
And twírls us all with it for évér and évér.”

As he spóke the sun sèt and they bróke up the cóuncil,
And úp to their roósts flew, one áfter anóther,
And í in to teá went, and tóld the whole stóry,
But nó one beliéved me — all saíd I was jóking,
And ónly the móre laughed the móre I protésted,
Till at lást I took húff and went úp to roost toó;
And my cóck from that dáy forth they cálléd Galiléo,
My chickens the Cónclave, my óld hen the Pópe.

Walking from HERRENBERG to CALW (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 3, 1855.

WÉLL to get through this wórld there 's óne receipt:
Kindly the Bitter táke, cautious the Sweet.

GoTHA, Oct. 11, 1855.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A LUCIFER MATCH BOX.

(II)

WHÓ can say whát the consequence had been,
Súbtile invéntor of the Lucifer match,
Had Heáven but taken care in box like thine
To híde from every prying eye its fire!
Perháps Prometheus had not yet been sent
To Caúcasus; Cranmer's right hand and left
Not éxpiated contradictory crimes,
Nór with Joan's áshes Rouen's stones been smutted;
Ephésian Dían's temple still had stood;
Swine, kíne, and pretty lambs died natural deaths,
And thoú and Í our stomachs' cravings stilled
With ínnocent, bloódlless cucumber and salad.
But Heáven cares móre to punish than prevent:
Prométheus rued in Caucasus' ice his theft;
Dían was shórn of her Ephesian glory;
Witches and saínts and heretics were sublimed;
And búchers, bákers, cooks, tobacco smokers,
Artillery, gás, and steám o'erran the world.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 22, 1855.

CLEVER people are disagreeable, always taking the advantage of you;

Stupid people are disagreeable, you never can knock anything into their heads;

Idle people are disagreeable, you must be continually amusing them;

Busy people are disagreeable, never at leisure to attend to you;

Extravagant people are disagreeable, always wanting to borrow of you;

Saving people are disagreeable, won't lay out a penny on you;

Obliging people are disagreeable, always putting you under a compliment;

Rude people are disagreeable, never stop rubbing you against the grain;

Religious people are disagreeable, always boring you with points of faith;

Irreligious people are disagreeable, no better than Turks and heathens;

Learned people are disagreeable, don't go by the rules of common sense;

Unlearned people are disagreeable, never can tell you what you don't already know;

Fashionable people are disagreeable, mere frivolity and emptiness;

Vulgar people are disagreeable, don't know how to behave themselves;

Wicked people are disagreeable, you 're never safe in their
cómpany;
But no people are so disagreeable as your truly good and
wóthy people —
Slop-committee water-gruel, without a spice of wine or nútmeq,
Mawzy mutton overboiled, without pepper, salt, or mústard.

Walking from TÜBINGEN to HERRENBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 2, 1855.

RIGHT for you 's wrong for mé,
If by different rules wé
Right and Wróng chance to meásure;
Good for mé 's bad for you,
If we dón't the same viéw,
Both, of pain take and pleásure.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 11, 1855.

“STOP! stáy! let 's consider!” cried Írresolútion,
And hung báck till the boát drifted óut of his reách;
But Dáring leaped in and laid hólđ of the rúdder,
And steéred himself sáfe to the ópposite bánk.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 3, 1855.

SUMMER 's góne — fled away with his lilies and róses,
Long mórnings and évenings, and deép glowing noón;
But lamént him not thou, for see yónder where Aútumn,
Crowned with córn ear and víne branch, approáches to greét
thee.

Autumn 's góne — fled away with his víne branch and córn
ear,

And has léft not one póppy in áll the bare fiéld;
But lamént him not thou, for see yónder where Winter
To the snúg house and jóys of the fireside invítes thee.

Winter 's góne — to the bleák, frozen Nóρθ has retreated;
The fireside 's desérted, the snúg corner émpy;
But lamént thou not thérefore, but óút to the greén bank
Where Spríng 's strewing víolets, and líst to the thróstle.

Spring 's góne — and his víolets are chóked on the greén bank,
The thróstle's song 's sílent, the thórn 's no more white;
But lamént thou not thérefore, for see where with lóng days
And wreáths of fresh róses young Súmmer comes báck.

Walking from POPPENHAUSEN to UNTERPLEICHFELD (BAYARIA), Oct. 20, 1855.

MARBACH.

I LÓVE thee, Márbach, in the sun there lying,
Vine clád, upon the Neckar's peaceful bank,
And lóved thee ere I sáw thee or thy náme heard,
Theé that gav'st birth beneath yon humble roof
To the lóftiest minded of Germánia's póets.
I lóve thy chúrch too with its perpendicular
Roóf of red tiles and gay, enamelled steeple,
That, from across the way, looks down upon
The crádle of thy nursling; and, as here
I lié at eáse stretched in thy walnut shade,
On this bright, sunny day of late October,
And listen to the murmur of thy Neckar,
Blénding melódious with thy vintage song,
Thínk how a húndred years ago those sounds
Féll on th' awákening ear of infant Schiller,
And sigh and to mysélf say: Roll on, Neckar,
Anóther hundred years, and from thy banks
To Ánna Liffey's banks perhaps shall come
Sóme one acquainted with my song, and ask
"Was hére his cradle?" and being answered "Yes,"
Shall álso ask to see where lie my bones.

MARBACH (WÜRTTEMBERG), Oct. 26, 1855.

ÓVER hill and plain and v́alley
Ónward ás I trável aimless,
Óften, tóward the clóse of évening,
Tó my sécret sélf I thús say: --

“Yónder see the sáme sun sétting
Néarly whére he sét last évening,
Yónder, grówn a little lárger,
Seé the sáme moon sílent rísing.

“Thou too 'rt grówn one whóle day ólder
Thán thou wást at this hour lást night,
Bút thou 'rt nót grown óne day wiser,
Ánd still léss grown óne day bétter.

“Whát though Títus, whát though Cáto
Hád in thy case móurned a dáy lost,
Heárt, rejoice, and cóunt each hóur won
Thát no wound ínflícts in pássing.”

Walking from GIEBELSTADT in BAYARIA to MERGENTHEIM in WÜRTTEMBERG,
Oct. 22, 1855.

I.

She.

TÉLL me nó't how múch thou lóv'st me,
Lóve by wórds was néver meásured,
Bút look kindly ánd I 'll soón know
Without wórds how múch thou lóv'st me.

Lét me seé thine eýe grow brighter
Át my cóming ánd thy lid droop
Íf I bút talk óf depárting*
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Whén thou síngest, whén thou pláyest
Sing and pláy those áirs alóne which
Thou hast heárd me sáy I like best,
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Wálk no roáds bút thóse which Í walk,
Choóse no flówers bút thóse which Í choose,
Háve no friénds bút thóse whom Í have,
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Lóve me ánd thou neéd'st not téll it,
Lóve that 's tóld 's alréády léss love;
Lóve me ánd thou cánst not híde it,
Lóve me ánd I cán't bút knów it.

II.

He.

Í 'LL not téll thee hów I lóve thee,
Lóve by wórds was néver meásured,
Bút look át me thou, and téll me
Dóst thou nótt see hów I lóve thee —

Dóst thou nótt mine eýe see brighten
Át thy cóming, and my líd droop
Íf thou bút talk'st óf depártíng —
Í 'll not téll thee hów I lóve thee.

Í no sóngs sing, Í no airs play,
Bút those sóngs and airs thou lík'st best,
Whén thou 'rt ábsent Í am túneless —
Í 'll not téll thee hów I lóve thee.

Í no roáds walk whích thou wálk'st not,
Choóse no flówers but thóse thou choósest,
Háve no friénds but thóse whom thou hast —
Í 'll not téll thee hów I lóve thee.

Hów I lóve thee Í 'll not téll thee,
Lóve that 's tóld 's alréády léss love;
Hów I lóve thee Í cannót hide,
Ére I knéw it mysélf thou knéw'st it.

TÜBINGEN, Oct. 28, 1855.

ANNIVERSARY OF SCHILLER'S BIRTHDAY.

STUTT GART, NOV. 10, 1855.

THIS dáy is Schíller's birth-day; there 's rejoicing
In Stúttgart from the highest to the lowest;
All Wúrttemberg rejoices, king and court,
Láic and priést; the squáre before Old Pálace
Is ódorous of flowers strown round his statue;
Children his náme lisp, and the very bells
That cáll on Sún-days to the house of prayer
Are this day éloquent with the náme of Schíller.
Silence, vile souns! false flowers, grow pale and wither!
Húsh, children! let no tongue pronounce his náme,
Th' expátriated fugitive's, whose bones
Sánctify Weímar's earth, whom ye disowned,
And from among ye sent to seek a poor,
Hard earned subsistence in a foreign land,
Becaúse he wóuld not have his free thoughts scissored,
And from another cog what he should say.
Hé has his túrn now and disowns thee, Stuttgart,
Disówns thee, Suábia; bids ye keep your honors,
Úseless to him, reproachful to yourselves;
He wás yours; yé despised him, wóuld not háve him;
In vain ye claim him now — he is the world's.
And yét ye did no more than other Stuttgarts
And Wúrttembergs have done to other Schíllers,
No móre than, from all time, the seized of power
Háve done, and tó all time will do, to those
Who dáre to touc'h or even so much as point at
The incohérent rúbish, silt and offal,
Which únderlie the lowest foundation stone

Of áll power, and may any day give way
And slip from underneath, and down falls power
Amíd the loud hurrahs of those who take
The ruins to erect with them a like
Proud, tówing structure on like dunghill basis
Pérmanent pérháps a while, but sure at last
To rót and stink and ooze and slip away
From underneath, and down, as old tower fell,
Falls nów tower heádlong, amid like hurrahs,
Cúrses, and thánks to God, and hymns of triumph.

Thírty nine bírthdays Márbach's son had counted,
Ere fár Iérne from my mother's womb
Received me first, and to his fate had bowed,
And yíelded úp, resigned, his painful breath,
Ánd his eyes clósed upon the sweet daylight
And his own rádiánt fame, as my séventh year
Bý the hand toók me, and, beside the lap
Of Wátts and Bárbauld placing, bade me listen
Fór the first time to sweéter sound than lark's
Or thrórtle's song, the numbers of the poet.
Then óther yéars came and to other laps
Léd me succéssive, and mine ear drew in
Eáger the várious lore, and I grew on
To be a man, and in the busy world
Míxed with the búsiest, and toiled hard for bread,
Ánd for vile góld, alas! and rank and honor,
But néver at my busiest did I quite
Forgét my séventh year, or not now and then
At eárlý mórn, late eve, or deep midnight,
Retíred and áll alóne, entreat to hear
Númbers melódious — Goldsmith's, Scott's or Pope's,
Spénser's or Shákespeare's, or divínest Milton's.
Late láte, and almost last, fell on mine ear

His earnest tones whose agitated heart
 In Weimar's grave from my seventh year lay mouldering;
 Late, but not too late, came those earnest tones,
 Nor with a livelier Weimar voice unblended,
 Nor dissonant with Maro's long loved strain,
 T' adjure me from the world and consecrate me
 For ever after solely to the Muse;
 Whose I have been since then, and whose to be
 I would cease never while my lips have power
 To utter Maro's, Milton's, Schiller's name.

[CARLSRUHE, Nov. 20, 1855.]

* OÚT of the grave I took for love thy body,
 My best beloved! and burned it to a cinder;
 Forgive me, that for love I treated thee,
 As a bigot pope for hatred treated Wicliffe.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 17, 1855.

GO to, that think'st of Time as of a thing
 Outside, and independant of, thyself;
 Thyself art Time, runn'st through thy various phases —
 AM, WAS, HAVE BEEN, SHALL BE — and com'st to an end.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 6, 1855.

* See DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII. in MY BOOK.

ADVICE.

UNLÉSS thy friénd is wise advíse him nó,
For nó man tákes advíce unléss he 's wise;
Unléss thy friénd 's unwise advíse him nó,
For ónly the unwise requíre advíce;
And if thy friénd 's unwise enough to need,
And wise enough to take, advíce, advíce him
Ónly in cáse thou 'st wíse advíce to gíve,
Ánd for thy wíse advíce no thánks expéctest.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

TO JUSTINUS KERNER, THE SUABIAN POET.

CORPÓREAL dárkness failed to quench the ray
Of vísion intellectual in the soul
Of Mílton, Homer, or Tiresias old,
Or chill the warm pulsations of *thy* heart,
Ténder, imáginate, pénsive Kerner.*
Áh, what a sóng had thíne been, hádst thou píched it
Móre to the súbject's, léss to the mónarch's ear!

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 9, 1855.

* Kerner is 69 years of age, and, owing to a cataract on either eye, can scarcely see either to read or write.

ÁS in the printed volume every piece,
Só in the mighty universe itself
Évery existence, lies between two blanks.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 20, 1855.

DIE WEIBERTREUE.*

VERZEIHE, Weinsberg! schön sind deine Trümmer,
Und lieblich grün im Sommer ist dein Berg,
Doch schöner noch ist mir der Weiber Treue,
Die mitten auch in Winterkälte grün.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 4, 1855.

* The ruins of the castle of Weinsberg, on a beautiful vine-planted hill immediately outside the town, owe the name by which they are at present known, viz. Die Weibertreue, to the following legend, or, it may be, true history. In the wars between the Welfs and Hohenstauffens in the year 1140, the Hohenstauffens besieged the Welfs in the castle of Weinsberg. The Welfs, reduced to extremities, surrendered at discretion, requiring only that their women should have permission to leave the castle, taking with them as much of their most valuable possessions as they could carry on their backs. The condition having been agreed to, the women walked out, carrying the men on their backs, and thus — for they were chivalrously allowed to pass through the lines unmolested — saved the lives of the garrison and earned for the scene of the exploit the title of Die Weibertreue. Bürger has a poem, not a very good one, on the subject.

RECHTS steht der Aberglaube, Alles glaubend;
Der Skepticism, der gar Nichts glaubt, steht links;
Inmitten schlagen sich der Gläub'gen Schaaren —
Ich schaue zu und freu' mich des Spektakels.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 14, 1855.

DER Abergläub'ge glaubt zu viel,
Der Skeptiker zu wenig,
Drum schliess' ich mich den Gläub'gen an,
Wann diese alle einig.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 14, 1855.

MUTTER.

WARUM, mein Kind, sehn'st du dich so nach Oben?

KIND.

Auf Weiteres wird Alles hier verschoben;
Es giebt, Gottlob! kein Weiteres dort oben.

GIEBELSTADT, near WÜRZBURG, Sept. 29, 1855.

TÜBINGEN.

BETWEÉN the Neckar- and the Ammer-Thal,
On the dividing hill, lies Tübingen,
Dirtiest of cities; on each side, a marsh.
Hére I behéld the Suabian Alma Mater
Sitting in filth; and of the poet Uhland
Móre than the óutside stróve in vain to know;
And in Duke Úlrich's castle oft at tea
With philanthropic, Swedenborgian Tafel
Friéndly discússed the spirit-seer's lore;
Ánd on the Spitzberg botanized with Sigwart;
And in th' Old Cóllege Natural-History Hall
Póred with numbed fingers over petrified
Pre-Ádamite Conchylia, Ichthyosauri,
And foót-tracks, in the sand, of birds and beasts,
Lórd's of this wórld ere it was made for man;
Ánd on the Oésterberg with Vischer strolling
Tálked of the Beaútiful as if our walk
Had beén along th' Ilissus, not the Neckar,
And áll too láte bethought me that if his,
How mÚch more mý, esthetic soup required
To have beén well thinned ere sérved up to the public.

Yé who in dístant lands have heard the fame
Of Tübingen, the protestant, the learned —
Of Tübingen, the nursery of Melanchthon —

Of Tübingen that saw its scrupulous despot
 Protést against a pópe's sale of a pardon,
 Ánd, at the sáme time, bring into the market,
 Ánd to his peóple weigh against hard cash,
 Thát which is láwful mérchandize as little
 As is God's gráce — a license to be free —
 Yé that in dístant lands have heard this fame,
 Provide yourselves with smelling salts, I advise ye,
 Ére ye come híther; put on respirators,
 Green góggles and strong boóts; and when ye come,
 Don't lodge where I lodged, in the Golden Lamb,
 Beside the Rathhaus in the Market Place,
 Whose breáckneck stáirs and in-swagged floors still show,
 Beneáth the lást two cénturies' dirt, the footmarks
 Of Crúsius' scholars crowding, after lecture,
 To eát, drink, ránt, and break more heads than Priscian's;
 Here lodge not, wárned, but to the Traube go,
 Ópen your púrse-strings wide and live genteel;
 And on your way to Neckar bridge ye may,
 I think, withóut offence at Uhland's door
 Loók, if so cúrious, but not knock or ring;
 And shóuld some chánce throw Fichte's son across ye,
 Hé is the mán to answer ye the question
 Why sóns of wíse men are so often — wíse;
 And Táfel 's at your service, should ye neéd aught,
 And rích the líbrary and well conducted;
 Ánd the few páintings in New College Hall
 May pleáse the nót fastidious; and be sure
 Ye seé the lóng rows of Professors' portraits
 And óver hápless Frischlin's drop a tear,
 And blúsh that ye are men; and take a turn
 Amóng the cánes in the Botanic Garden;
 Ánd in the Reáding Room inquire the news;
 And stáy not lóng, remembering health is precious;

I staid ten dáy's — too long — then northwest turned
Up th' Ámmer-Thál toward Calw my wandering step,
And snúffed a purer air, and waved adieu
To Úlrich's Cástle, Rathhaus, Colleges,
Oésterberg, Spítzberg, hóspitable Tafel,
Th' outside of Úhland's door, and Tübingen.

Walking from CALW to LIEBENZELL (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 3, 1855.

“IN the náme of Gód we bind thee to this stake,
In the náme of God heap fagots up about thee,
In the náme of God set fire to them and búrn thee
Alive and cryíng loud to heáven for súccor,
And thús prove tó the world the truthfulness
Of our own creéd and how it mollifies
And fills with chárity the human heart,
And that thy creéd 's as blasphemous as false,
Th' invéntion of the Devil, and by God
Permitted to his enemies and those
Who have no mílk of kindness in their breasts.”

Such words heard Húss and Latimer and Ridley,
Jérôme of Prágue and Cranmer and Socinus,
And súch words, reader, thou shouldst hear tomorrow,
Hadst thou but cóurage to stand up against
The dóminant creéd, and were that creéd less safe,
A trífle léss safe, less securely seized
Of its hónors, pówers, immúnities, and weálth.

Walking from LIEBENZELL (WÜRTTEMBERG) to LANGENSTEINBACH near
CARLSRUHE, Nov. 4, 1855.

CASSANDRA.

“UNGRÁTEFUL,” said Phoébus,
“That scórnest, repéllest,
Th’ embráce of Apóllo,
The kíss of a Gód!
Be it só — I ’m contént —
But thou gó’st not unpúnished,
And Heáven ’s not less mighty
To cúrse than to bléss.

“Disdainful, begóne!
And that nó one for éver
From héncéforth may crédit
One wórd thy mouth útters,
I condémn thee, Cassándra,
To speák always trúth.
Begóne! and as lóng as
Thou lívest, remémber
Thy críme and mine íre!
Proud mórtal, thou ’rt doómed.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

"WHAT 's the reáson, Prométheus," once said Epimétheus
 As he pút his hand tó to assist the man-máker,
 "That whén into wáter I thrów these two souls here
 The little one síinks while the big one goes floáting?"
 "I 've júst given the big one a dóuble propórtion
 Of váníty's light, airy gás," said Prométheus;
 "Specifical lightness, you knów, makes things floát."
 "Yes, I knów to be sùre, Prom," repliéd Epimétheus,
 "But máy I ask whý you have given to the twó souls
 This sáme airy gás in so different propórtions?"
 "The big one 's a greát man's soul," ánswered Prométheus,
 "The little one belóns to an évery day chùrl."
 "Is the gás good or bád, minus, plús, or indifferént?"
 "Bad; and júst because bád, given in dóuble propórtion
 To the greát soul to bring it down tó the juste milieú."
 "Why máke the soul greát, first, and thén fine it dówn?
 Were 't not símpler to máke it juste milieú at ónce?"
 "Can't álwáys be dóne, Ep; the wheél turns out sómetimes,
 In spíte of my bést care, one greáter one meáner;
 And I 'm fórced, that I máyn't have stepchíldren and chíldren,
 To táke off or ádd, patch with mínus or plús.
 Now for mínus I find nothing hándier and pátter,
 And that eásier amálgamates with the perféctions,
 Than this weightless, elástic, intángible gás,
 Which possésses moreóver the síngular vírtue
 That, no mátter how múch I pump ín, no one éver

Cries "stóp!" or complains that I 've given him too múch;
 And, more wónderful still, it 's no mátter how bádlý-,
 How hálf-made, a chúbl may drop óut of the wheél,
 The first whíff of this gás at once mákes him contént,
 Makes him cértain I 've néver put óut of my hánds
 A more fínished, more fáultless, more élegant créature;
 Well pleásed with himsélf, he 's well pleásed with his máker,
 I 'm práised, and he 's háppy, and áll goes on ríght.
 Cut óff, or but stínt, the supplý of this gás,
 And my wheél 's at a stánd, or we 're ín insurréction."
 "Thou tell'st wónders; canst with a small sámples oblige me
 Of the mágical stúff to try ón my dumb créatures?"
 "Thou shalt nótt have one óunce — what a wórlde we 'd have óf it
 Were both mén and beasts váin! No, upón the great lándmarks
 Thou must nótt lay a finger; beasts must still remain beásts,
 Gods be Góds and men mén; and withóut the stuff thou
 Hast with thy children léss care and tróuble, belíeve me,
 Than Í, even with áll its best hélp, have with míne."
 No móre said Prométheus but ón with his wórk went,
 And tó his beasts, thóughtful, retúrned Epimétheus.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 18, 1855.

O INSCRÚTABLE jústice and mércy and wísdóm!
 Unabáshed in thy fáce looks the ápple, the sínner;
 The innocent pear droops its heád, bears the sháme.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 28, 1855.

WHÍTHER in such húrry,
Móuntain streámlet, téll me,
Dówn the híll-side rúshes?

“Tó the míll thou seést there
Yónder in the válley;
Hást thou ány méssage?”

Ónly téll Lisétta
Thát thou sáw'st me cóming —
Gó! make háste! God bléss thee!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

TO JUSTINUS KERNER,
THE SUABIAN POET,

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

As hé, who, travelling westward, sees with joy
The spléndors of the evening sun reflected
Éven from the cóld clouds of the distant east,
So happy hé, who, from his seventieth year
Back-loóking, sees the morning of his days
Refulgent with the brightness of his evening.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 18, 1855.

WHAT 's this? a cónfined córpse? no, ráther say
An óld, worn óut clock in its lacquered clóckcase,
The maín spring bróken, motionless the hands,
The dial inexpréssive, clapper silent
And néver móre to signalize the sad
Or joyful hoúr's arríval or departure.

Walking from GIEBELSTADT in BAVARIA to MERGENTHEIM in WÜRTTEMBERG,
Oct. 22, 1855.

HE.

THE caúse I 'd fain knów
Why thou 'rt álways so slów
When thou 'rt cóming to mé;
My feét leave behind
The speed of the wind,
When I 'm góing to theé.

SHE.

Nay naý, it 's not só;
It 's thouú that art slów
When thou 'rt cóming to mé,
I 'm arríved even befóre
I have léft my own doór,
When I 'm góing to theé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

BAWSINT MALKIN.

It háppened once upón a time as Jénny Dobbs was mílking
Bawsint Málkin in the cówhouse, and no mánner of harm
was thinking,

Bawsint Málkin gave a súdden rout as íf some Spirit posséssed
her,

And kicking with her hínđ foot spilt the milk about the
cówhouse.

Now the kick came most unlúckily just át the very móment
The pail was nearly fúll and Malkin's údder nearly émpty,
So it 's nó great wonder Jénny Dobbs was nó exactly quíte
pleased,

And let Báwsint Malkin knów it with a thúmp on her hind
quárter

And sóme such words as "Wicked beast" and "bád drop
always in ye."

Now Jénny's cow had sénse enough and thús she answered
róúting,

And wóuld have said in Jénny's speech had Jénny Dobbs
been Bálaam: —

"Keep óff your hands; the milk was mine, I háđ the right
to spill it;

It 's you are wicked, you that have the dróp of bad blood
in you,

Who kíl my calf and drínk my milk, and tíe me by the
heád here,

And wait but till my údder 's dry to séll me to the bútcher."
So Báwsint Malkin's róúting meant and Jénny for her pailful
Of spílt milk had a léssoñ got, had shé but understóód it.

Walking from GOMMERSDORF to BRETTACH (WÜRTTEMBERG), Oct. 23—24, 1855.

HIS máster deád, poor Snap with troubled eye
Looks eárnest in my face and asks me: Why?
“Ásk me not, Snáp; thou know’st as much as I.”

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 7, 1855.

GOÉTHE, thou sáy’st a póem was néver goód
Unléss ’twas written ón some pát occásion —
Agreed: thy poems are legion; for how many,
Sáy, on a póet’s faíth, hadst pát occasion?

Walking from BRETTACH to WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Oct. 24, 1855.

TO A POET

ABOUT TO WRITE IN A LADY’S NEW ALBUM.

WHAT! spoil the lády’s album with thine ink,
The beautiful, new álbúm! Sir, just think:
Those véllum pages so superbly bound
Unsúllied as they stand are worth a Pound,
Filled with the ríffraff of the poet’s thought
They ’re wéll sold at an auction for a groat.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 3, 1855.

CESAR AND CASSIUS.

"TELL me, Július" — ónce said Cássius
Ás he wálked in Róme with César,
Chátting úpon várioús tópics,
And they bóth as yét were yóung men —

"Thou'rt a wíse lad, ánd I 'm léss shy
Tó enquire of theé than Cáto —
Whíther, whén it leáves the bódy,
Think'st thou, Július, does the sóul go?"

"Sóul go, Caius?" ánswered César,
"Sóul go withóut limbs or bódy?
Sóul have vóluntáry mótion
Withóut móving apparátus?"

"Wéll, perháps I 've úsed too stróng word,
Ánd what goés must bé corpóreal,
Bút it feéls, the sóul feels, Július,
Áfter it has léft the bódy?"

"Tó be súde; feels withóut sénses,
Seés withóut eyes, heárs withóut ears,
Smélls withóut nose, tástes withóut tongue —
Whát 's come óver theé, good Caius?"

"Í had bétter háve asked Cáto,
Thou 'rt so hárd upón me, Július,
Bút thou 'lt nót dený the soúl knows
Áfter it has léft the bódý."

"Knóws without brain, meán'st thou Caius?
Knóws without nerves ór sensórium?
Knóws, though knówing 's bút impréssion,
Ór dedúction fróm impréssion?"

"Wéll, I cáre not, só thou gránt'st me
Whát I think thou 'lt gránt me, Július,
Thát the soúl survives the bódý,
Líves on in a wórld beyónd this."

"Líves, thou meán'st, although it hásn't one
Próperty to life belónging,
Though it doesn't move, though it doesn't know,
Though it doesn't feel, though it — doesn't live!

"Í 'm contént, and wish thee áll joy,
Caius, óf the rích revérsion;
Í'll take this wórld, thou the néxt take;
Whát think'st óf the bárgain, Caius?"

Óf the bárgain whát thought Cássius,
Íf his gráve smile shówed not thát day,
Ín the Cúria, lóng years áfter
Ón the Ídes of Márch, his steél showed.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 41, 1855.

INSCRIPTION
FOR A LUCIFER MATCH BOX.

(III)

PROMÉTHEUS' théft in these dry chips lies hid:
Wouldst thou convinced be, rub one on the lid.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 22, 1855.

OTHÉLLO sáys: Thy púrse is trásh;
Trúst in thy goód name, nóth thy cásh.
But Í say: Thý good name 's but trash
Íf in thy púrse there ís no cásh.

GIEBELSTADT near WÜRZBURG, Oct. 21, 1855.

SO many máps, guides, signposts point the way
Tó the next wórld, I scarce can go astray
Thís side the fróntier; but, the barrier past,
And fírm foot sét on the strange soil at last,
I 'm in a fíx, whither to turn, what do,
So inexplérienced I, all round so new —
Óh for some trústý Murray in my hand,
Some Réd Book *ín*, not *tó*, the unknown land!

GOtha, Oct. 12, 1855.

AS I walked by the hédge
Of my ówn Truelove's gárdén,
An hóur before súnset
One fine summer évening,
And thought of my Lóve,

I sáw through the hédge,
Where the házel was thínness,
Something whíte in the árbour,
And stoód still and listened,
And wished 'twere my Lóve.

Nothing stirred but my heart;
I drew neárer, still listening,
And neárer and neárer,
And hálf through the hédge pressed,
And sáw 'twas my Lóve.

The lóng, streaming gólden rays
Lít up the árbour,
And painted more rósy
More dámask than éver
The cheék of my Lóve,

As thére without bónnet,
Her heád on her árm laid,
Her árm on the táble,
In the rústic chair sitting
Slept Liddy, my Lóve.

I could see her breast héaving,
Almóst hear her breáthing;
In her láp lay the nósegay
Which eárlý that mórning
I had sént to my Lóve.

How it háppened I scárce know
Or whát 'twas that háppened,
But, in óne minute áfter,
I fóund myself steáling
Áway from my Lóve;

Back steáling on típtoe,
As noiseless as sháadow,
Or flý that had júst sipped
And fléw away light from
The líps of my Lóve.

I might have staid lónger,
I might have pressed hárdér,
I might have more noise made,
She had still not awákened,
Sly Liddy, my Lóve!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 9, 1855.

QUIVIS AND QUILIBET.

QUIVIS.

QUILIBÉT! Quilibét!

That so hónorest Schíller,

So Virgil adórest,

Quilibét! tell me why

Thou 'rt so mighty unlike both.

QUILIBET.

Ask Hórace why wásn't he

The dítto of Vírgil;

Ask Goéthe why wás he

The ópposite of Schíller;

Ask the Neédle why isn't it

The Póle which it points to;

Ask Dámon why hásn't he

The feátures of Phillis;

And thén come and ásk me

Why Í on the pipes play

And leáve horn and trúmpet

To Vírgil and Schíller.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

PLEASURE lives not one instant — expires in the birth;
The róse which thou 'st júst plucked, see! is it not bróken?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 18, 1855.

"GIVE us beauty — we care not for strength —
Messieurs poets and painters and sculptors."
Fair and softly, good friends, know ye not
That without strength there never was beauty?

There may without beauty be strength,
And I need not of Polypheme tell ye;
But strength 's the substratum of beauty,
And Apollo 's as strong as he 's handsome.

"But to Venus, weak Venus, what say'st thou?"
Again, my good friends, fair and softly;
See where blooming, strong, healthy and wellmade,
Up the garden walk, bounding, comes Nanny.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

EVERY thing tells on crime; the prince that kissed
The miller's maid was through the village hissed,
For his black cloth the gentleman betrayed;
And in the palace lackeys at his back
Tittered to see the white upon the black,
And whispered: — "Pretty is the miller's maid."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

A QUEER FELLOW.

THERE WAS ónce a queer féllow
Who, áll his life lóng,
Walked, stood, dánced, sat or láy
On the tóp of his gráve;
He plóughed it and hoéd it
And dúg it and sówed it
And reáped it and mówed it,
And gáthered his hárvest
And thréshed it and eát it
And bréwed it and dránk it,
And mérrily lived,
And mérrily lived
On the tóp of his gráve.

And his són did the sáme,
And his són's son the sáme,
And his sóns' sons for éver,
They áll did the sáme,
And, as lóng as they lived,
Walked, stood, dánced, sat or láy
On the tóp of their gráve,
And plóughed it and hoéd it
And dúg it and sówed it
And reáped it and mówed it,

And gáthered their hárvest
And thréshed it and eát it
And bréwed it and dránk it,
And mérrily lived,
And mérrily lived
On the tóp of their gráve.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

THE sún shines ón me áll the dáy,
The moón and stárs the livelong night;
How lóng, hardheárted! múst I práy
For óne blink óf those eýes so bríght?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

TO William, half in jest and half in earnest
Said Róse, one day: — "On which side lies the heart?"
"For óthers Í can't sáy, Rose," ánswered William,
"But mý heart 's álwáys on the side next thee."
"But when I 'm far áway — far fróm thee, William —
On which side thén beats thy deserted heart?" —
Said Róse arch smíling — "thát I 'd fáin know, William."
"That question," replíed William, "none can ánswer
So wéll as Róse herself, who never leáves me
Bút she takes with her too this foolish heart."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

MAN 's a hámmer, thou sáy'st, made to hámmer hard náture
Into áll sorts of témpers, shapes, sizes and fáshions —
May be só; but, for mý part, I thínk he 's an ánvil,
And náture a hámmer that keéps battering ón him;
If you ásk, for what púrpose? I ówn I don't knów.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 11, 1855.

SHÁDOW 's néver fár from súnshine,
Night is néver fár from dáy,
Páin treads ín the stéps of pleásure,
Néver ís the whóle year Máy.

Súnshine 's néver fár from sháadow,
Dáy is néver fár from níght,
Páin is fólloved stíll by pleásure,
Snów makes nótt the whóle year whíte.

Móg's perpétual síghing tíres me,
Még's etérnal smíle 's as bád;
Gíve me Móll who 's álwáys chánging,
Nótt long mérry, nótt long sád.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 16, 1855.

JARVIE TIME.

JARVIE Time! Jarvie Time!

Thou who áll this long mórning
So cráwl'dst at a snáil's pace —
Whom I couldn't get for práyers
Or for lóve or for móney
To sháke thy reins brísker
Or cráck thy lash louder
Or whip thy nags smárter —
What 's come óver thee nów?
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

What 's come óver thee nów,
In the still of the évening,
When I 'd fáin look abóut me
And táke my convénience
And dráw my breath eásy,
That thou sétt'st to to gállop
As if thou wert stríving
To óvertake Gilpin
Or cách the last traín?
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

Hast thou nó taste for beauty?
Just loók round abóut thee:
How smíling the lándscape!
How pleásant the évening!
The fólks all how háppy!

What is it that ails thee?
What means this hot haste?
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

That 's the Blué Bell we 're pássing,
The doór stands wide ópen,
The hórses' trough 's reády,
The lándlady 's fámous
For cóld pies and wíne;
And the lándlady's daúghter —
O Járvie, the daúghter!
Let thy poór, smoking cáttle
Draw breáth for a móment;
We 'll arríve soon enóugh,
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

Art thou deáf? art thou bóthered?
Or hást thou a súp in?
Or árt thou gone quíte mad?
Or ís 't a mere frólic? —
But I seé it 's in vain all,
Plain wáste of breath tálking;
So this ónce take thine ówn way,
This ónce — but, by Jéhu!
Thou 'lt have leárned to go eásy
And mínd what 's said tó thee,
Ere ínside thy háckney
Thou cáth me agáin,
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 9, 1855.

THAT mán 's worth millions, but that man 's unworthy;
That wóthy man, there, 's scarcely worth a groat;
That man worth millions is a man worth knowing,
Bút he 's a mán unworthy of thy friéndship;
That wóthy man is worthy of thy friendship,
Bút that same wóthy man is not worth knowing;
Só, till he 's sómething wóth, it makes small difference
Whéther a mán is wóthy or unworthy;
And whén he 's sómething worth it makes small difference
Whéther a mán is worthy or unworthy,
So rárely do the wóthy get their due,
Ánd the unwóthy get their due so rárely.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

HE.

AS lóng as thou faíthfully lóv'st me,
I prómise I 'll trúly love theé.

SHE.

And Í to love theé will cease néver
Even thóugh thou shouldst ceáse to love mé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

IN this ápple 's a core, in that core there 's a pippin,
 In that píppin a scárcely percéptible gérm,
 Which, gíve it but tíme enough, sháll be a greát tree
 With sweét-smelling blóssoms and rích, golden fruít,
 And wíde-spreading bránches, beneáth which sháll sít
 On fine summer évenings our children's grandchíldren
 And tálk of their grándfathers' fáthers and sáy: —
 "Ah! whére are those nów who this tree's pippin 'sówed?"
 And sóme one amóng them sháll ánsWER and sáy: —
 "They 're whére we oursélves were on thát very dáy
 When they sówed this tree's pippin, and whére we sháll bé
 When this tree's ápple's píppin sháll bé a great treeé
 With sweét-smelling blóssoms and rích, golden fruít,
 And our children's grandchíldren sháll sít in its sháde
 And sáy: — "Whére are those nów who once sówed this tree's
 pippin?"

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

EXPERIENCE.

(II)

"EXPÉRIENCE is a bétter téacher, friend,
 Than lécturer or boók; learn from Experience."
 Yés; but Expérience writes in hieroglyphics,
 Which to expláin needs lécturer and book.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

AD CONSCIA SIDERA.

NIGHT séntinéls that see me creép
Tó my Lóve while óthers sleép,
Téll not ón me: whát I dó
's no únaccústomed sight to you.

Óther reáson Sól had nóne,
Márs and Vénus tò tell ón,
Bút that tò his eýes was néw
Whát 's mere mátter of cource to you.

Ón your sílence Í relý,
Faithful wátchmen óf the ský,
Ánd that you 'll let nó one prý,
Let nó one prý —
“Híst, Love! híst!” — All 's right; good bye.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

IF thou wouldst pleáse the Góds thou must contrive
To lét them knów thou 'st nót the bést side out;
If thou wouldst please mankind thou must not lét them
Suspéct thou 'rt óne jot better than thou seem'st.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

“Einstweilen bis den Bau der Welt
Philosophie zusammenhält,
Erhält sie das Getriebe
Durch Hunger und durch Liebe.”

SCHILLER, Die Weltweisen.

SO it 's húngr and lóve keep all góing —
Very wéll, that 's a sécret worth knówing;
But methínks this great wórld were a rare show
Without móney to máke the old máre go.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

HE 's not a wise man thínks much of the past;
A mán that 's wise thínks líttle of the future;
There is no présent, only past or future,
Thérefore a mán that 's wise, though álways thínking,
Thínks líttle about présent, past, or future.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 16, 1855.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF A CLUB ROOM.

IF thou 'rt as bád as wé, walk in, we pray;
If bétter — Sir, we wish thee a good day.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

JEHU.

SEE where on the coachbox seated,
Reins in left hand, whip in right,
Jéhu up hill careless chirrup,
Down hill cautious holds all tight.

Every where there is a Jéhu,
On the land and on the sea,
In the cottage, in the palace,
Some one still to cry: wo! géé!

I 'm a Jéhu; gentle readers,
You 're my spanking four-in-hand;
Tsít! tsít! off we go at gallop —
Wó! draw up! so! steady! stand!

Sónnie too, he is a Jéhu,
With his lashes and his top;
And below there is a Jéhu;
And above — “Good poet, stóp!”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

HE.

FAREWÉLL for éver, ánd sometimes a sigh
Heáve when thou think'st of him beyónd the seá.

SHE.

Farewéll for éver, ánd if thou must sigh
Whén thou of mé think'st, think no móre of mé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

MODEST, míld, unpreténding, obsérvant, invéntive,
The pén goes befóre, finds and points out the wáy,
Measures, cálculates, pláns, pioneérs, counts expénses,
And is léft, for rewárd, to its ówn conscious mérit.
Fierce, insolent, rúde, devastáting and crúel,
The swórd swaggers áfter, hacks, héws, stabs and sláshes,
And géts all the láurels and boóty and praise.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 19, 1855.

CICERO.

ALL the goód which we seé in this wórlđ proves God's goódnness.

CESAR.

To be súde! and his bádnness is próved by the bád.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

ARABÉLLA my s'óng read,
And said 'twas mere wáter —
Ah, why hadn't I cóurage
To téll Arabella,
She h'ád but to sing it
To túrn it to wíne!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 11, 1855.

TO FRÄULEIN EMILIA SÜPFLE,

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 19, 1855.

I 'm so ánxious to knów whether yóur bad tooth 's bétter,
I cán't put off wríting till mý bad tooth 's bétter,
But sénd me word ónly that yóur bad tooth 's bétter,
And you sénd me a chárm will make mý bad tooth bétter.

SEE yónder státely, spreáding tree,
Loáded with frágrant flower and fruit,
And néither for its own behoof —
Whát is it like? alás! a póet.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

TWO ángels, séparate or together, páy me
Occásional vísits; of the fálleen crew óne,
The óther, of the race that still stands úpright.
Hídeous the fáce, and térrible to hear
The voíce and foótstep óf the fálleen one coming,
And while he stáys; but beautiful his hindparts,
And sweetest músic his depárting step,
And sweéter still and sweeter, as more distant.
The óther's fáce is lovely, and the sound
Of his approaching step more than the hum
Of hóney-gathering beé delights the ear,
Or sóng of lárk or note of early cuckoo,
But ódious to the eye his hinder parts,
And on the ear jars his departing step.
Neither stáys lóng, nor long remains away;
Neither the óther lóves, and though they come
Sometimes together, oftener they come separate.
Alike in winter's cold and summer's heat,
By dáy and night alike, they pay their vísits,
No léss when I 'm awake and up, than when
In béd I lie wrapped in the arms of sleep.

After I 'm deáð and búried I shall have
The company, *they say*, of one for ever,
Of which they knów not, and from that hour never
Of the óther hear the voice or see the face —
They sáy! — Poor soúls! they know not what they say;
Once dead, farewéll for ever to both angels!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 24, 1855.

THOU hátest monótony — Right;
Unifórmity still more thou hátest —
Right again; but remémber, Louisa,
Thou 'rt engáged to be márried tomórrow.

“Just becaúse I monótony háte,
Just becaúse unifórmity still more
I háte and have áll my life háted,
I 'm engáged to be márried tomórrow.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

UNDER A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

IN THE FIFTYSIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THE óutside rínd, grown brown and chapped by time,
Télls you the kérnel has just reached its prime.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

FORGET néver to hóld thyself évenly báanced,
Thou that skátest Prospérité's smóóth ice alóng;
Where the ice is the thíckest the fáll is the hárdest,
And where thínnest the ice, Ah! the wáter is neár.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

WELL! great póets don't álways the bést sense indíte!
I have júst read in Goéthe this wórld won't go right
As lóng as there 's wine or women in it — *
Just as if without wine
I could póssibly díne,
Or without Mary Ánne live one míute.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

WHAT a pity thou 'rt childless! thou 'dst beén a kind párent
To the wórst of thy children. "Why? or hów know'st thou
thát?"

Don't I seé thine indúlgece even tó thy worst fáults,
For no reáson under heáven but becaúse they 're thine ówn?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 27, 1855.

* "Gib's nur keinen Wein
Und keine Weiberthränen!"

GOETHE, Stossseufzer.

PROMETHEOMASTIX.

CHORUS OF PROMETHEUS'S CHILDREN.

STROPHE.

WE forgét what 's behind us,
Can't see what 's before us,
And about what 's around us
Know little.

ANTISTROPHE.

The éléments o'erpower us,
Fierce passions devour us,
We must dié, yet to dié fear
And tremble.

EPODE.

So join ál to praise him who
Could wiser and better
And háppier have máde us,
And — didn't.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

Εὐφροσύνη σέαυτον.

"THERE it is, Ma!" said Cúpid, showing Vénus a thórns
He 'd got out of his thúmb with much póking and squeézing;
"Who 'd have thought such a smáll thing could gíve so much
trouble?"

"Art thou só very big then," said Vénus, "thysélf?"

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 10, 1855.

NÓ! no! nó! I 'll nó believe it,
Thou 'rt not Liddy, thé same Liddy
Whóm long yeárs agó I só loved,
Woóed and wón and máde mine ówn of.

Seé! thy cheék is brówn and wrínkled;
Liddy's cheék was smóóth as vélvet
Ánd as frésh a white-and-réd as
Máy's unfólding ápple-blóssom.

Liddy's háir was lóng and aúburn,
Thý hair 's thín and shórt and grizzled;
Liddy's teéth, what róws of fíne pearls!
Thíne, these féw odd pégs of bóxwood.

Liddy's voíce was like the linnet's,
Óf the córn-crake's thíne reminds me;
Liddy stépped like fórest wild doe,
Thou thy ánkles hást in sháckles.

Nó! no! nó! thou 'rt nó that Liddy,
Nót the yóung man's gáy, young Liddy;
Nó! no! nó! thou árt the óld man's
Bétter, wíser, deárer Liddy.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 14, 1855.

OPTIO JULIANI,

WHILE JULIAN WAS A YOUNG MAN CONFINED IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM BY ORDER OF CONSTANTIUS, AND THERE, RIGOROUSLY SECLUDED FROM THE WORLD AND ESPECIALLY FROM ALL ACCESS OF HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY, RECEIVED AN EXCLUSIVELY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

SEE JULIAN. EPIST. AD ATHENIENSES, AND AMMIAN. XXII. 5.

I wish to God I hād been born some hūndred years or thōusand
Ere Christ came down to frīght us with his stōries of the Dévil,
And pén us up, like sīlly sheep, undér the care of shépherds
To guárd us well from ghóst and fiend and sheár us for their
tróuble:

Then Í 'd gone down to Cháron's wharf led bý the hand by
Hérmes,

And with the obolus in my mouth fared jóllily Styx óver,
And, strétched at ease upón the grass in háppy, old Elýsium,
Enjoyéd myself in rátional talk with Sócrates and Pláto,
And hād small loss of heáven and hell, the saínts and the
Millénium.

Walking from LIEBENZELL to LANGENBRAND (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 4, 1855.

“WHEN thínk'st thou will ál men be óf one opínion?”
As soón as in ál the world thére 's but one mán.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

UNPHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

I TENDERLY love thee, and plédge thee my tróth,
And sweár before Heáven to change néver.

PHILOSOPHICAL MAID.

Sheer nónsense thine oáth, if thou meánest thou 'lt néver
Do the impóssible thing, change thysélf;
And sheer nónsense no léss, if thou meánest that never
Shall the ádequate óutside force chángé thee.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 29, 1855.

PHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

I SWEÁR what I knów, that I ténderly love thee;
What I dón't know I dón't swear, to love thee for éver.

UNPHILOSOPHICAL MAID.

Swear nót that thou lóv'st me, I knów it alreády,
But sweár what I dón't know, thou 'lt love me for éver.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 23, 1856.

LOVE.

Two things there áre called lóve: th' inténal feéling,
Ínstant or pássionate ímpulse, dirus ámor,
And the exténal object, alma venus,
Which róuses in the mind its slúmbering ámor.
In áll the outward world there 's not one object
But may awáke in some one mind its ámor,
And for the nónce be of that mind the vénus,
The Laúra of that Petrarch; till the mind,
Chánged from within, or 'tmáy be, from without,
(For éither or both ways all minds are always,
Mórning and noón and night, sleeping and waking,
Súmmer and winter, álwáys álwáys chánging)
Ópens the doór no lónger to the call,
Or, if it ópens, ánsvers: Nót at hóme;
Upón a jóúrney, síck or deád is ámor.
But nótt upon a jóúrney, síck or dead
Is ámor, but at hóme, snug, and still ready
To ánsver joyfúll to its vénus' call,
Provided ónly 'tis its venus calls,
And nótt that which has ceásed to be its venus.

Awáy then with the vóv of love perpetual,
Or bé the ónly thíng which chánges nótt,
Though áll the tíme thou 'rt thát which chánges móst,
In áll this líving, ánd, or 'twére not líving,
Perpétuállly réstless, chánging wórld.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 26, 1855.

BEAUTY.

THERE áre two beaúties: óne the extérnal kalon;
The óther the sweet séntiment of beauty
Raísed in the mínd by that extérnal kalon.
In áll the multitudinous variety
Of mínds and óbjects in this infinite world
There 's nót a mínd but finds some beauteous object,
There 's nót an óbject but finds some one mind
In wích to excíte the sentiment of beauty.
Go tó! go tó! ye small philosophers,
Teáchers of pósitoive beaúty, who know nót
That whátsoever raises in one mind,
One síngle mind, the most uncultivated,
The séntiment of beaúty, thát is beauty
As trúly as was ever Plato's kalon.
Vain, vain, your legislation; ye cannót
Set up a Rene court to say what 's beauty,
And díctate to the mínd how it shall feel.
Máke, if ye pleáse, societies to adore
Thís or that beaúty, and be ye the priests;
Mind is abóve your sects, and forms of faith,
And what it beautiful or ugly *feéls*,
That beautiful or ugly *is*, despite ye.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 26, 1855.

OTHÉLLO first loved Desdemóna, then hated;
In bóth he was ácted on, ácted in neíther:
He went dówn on his kneés and vowed álways to lóve her;
Fool, that knéw not to lóve was to súffer, not dó!
He swóre with uplifted hand, álways to háte her;
Fool, that knéw not to háte was to súffer, not dó!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 29, 1855.

“PUT thy faíth in the míracle, friénd;
Unímpeáchable witnesses mány
 Testify to its trúth.”
Shall I thén from the móúth of anóther
Accépt that as fáct, which I wóuldn’t
 From mine ówn eyes accépt?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

THE émbryo in the wómb or néwly bórn
Has nó mind — scárce even stúff enough to máke one;
The frágrance is not shut up in the bud
But by the búd formed gradual, as it opens.
The mínd 's the éffluence of the perfect body,
The esséntial frágrance of the fúll blown flower.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

“Und er wirft ihr den Handschuh ins Gesicht.”

SCHILLER, Der Handschuh.

AND só into Kúnigund's lóvely fáce,
Sir Delórges, thou thréwest the glóve!
Must thóu be ungállant becaúse she was báse?
Kunigúnd had small lóss of thy lóve.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 14, 1855.

MÁN with sagacious fórethought pénetrates
Ínto the sécrets of the days to come,
Hólds with reténtive memory the past,
And áll things round him to his use adapts
With wónderworking wisdom, skill and power,
And réigns on eárrh, a God; until perchance
A pín his finger prick, or a cold wind
Blów in his fáce, and then, poor man! he dies,
And sádly goes to heaven — to réign again.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

MAY I bég to ask whý thou préférrest me, Múse!
To so mány who 're wiser and bétter?
"I don't knów; I 'm not súde; but I 've heárd people sáy
That truelóve 's of truelóve the begétter."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR 1855.

FAREWÉLL! and though thou tak'st not with thee all
The weight of sorrow thou brought'st with thee, coming,
But tak'st instead some of my bodily strength,
Some of my látest dárk hairs and skin's fréshness,
Yet gó in peáce; for thou hast left untouched
My nóbler part, and what thou 'st taken from me
In théw and color, paid me in my child,
I cánnot say with an illiberal hand.
Gó then in peáce; I 'll thínk of thee at times,
Perháps at times regret thee — fare thee well!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

TO THE COMING YEAR 1856.

THOU 'rt wélcome, stránger! enter, and the place
Fill, while thou stáy'st, of thy depárted brother;
Not whólly goód was he, nor whólly bád,
A míxture like mysélf of strong and weak,
Of wórse and bétter; but no more of him,
He 's góne not to return, and thou com'st now
With thy fair prómises of perfect goodness.
Well well, we 'll see; thou too shalt have thy trial,
And when we come to part that will be knowledge
Which nów 's no more than mingled hope and fear;
Meanwhile step ín, and lét 's be bétter acquainted.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

ÁRT thou háppy? loók not báckward
Ón the jóys thou 'st léft behind thee;
Árt thou háppy? loók not fóward
Tó the énd of áll joy cóming.

Árt thou wrétched? thén look báckward
Ón the páin thou 'st léft for éver;
Árt thou wrétched? thén look fóward
Tó the énd of áll páin cóming.

Árt thou háppy bóth and wrétched,
Loók abóut thee, róund on áll sides;
Whát seest thou but óthers like thee,
Wrétched pártly, pártly háppy?

Without Háppy thére 's no Wrétched,
Without Wrétched thére 's no Háppy;
Thére 's a trué Heaven ánd a trué Hell,
Ánd thou hást them bóth alreády.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

ON READING GOETHE'S ELEGIES.

FIE, Goethe! I knew nót until—today
Thou wast given to mígrate out of thy fair palacé
And táke thy lódging in a filthy sty —
Fie, Goethe! from henceforth we 're less good friends;
And yét ere now I have at times suspected
Thou wást not áll gold, often missed in thee
The cláng of the pure metal, often spied
The dúsk hue of the copper at thy rim.
Perháps even thérefore art thou the more current,
For nót who has féwest faults or greatest virtues
Álways most pleáses, but whose mind to ours
Clósest assimilates; perhaps even therefore
Hast thou attrácted só the nót too fine
Discérning, or requiring, princely eye,
And by the princely eye been so attracted —
A sócio nóscitur, and like to like —
And in more cóurts than Weimar's have been blended
The ódours of the sty and the parterre.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 6, 1856.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Arr: — "The Last Rose of Summer."

'TIS the first rose of sùmmër, shy peéping half-blówn,
And scárcely quite sùre yet, the cóld winter 's góne;
Fear nóthing, new cómer; there 's nó danger nigh —
Every dáy the air 's sófter, and brighter the ský.

Thou shalt nó long hang lónely, shalt nó long thy bloóm
Singly spreád to the sún, singly shéd thy perfúme,
For I seeé yonder cóming, like theé fresh and fair,
Thy sisters in clústers to adórn the partérre.

With thém bloom togéther, with thém fade and dié;
And só, lovely róse, may my heárt's friends and Í,
When we 've háppy togéther the lóng summer pássed,
Togéther drop into the eárh's lap at lást.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 8, 1856.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LAMP.

YE álmóst máke a Gód of Sól,
Who bút by dáy gives light;
What wórthy praise have yé for mé,
Who into dáy turn night?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

THE ágitating problem — which of all
 Imáginable forms of government
 Is sùrest, háppiest, permanentest, best,
 Ánd to what fórm of government will áll men
 Give trúest, reádiest, joyfulest adhesion —
 Thou sólvest ónly on the day on which
 Thou sólv'st the previous question, which the form
 To évery individual assures —
 “Most háppiness?” No, I 'm in downright earnest.
 “Most liberty?” If thou must jest, jest on.
 “I ówn, I 'm at a loss; go on, I 'm dumb —”
 Most ábsolute control over the actions,
 Wórd, and most sécret thoughts, of all the rest.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

FROM blank nóught to the wómb, from the wómb to the crádle,
 From the crádle to schoól, and from schoól to the míll —
 There to grínd, till it 's weáry, bread, hónor, or ríches —
 To the síck chamber thén and sick béd, and at lást
 To a bóx and the blánk nought from which first it cáme.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

OF three dear maids, whose lovely faces
 You 'd swear were borrowed from the Graces,
 Which I like best 'twere hard to say,
 So perfect each one in her way.
 There 's Mary Anne, delightful girl!
 With cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,
 Laughing blue eyes and auburn hair
 And such a winning, witching air —
 Poor, inexperienced heart, beware,
 And, ere thou 'rt quite caught, look elsewhere;
 Look at Matilda's form and mien,
 Where upon earth were lovelier seen?
 Matilda's step, Matilda's voice —
 Well, it 's a cruel thing a choice.
 Ah! could I but my heart divide
 Each should of one half be the bride.
 Castles in Spain! and if I could,
 And if I dare, think'st thou I would,
 And not keep one whole third for thee,
 Sly, roguish, black-eyed Emily?
 What! won't a third do? come, don't pout,
 Thou shalt the whole have; time about,
 My whole, whole heart impartially
 I 'll give to each one of the three;
 Each day a different queen shall reign,
 Each day I 'll wear a different chain;

Tomórrow í 'm Matilda's ówn,
Next day, dear Máry Ánne's alóne,
Todáy, I 'm thíne, sweet Émilý,
Todáy, do whát thou lík'st with mé,
Todáy I líve for ónly theé.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 21, 1856.

CRITIC.

BAD vèrses, Sir póet; there néver were wórse.

POET.

I 'm sórry to heár it; but deál with these géntly,
Next tíme I 'll do bétter.

CRITIC.

You flátter yoursélf.

POET.

Nay, I 'm quíte sure — for, néxt tíme, I 'll gétt you to hélp me.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 28, 1856.

HERE I ám, your thimblérigger, kind géntlemen and ládies;
Put your móney down; now guéss; see! it 's an émtý thimble.
“You cheat! you scamp! you tramp! you vágabond! you
swíndler!”

Try your lúck again, good friénd; see thére! this tíme you 're
wínnér —

Who 's cheát and scámp and trámp, now, and vágabond and
swíndler?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 20, 1856.

WHEN évery one óf us has gót his just rights,
 And the price of land 's fixed at three hálfpence an ácre,
 And breád is for nóthing and bútter for léss,
 And lácqueys and járvies drive in their own coáches,
 And hóusemaids hold dráwingrooms, streétsweepers lévees,
 And the clérk and the séxton wear láwn sleeves and mítre,
 And évery one teáches and nóbody léarns,
 And bóys are all grówn men, and mísses all ládies,
 We 'll join heart and hánd some fine mórning togéther
 And lay hóld on that wicked witch, óld mother Náture,
 And pélt her with róttén eggs, dúck her and soúse her
 Till she criés out "Peccávi!" and sweárs by St. Símon,
 Louis Blánc, and Mazzíni, to expél from her grámmar
 All degreés of compárisón — goód, bad, and míddling,
 And hígher and lówer, and greáter and smállér —
 And from thénceforth for éver in áll her dominions
 Have áll things as équal as éggs in a báskét,
 Or peás on a tréncher, or háirs on a pig's tail,
 And gíves us a plédge that she 's dównright in cárnést,
 By abólishing, instantly ánd on the spót,
 The absúrd and invídious and áristocrátic,
 Oppréssive distínction of ríght hand and léft.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 3, 1856.

THE great Róman dictátor, his báldness to híde,
Bound his témples with laúrel; thou, wíser, dictáte not,
And thy báldness to híde thou mayst spáre even the laúrel.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 1, 1856.

ALL Césars since Július have wórned the laur'l wreáth.
Becaúse bald like him? or becaúse the laur'l wreáth
Has the virtue to cóver more eýesores than báldness?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 1, 1856.

COME, my friénds, let 's enjóy the good things of this wórld,
Eat our roást, crack our jóke, take our eáse, drink our bóttle,
And be right jolly féllows, true souls, friendly bróthers,
Bottle nósed, copper cheéked, hanging lipped, and bald páted,
Round paúnched, oily skinned, gouty foóted and hánded,
Coarse minded, fine pálated, chóleric, and shórt breathed,
And to dié on a súdden and quite fill the cóffin.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

POET AND PROSODIAN.

PROSODIAN.

BAD iámbics, Sir Póet. In pláce of this tróchee
Thou hast héré in thy first place, please pút an iámbus,
And át the line's énd amputáte without mércy
That hálf-foot supérfluous.

POET.

Nay; áren't they both beauties?

PROSODIAN.

To be súde; but not thérefore the léss against rúle.

POET.

What rúle 's above beauty?

PROSODIAN.

The líne can't be scánned.

POET.

And neédn't; I wíte, not for scanners, but readers.

PROSODIAN.

'Twere wéll readers scánned every líne which they read.

POET.

When they dó, I 'll begin to make régular feét;
Until thén I 'll contént me with beautiful verses.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

SO hére 's at lást the lóng expécted létter!
 What néws? How áre they áll? álíve or deád?
 Háppy or sórrowful? Ah! hé who first
 Receíved, and bróke the seál, and reád a létter
 Fróm his far ábsent friénds, needed more courage,
 Hórace,* than hé who first in a frail boat
 Trústed his life upon the uncertain waves.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 31, 1856.

ON ról the yeárs, leaves wither ánd leaves grów,
 Suns rise and sét, and winds alternatè blow,
 Moist follows dry and heat succeeds to cold,
 Our síres are in their gráves and we grow old;
 Inquire not why: enough for thee to know
 It is and wás and will be álways so;
 Wise-seeming quéstions still were fólly's mask,
 Turn happier thou, and ply thy daily task.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

* "Illi robur et aes triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci

Commisit pelago ratem

Primus."

HOR. OD. I. 3.

"HEÁVEN, I thánk thee fór this fine night;"

Máry said, as, fróm her window

Looking out, she sáw the deép sea

Plácid shímming in the moónlight;

Máry's thoughts are óf her Wílliam

Hóme retúrning fróm the Índies: —

"Át yon fúll moon ís he gázíng,

Ás the mídnight déck he páces?"

Máry 's góne to béd and sleéps sound

Whén she has práyed a práyer for Wílliam;

Wílliam's sleép that níght ís soúnder

Át the bóttóm óf the ócean.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 18, 1856.

OF all flówers in the wórld, pretty dáisy, to mé

Thou 'rt the deárest and sáddest,

For alóne of all flówers in the wórld, pretty dáisy,

Thou déck'st Anna's gráve.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

JOY and sórrow are équally pássive; forced ón thee
Irresístibly bóth from withóut; be consistent
And cáll neither súffering, or súffering call bóth;
The difference betweén the two súfferings is ónly
That thou likest the óne, and the óther dislikest.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

TWO things there are which you may safely say
When with your friend you meet: "It 's a fine day"
And "Hów do you dó?" The news to ask or tell
You may too venture should you know him well.
Each fúrther word is dángerous, if you 'd sleep
Soúndly at níght, and deár friends deár friends keép.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 22, 1856.

THE cléver mán the rúle makes, which the foól,
Childish obéying, spénds his life at schoól.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

THERE IS NOT IN ALL CHEAPSIDE.

AIR: — "The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is nót in all Cheápside a teápot so neát
As that teápot round which night and mórning we meét;
Oh! the lást rays of feéling and life must depárt,
Ere the shíne of that teápot shall fáde from my heárt.

It is not that árt o'er that teápot has shéd
Her deépest of púrple and brightest of réd;
'Tis nót the soft ódours that fróm it distil,
Oh nó! it is sómething more éxquisite still;

'Tis that saúcers and cúps on the boárd are displáyed,
Cream, súcar, and bútter, and toást ready máde,
And that néver so deár even my deárest to mé,
As whén we 're all háppy togéther at teá.

Sweet Dálkey-Lodge teápot, how cálm could I rést
Beside theé in thy pántry with thóse I love bést,
When teá-drinking mórning and évening shall ceáse,
And our heárts, like thy teáleaves, are míngled in peáce.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 9, 1856.

TÓ a spléndid fúrnished hál!
Yoúr grammárian 's thé door-keéper,
Hás the láchkey in his pócket,
Shúts and ópens ás you bíd him,
Bút himsélf sets foót in 't néver.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

"MIGNIONÉTTE in a bóx! Faugh! it smélls of the cíty —
It 's ónly in mignonette béd's I find frágrance."
Very wéll: but to mé mignonette in a bóx
Than mignonette bórder or béd 's twice as frágrant,
For whén I look át it I think of the bóx
Of sweet mignonette in my Máry Anne's window.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

"DO," said pért, little, witty, tart Ísabel ónce,
"Do, I dáre thee, an épigram máke upon mé."
"Don't dáre me," said Í; "'twouldn't bé the first tíme,
I 'd an épigram éven on an épigram máde."

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 3, 1856.

THE NEW "BARD'S LEGACY".

AIR: — The Bard's Legacy.

WHÉN in deáth I shall cálm recline,
Oh! beár my wátech to my místress dear;
Téll her I róse when it pointed Nine,
On évery morning all round the year.
Bíd her not shéd one tear of sorrow
To súlly a gém so precious and bright,
But a pócket of crímson velvet borrow,
And háng it beside her bed every night.

Whén the líght of mine eyes is o'er,
Táke my spécs to Optícian's Hall,
And lét the porter that answers the door,
Shów them to áll that happen to call.
Then if some bárd, who roams forsaken,
Should bég a peep througħ them in pássing along,
Oh! lét one thought of their master awaken
Your wármest smile for the child of song.

Keép this ínkbottle, now o'erflowing,
To wíte your létters when Í 'm laid low;
Néver, Oh! néver one drop bestowing
On ány who hów to write don't know.
But if some pále, wan-wasted scholar
Shall díp his goosequill at its brim,
Then, thén my spirit around shall hover,
And hállow each jét black drop for him.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 9, 1856.

WISE TOO LATE.

SHE blúshed, and yét I did not count it Y,
Nor É though on the ground she bent her eye,
Nor S although she sighed when she said Nó —
Foól! that knew nót that maíds still spéll YES só.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

LIBERTY.

“THOU knów'st not what líberty ís,” to mé saíd
A red démocrat ónce, with a sháke of his heád;
“I 'm not súde that I dó,” replíed Í, “but let 's seé:
It 's that thouí mayst whatéver thou lík'st do to mé,
Whilst Í am prevénted by imprísonment and fíne
From dóing to theé what to dó I 'd inclíne.”

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

JOHN 's nót to my mínd, I abóminate his lýing —
But William 's far wórse with his nóthing but trúth.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 22, 1856.

"WÉLL, the wórld makes bút snail's prógress!"

Thús to Thómas ónce said Wílliam,
Ás from chúrch home, ón a Súnday,
Árm in árm they wálked togéther.

"Hów is 't póssible the wórld should
Máke fast prógress," ánswered Thómas,

"While we reár our children úp in
Thé same érrors wé were reáred in,
While we teách our children, Wílliam,
Nót the trúths our lives have taúght us,
Bút the liés we wére brought úp in?"

"Áh, poor children!" ánswered Wílliam,
"Lét them spórt their hoúr of súnshine;
Tíme enóugh they 'll leárn the bláck truth,
Tíme enóugh be wíse and wrétched."

"Véry wéll; but while succéssive
Générations spénd their whóle lives
Still unleárning thé same fálsehoods,
Hów 's the wórld to máke fast prógress?"

CARLSRUHE, March 2, 1856.

A FORGÉT-ME-NOT gréw by the síde of the broók
Where Máry went dówn with her pail to fetch wáter;
She laíd down her pail, plucked the flówer, heaved a sígh,
And till she came báck for 't that dáy had no wáter.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 7, 1856

Der gelehrte Arbeiter.

Nimmer labt ihn des Baumes Frucht, den er mühsam erziehet:
Nur der Geschmack genießt, was die Gelehrsamkeit pflanzt.

SCHILLER.

WRONG! as óften, my Schíller; the gárdener enjoys more
In dígging and féncing and plánting and wátering,
Than the finest taste éver enjoyed in the fruit.
We áll look with pleásure at Téli on thy cánvas,
But thíne was the rápture of pútting him thére.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 2, 1856.

"Dira cupido."

THOU wóuldst be háppy and know'st nó that *wóuld* —
Would, *wóuld* alóne — keeps thee from being háppy.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 24, 1856.

LITTLE children, táke it kindly
Whén your párents flog and chide ye
Fór each lié they cách you télling —
Little children múst not téll lies.

“Bút big péople óften téll lies;
Whý mayn't wé do like big péople?”
Júst becaúse ye are little children,
And don't knów how tó beháve yet;

Dón't know hów yet tó discrímínate
Whích are right and whích are wróng lies,
Whích lie 's dángorous, whích lie sáfe is,
Whích from Gód comes, whích from Sátan.

“Bút our párents álwáys sáy to us: —
'Yé must néver néver téll lies.'”
Tó be súde; no párents líke to
Háve lies tóld them bý their children.

Évery lié ye téll your párents,
Tó your párents ís an ínjury;
Hów can théy their children rúle, íf
Bý their children hoáxed and cheáted?

"Só when wé have léft our párents,
Ánd are grówn up mén and wómen,
Ánd our liés no móre can hárm them,
Wé may téll lies like grown peóple?"

Nót a dóubt of it; thére 's no hárm in
Dóing whát 's done bý your párents,
Núrses, teáchers ánd relátions;
Íf 'twere wróng they wóuld not dó it.

"Máy we sáy we 're, nó't at hómoe then,
Ás mammá sáys whén she 's dréssing?
Máy we sáy we have gót a heádashé,
Whén we are ónly óút of húmóur?"

"Whén a friénd comes ín to seé us,
Máy we smíle and seém quíte háppy,
Ánd the móment hé has his báck turned,
Sáy we scárce could beár the síght of him?"

Yés yes, áll this ánd as múch móre,
Twice as múch móre, yé may dó then,
Ánd your children, íf ye háve any,
Flóg for lýng, át the sáme tíme.

"Shócking! shócking! wé 'll not dó it;
Eíther wé óursélves will speák truth,
Ór at léast we will not púnish
Thém for dóing whát óursélves dó."

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

"Quam satus Iapeto, mistam fluvialibus undis,
Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum."

THE wise son of Jápét made mán in God's image —
Japét's fár wiser grándson made Gód in his ówn.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 25, 1856.

TOWARD hope's beácon far-gleáming acróss the wild wáters
Thou that cleávest with stróng arm and stóut heart thy wáy,
Swim ón and fear nóthing; thou súpp'st with thine Héro,
Or the deép sea provides thee with súpper and béd.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 24, 1856.

FROM my heárt to my heád, from my heád to my hánd,
From my hánd to my pén, from my pén to my páper,
From my páper to týpes, and from týpes to more páper,
To thine éyes then, and heád, and at lást to thine heárt —
Dost not wónder, sweet reáder, this róund-about wáy
From my heart to thy heart was éver found out?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 2, 1856.

HE diéd, and the emáncipated soul
Flew úpward, úpward, till it came to — héll's gate;
Whére it was tóld, that, háving left at night,
It should have góne down, nót have móunted úpward,
For heáven, abóve all dáy, by night was dównward.
Bút the soul béing ethérial could not sink down
Thróugh the thick dénse air, and but higher róse
The móre it strúggled to fly heádlong dównward.
Só in compásson héll's gate-pórter stówed it
In neíghbouring Límbo with unchristened children's
Ínnocent hélpless spírits, súicides,
And souls which, like itsélf, had góne astráy,
Thére in asýlum sáfe the tédious tíme
To while as bést it míght till móther chúrch
Decided hów at lást to be dispósed of
Convénient Límbo's chúrch-perpléxing spírits.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

ÉVERY day thát I líve adds tó my knówledge
And fróm my cóurage tákes; so whén I have cóurage
It 's of no úse to me for wánt of knówledge,
And whén at lóng and lást I 'm fúll of knówledge,
I cannot úse it, béing in wánt of cóurage.

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

ÓNCE on a tíme a thóúsand different mén
 Togéther knélt before as many Gods
 Éách from the óther different as themselves
 Were different each from each, yet didn't fall out,
 Or cút each others' throats amidst their prayers —
 "Stop thére! that néver háppened, ór, if it did,
 'Twas by a miracle; or if it happened
 Réally and in the way of nature, tell me
 How, whére, and whén, what kind of men they were,
 What kind of Gods — didn't even the Gods fall out?"
 Not éven the Góds; I 'll téll thee how it was;
 But árt thou trústy? cánst thou kéep the sécret?
 "Yes yes." Then in thine ear: the thousand Gods
 Had áll the sélfsame náme; so every God,
 Héaring no náme invóked except his own,
 Beliéved that évery man of all the thousand
 Wórshipped him ónly; while each one of all
 The thóúsand worshippers, hearing no name
 Excépt his ówn God's name invoked, believed
 That évery one of all the whole nine hundred
 Ninety and nine worshipped no God but his;
 So áll the thóúsand men together lived
 In lóve and peáce, as holding the same faith,
 Ánd of the thóúsand Góds not óne was jeálous.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 13, 1856.

HÓNEY hére and wórmwood thére —

But nó as eách man wishes —

Hóney hére and wórmwood thére

Are óur altérnate díshes.

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

I DÓ not wónder I 'm so often told

That the soul is immortal, grows not old;

So many people, looking inwards, find

Ín their old bódies a still childish mind.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

I HÁTE him, the líar, who with feigned words deceíves me,

And dóubly I háte him, the cléverer líar,

Who, thát I may nó call him líar, deceíves me

Withóút words — by sílence or gésture or loók.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 13, 1856.

POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

CAN you téll me who wás it didn't cáre for the stáge,
Didn't cáre for the chùrch, didn't cáre for his táilor,
And ín his whole hóuse hadn't so mùch as one rázor?

FRIEND.

Why, áll the world knóws, he that wróte Misopógon.

POET.

No; hé that wrote —

FRIEND.

Sír, I didn't wish to affrónt you.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

I 'VE chósen a bad títle, I am told;
Póems philosóphical cannót be sold.
Well! néxt time I 'll a bétter títle choose,
And cáll my poems PHILOSOPHIC NEWS.
And if that álso fáil, why then, néxt time
I sénd into the world a roll of rhyme,
Mum! of philosophy, and mum! of Muse —
Whó will not buý THE TELEGRAPH'S LATEST NEWS?

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

"TRÚST in God's próvidence," the oýster said
Júst as the drédger pácked him in the boát;
"Trúst in God's próvidence," again he said
Júst as the knífe prised ópen his strong coát;
"Trúst in God's próvidence," third time he said —
Ánd the plump oýster 's dówn the bíchop's throát.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

I THÁNK thee nót for lóve or ádmirátion,
For lóve and ádmirátion bóth are pássions,
Both súfferings fórced upón thee will-ye nill-ye;
Nor thánk me thoú if Í admíre and lóve thee,
For ón me toó are fórced alike both pássions,
I being a mére autómaton in the mátter,
And túrning tó or fróm, as I am pulled.
So sáys not every lover, but so acts,
Means so with évery présent to his místress,
And só, althóugh she sáys not, méans each fáir one
That at the loóking-glass adjústs her ribbons.

CARLSRUHE, March 12, 1856.

Íf thou wouldst see a passion torn to tatters
 And every tatter torn again to tatters,
 If thou wouldst see the understanding outraged,
 And the extravagant and impossible acted
 As mild and modest Nature's own commands,
 And canst look steadily upon a bédlam
 Let loose and ramping — gó, read Schiller's RÓBBERS.

CARLSRUHE, March 6, 1856.

CHURCH RECRUITING SERGEANTS AND RECRUIT.

FIRST RECRUITING SERGEANT.

EXÁMINE nó, but táke it ón my wórd;
 To exámine is a crime which Gód will púnish.

SECOND RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Exámine, sift the true out fróm the false;
 Éven for that púrpose hás God given thee reáson.

RECRUIT.

To choóse between ye wére to bég the quéstion;
 Gíve me a bóx and díce here, ánd I 'll thrów for 't

CARLSRUHE, March 14, 1856.

SUNSET,

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 28, 1856.

He 's góne, the world's glówing, magníficent Gód!
And léft till tomórrow the cáre of his reálms
To his púny vicegérents, the pále moon and stárs.

PUBLISHER TO THE AUTHOR.

WHAT! a póet and nót superstitious!
'Twon't dó, 'twon't go dówn, they can't beár it;
Go, write metaphýsics, and léave them
To psálms peniténtial and Póllock.

CARLSRUHE, March 12, 1856.

IT 's a véry fine thing to be sùre, I don't dóubt it,
To have fine parks and hóuses, fine cárrriages, hórses,
Fine sérvants, fine fúrnitúre, pántries and céllars,
Fine píctúres, fine státúes, fine jéwels, fine pláte,
Fine connéxions, fine vísitors, évery thing fine,
But í 'll live less fine — be so goód to allów me —
And leave óthers the grándeur and spléndor and cáre.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 6, 1856.

PHILOSOPHUS AND PHILARGYRUS.

PHILOSOPHUS.

TREÁSURES of únsunned góld!

PHILARGYRUS.

Where? whére? Oh, whére?

Shów me the pláce; I 'll díg and with thee sháre.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Here, reád this boók; Gods, that the précious prize
Should lié till nów unspied by mortal eyes!

PHILARGYRUS.

No wórd of it hére; in vain through all the book,
From leáf to leáf, from páge to páge, I look.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Why, it 's in évery page and every line;
Each wórd 's a sígnpost pointing to the mine.

PHILARGYRUS.

I dón't like riddles and still less like jokes.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Mý míne of góld you take then for a hoax;
And só it is, if, to a man of sense,
Betweén a mine of gold, real difference,
Ánd the high lésion this book's leáves unfold:
Hów to live háppy without mine of gold.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

CICERO.

How good must be the author of all goodness!

CESAR.

And Oh, how green the sower of all grass!

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 19, 1856.

TRUTH.

THERE is no truth but moral truth, th' accordance
Of the expression with the inward thought;

And of that truth there 's from its véry nature
No júdge but óne — the útterer himself.

Esséntial truth, th' accórdance of th' expression

With the thing's sélf, varies with every judgment,

John's júdgment finding perfect accord there

Where William's finds but discord, or at best

Accord imperfèct; and not John's alone

But William's júdgment too gainsaying Hugh's,

Hugh's Edward's, Edward's Joseph's, and so on,

Ón without énd as long as there 's a júdgment.

Go tó! go tó! then, thou that seék'st esséntial,

Ábsolute trúth; thou hast it at this moment;

Nay, hadst it when an infant, when a boy,

As sùre as thou shalt have it at fourscore;

Nor to thy júdgment of fourscore shall seem

One whít more false the judgment of the boy,

Than to the bóy the judgment of fourscore.

To éach age, séx and circumstance and station
Its ówn particular judgment how accord
Thíng and expréssion; and that judgment 's truth —
Trúth to the índividual — and the measure
By w hích, and w hích alone, he estimates,
Or cán by póssibility éstimate,
The trúth or fálsehood of his neighbour's judgment.

Go, reader, then, and to thy moral truth
Tenácious clíng, as to thy dear Palladium,
Thy hónor, sacred duty and thy God,
And when men talk to thee of truth essential
Ásk them what ís it, whére ís it tó be found;
And íf they tell thee, here or there or yonder,
Áwáy in the pursuí, and thou shalt never
From thát day forward want a pleasant pástime,
A gáme for ever ríght before thee fíying,
For éver néár, but néver, néver caught.

CARLSRUHE, Febr. 5, 1856.

TO MY LOST ONE. *

As lóng as I hád thee, thou déarly loved flówer,
The yeár was to mé sweet spring, súmmer, and aútumn;
As soón as thou droópedst and wítheredst áwáy,
Ah! thén came the cóld frozen wínter and stórm.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

* See page 181 of this volume and DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.
in MY BOOK.

CORRIGENDA.

- Page 14. Line 7 from bottom, instead of delirium read Delirium,
Page 98. Last line, instead of EAST. read WEST.
Page 118. Last line, after that and after advancement supply comma.
Page 149. First and second line, instead of Éven read Even
Page 173. Line 3 from bottom, *dele* comma.
Page 197. Line 2 from top, after sún and after sêts supply comma.
Page 204. Line 9 from top, after pláyest supply comma.
Page 237. Line 9 from bottom, instead of future, read future;
-

CAIN,

A SOLILOQUY.

7 7 0 3 1 1 0 • 2 A

CAIN,

A SOLILOQUY.

IT 's done. Now let me reflect on it. Methinks it looks somewhat different already. I 'm almost sorry I did it. I *am* sorry; very, very sorry. If I could but undo it! Alas! alas! never, never to be undone. Terrible condition! Better not have been born! Why then did I do it? Let me think. What made me do it? Something must have made me do it. Myself could not make myself do it. Myself make myself! Impossible. Then what made me? Let me think. It was this hand did it. What made this hand do it? I made this hand do it. Yes; I made, caused this hand to do it. "I" is my will. My will made, caused this hand to do it. It is the act of my will; that is, of myself; my own voluntary act. I willed it. But what made me will it? In the same way as something must have made my hand do it, something must have made my will will it. A desire made my will will it. Yes; a desire, an emotion. I felt it here. An impulse stirred my will, an instinct, a passion. I felt something stir my will, make my will will it. Cursed something! Cursed impulse, passion,

desire, whatever it was! But what made this impulse, this passion, this emotion, this desire stir my will; make my will will it? How should I know? It was not my will stirred this passion, this emotion, this desire; but this passion, this emotion, this desire stirred my will; made my will do the act. But this passion, this emotion, this desire was not made by itself; therefore must have been made by something else, something antecedent; and that something antecedent was not made by itself but by something antecedent; and so on; each antecedent something by something antecedent still; how far? Till we come to a God? What God? My father's God? Could my father's God make himself? Could any God make himself? Impossible. Therefore beyond a God, beyond my father's God, beyond all Gods. Each antecedent something by something antecedent still, till we come to what? To nothing? No; for out of that antecedent nothing there could come nothing. Therefore each antecedent something, out of something antecedent still, and so on, for ever, without end. Then there is no end. Is that possible? Yes; for as there is space beyond space, and space beyond space, and space beyond space, and no space beyond which there is not yet space; and as there is time beyond time, and time beyond time, and time beyond time, and no time beyond which there is not yet time; and as there is number beyond number, and number beyond number, and number beyond number, and no number beyond which there is not yet number, so there is thing beyond thing, and thing beyond thing, and thing beyond thing, and no thing beyond which there is not yet thing. It follows then that I could not help doing the deed; for my will did it, and my will was made do it by something which was made to make my will do it, and so on, for ever. My will was but a link in a chain, at one end of which was the deed and at the other end, what? no other end; but the chain stretching away and away and away into the infinite

distance, beyond the vision of the mind even when strained to the utmost, and with the most painful exertion. But how does it happen that a chain, infinite and unending on one hand, should be limited and have an end at the other? The chain is only a-making at that end; the act of the will which is now the end of the chain being to be followed by its act or consequence or thing, and that act or consequence or thing by another act or consequence or thing, and that by another, and so on, into the infinite future. And thus the chain extends out of view on both sides; is equally without beginning and without end.

But if the act was necessary and could not be helped, whence this remorse? why do I accuse myself of it? why does Conscience reproach me for having done that which I could not but do? Let me see. This remorse too must be caused. What causes it? I don't know. I can't see. Let me examine again. Is it real? Does Conscience really reproach me? First, what is Conscience? what more than feeling, sentiment? nothing more. I have a feeling that reproaches me, that says: — "Cain, you should not have done this." Let me see if I can answer that feeling, if I can reason with it. What does it say? "Cain, you should not have done so." Let me try what I can answer: — "I could not help it; something made, caused me to do so." Is Conscience content with that answer? is the feeling silenced? Yes, the feeling is silenced; it says no more "you should not have done so;" it is answered; I *should* do what I was *made* or *caused* to do, or rather there is no *should* or *should not* in the question; it is simply *must*. That is a happy thought; Conscience is answered, torments me no more. But stay: it is not silent yet; it is speaking again: let me listen; what can it be saying now? It is apologising, excusing itself: it says: — "Cain, my accusation was founded on the belief that you could have done otherwise. I now perceive that you could not. I now

perceive, what I never perceived before, that you do not command your will; that your will is commanded for you; caused to act by your passion, your emotion, the impression made on you; and your passion, your emotion, the impression made on you, caused again by your constitution, education, and circumstances at the moment. Your defence is good. I withdraw my charge, and pray forgiveness." Well then; Conscience accuses me no more; I feel remorse no longer; and yet I am unhappy; less unhappy than before, but still very unhappy. Why? let me try to find out wherein my remaining unhappiness consists: It is not remorse; what then is it? It is regret; deep, deep regret; sorrow for what I have done. Can I not silence this sorrow, as I just now silenced my conscience? Let me justify myself to my sorrow, as I did to my conscience: — "Sorrow, torment me not; I could not help it, I was made to do it." What answers Sorrow? "I torment thee, not because thou didst that which thou shouldst not have done, but because thou didst the deed at all." "I was made to do it. I could not help it." "I torment thee because thou wast made to do it." "Unhappy man that I am, tormented because I was made to do the deed! better unborn!" "Yes; it is thy misfortune to have been born to do the deed; done, I must torment thee for it. Thou wast born to be tormented by Sorrow. But tell me why didst thou do the deed?" "A feeling, a passion, an emotion moved my will to do it." "And that feeling, that passion, that emotion whence?" "From my physical constitution, my nature, my education, my circumstances at the moment; from Adam my father, and Eve my mother, and from the maker or cause of them both." "And canst thou not now tell whence I also come, and how it is as necessary Sorrow should torment thee, as it was necessary Will should do the deed? I too am an emotion, a passion, an instinct derived from thy physical constitution, thy nature, thy education, thy parents, and their maker, and the maker

of their maker, and so forth." "Then why camest thou not in time, that I might not have done this deed?" "As well mightest thou ask why did not the pain of the burn come in time to prevent the child from putting its hand into the fire. It is the constitution of thy nature." "Unhappy constitution! Cruel, cruel tormentor that tormentest me only when it is too late, when the deed is done, and the torment useless!" "Useless with respect to the past deed, but most useful with respect to the future." "But the future deed will be as necessary as the past." "Certainly; a similar desire or passion will produce a similar deed; but the similar desire or passion, before it can produce the similar deed, must be itself produced, and I prevent its production." "Blessed, blessed Sorrow, I thank thee; go on, go on; I will complain no more." And now let me consider again: I am sorry that I did the deed, and this sorrow is necessary or caused; as necessary, as caused, as the passion which caused the will to do the deed. What then causes this sorrow? To answer that question I must analyse my sorrow. What am I sorry for? For killing my brother. Why should I be sorry for killing my brother? Why? Is it because I have lost my brother; a good, kind brother? Yes; but my sorrow is greater than could have been occasioned by the mere loss of my brother. If he had been killed by a wild beast I would have equally lost my brother, but I would not have been equally sorry, I would not have sorrowed as I now sorrow. Am I sorry then because of the evil which has befallen my brother? Yes; but neither does that explain all my sorrow. I am sorrier than if he had died by the hand of another assassin, or been torn in pieces by a wild beast, yet the evil to him would have been the same. Why then do I sorrow more than for the loss I have myself sustained by my brother's death, more than for the evil which has befallen my brother? Why more? Let me think. My father and mother and sisters and every one who knows me will think worse of

me for what I have done. That is a great cause of sorrow. I have lost their good opinion for ever. That indeed is terrible. But why so terrible? I could not help it; the passion, which caused my will to do the deed, was caused. Will they not think of that, and forgive me? No; they cannot forgive me; it is impossible they should. They may indeed not inflict physical punishment on me, may not torture me, may not kill me, may not expel me from among them, but they cannot think of me as they did before. That is wholly impossible. They now know what they never knew before, that I am a man whose passion will carry him the length even of killing his own good and loving brother. How can any one ever love me more? It is impossible. I am a fallen man. But how fallen? Let me not imagine myself worse than I am. I am not fallen, for I was always the same; would have done the same thing the day before, or a week before, or a month before, or a year before, or twenty years before, if the same occasion had arisen. The same cause would have produced the same passion, the same passion caused the will to perform the same act. I am therefore no worse than before; nay the very same as before; am not fallen; only fallen in men's estimation. Then they estimated me too highly before; and should I sorrow that they now know the truth of me, that they are no longer deceived; know that I am a man unsafe to live with, to come near, to have anything to do with: a man whom they should either shun, or expel from among them, or kill? Should I sorrow for this? No; I should rather rejoice; rejoice that the truth is known of me; that my friends are no longer deceived about me; will be ware of me. That at least is a good consequence of my unhappy deed. If they had known it sooner the deed might have been prevented, and how happy had it been for me! my brother at least would still have been living. Their knowledge of me although too late to prevent that deed, is time enough to

prevent a similar. Let me then not sorrow that men have now that true knowledge of my character, which will prevent them from trusting themselves in my society for the future. They will shun me, or expel me, or kill me. Let me rejoice if they do. I cannot blame them if they do. They do it in selfpreservation. They are not safe near me. They now know they are not, and if they are wise will punish me; not out of wrath or vengeance, as I killed my brother; but to preserve themselves from me, and to deter others from following my example. But cannot I excuse myself to them? Let me think. Have I no excuse? Can I not silence their accusation as I silenced that of my own conscience? What did I tell Conscience? "I could not help it; my passion made my will do the deed, and my constitution, and education, and circumstances at the moment, caused my passion." This excuse satisfied my conscience, but did not satisfy my sorrow; will it satisfy men? Let me try: — "I could not help it. My will was made do the deed. I am not responsible. Ye cannot righteously either hate or punish me." What do they answer? "Villain, we hate thee and punish thee, not because of the deed, but because the deed was done, even as thou thyself sayest, by thy will, and thy will made to do it by thy passion, and thy passion caused by thy constitution and education and circumstances at the moment. We will not keep among us a man of such a constitution and such an education and such consequent passion. Begone from amongst us, and be thankful that we don't kill thee as thou didst thy brother." I have nothing to reply: out of my own mouth they condemn me. Better I had not been born! But is this all the cause of my sorrow? Has it no further cause? Let me see. Not only has this act of mine displayed to men my true character, but to myself; I sorrow to find myself such a man as I am: to think that even before this deed I was such a man as this deed has proved me to be. I shudder at

the very sight of myself, of what I have been even while no one, not even myself, so much as suspected it. My pride is humbled. I am a man of such constitution, such education, and such consequent passion, as wilfully to kill my own brother. "Wretch, hide thy face even from thyself. Happy for thee if men would kill thee before thou committest a worse act than even this! for as no one, not even thyself, could know beforehand that thy constitution, and education, and consequent passion, were such as would cause thee to commit this act, so no one, not even thyself, can know beforehand that thy constitution, and education, and consequent passion, are not such as to cause thee yet to commit an act even worse than this. Even by this one act how hast thou debased thyself in thine own eyes!" Let me console myself however with the reflection that I am no longer deceived about myself; that I know, better than ever I did before, my true character. Poor consolation! and yet something; for bad as it is to be base and vile, it is still worse to be base and vile, and believe myself noble and honorable.

Well then, is this the whole? The loss of my brother; the injury done to my brother; the loss of my own esteem, and of men's esteem, and the fear of men's vengeance. Is this the whole? Have I nothing more to lament? nothing more to fear? Will not my father's God punish me also? will he not send fiends to torment me, to haunt me day and night? That is a weighty consideration. Let me see. Let me consider it well. First of all, can he? To be sure he can, for he is almighty; that is his very name, what my father calls him. Resistance and escape are alike hopeless. He can punish me if he will. But will he? Let me see. To be sure he will, for he is a terrible God, as terrible as he is strong; given to passion and anger, even as I am myself; vindictive like a man; hates like a man; remembers like a man; judges and punishes as if he were

a man; and only differs from man in his greater strength, and never forgiving — for he is justice itself, must execute, cannot remit or forgive; else he becomes injustice. Terrible God! he will punish me; and men's punishment will be as nothing to his punishment, not only on account of his unlimited power and infinite sternness, but on account of his immutability. Men may after a time forget me and my crime, but my father's God never forgets; never softens; never relents; never, never; is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. His revenge therefore lasts for ever, for ever and ever; death which puts an end to all other sorrow is ineffectual to put an end to this; for this terrible, this malignant, this irresponsible despot drags me out of that death which closes the sufferings even of the beast of the fields, and infuses into me a new and everlasting life, for the sole purpose of tormenting me everlastingly; of tormenting me everlastingly for no good either to myself, or to himself, or to mankind, or to any one, or to any thing, but merely to indulge the malignancy of his own nature: me the work of his own hands; me to whom he gives the irresistible inclination and the power to do the very thing which he commands me not to do, the very thing to which he attaches his everlasting punishment. Tyrant, it was not I that killed my brother, it was thou that killedst him: where is my brother, tyrant? what hast thou done with him? The guilt is thine, not mine. I was but the club in thine hand: inflict thine eternal torment upon thyself. Cain, Cain, how spotless pure art thou in comparison with the monster — with the malignant, detestable, diabolical monster! But stay: whose God is this? Thy God, Cain? believest thou in such a God? worshippest thou such a God? prayest thou to such a God? humblest thou thyself to such a God? to the inexorable, to the immutable, to the malignant, to the sole cause of all thy sorrow? No, I 'm not a fool: he is not my God: he is my father's God. Let my father, if he

will, honor him, and pray to him, and flatter him, and wheedle him to let him back into paradise; let him coax him, if he will, to reconstruct and remodel his bungled and imperfect work, I will have nothing to say to him. I renounce and disclaim him. What have I to do with him? What do I know about him? Better for me if he had never existed. But for him I could not this day have been the murderer of my brother. But let me see. Does he exist? Is there really such a God? Most devoutly do I hope there is not. How happy for me, for my father, for all men, if there were not! Let me see; let me see. Where did he come from? Who made him? What good in him? What use in him? Better without him. But my father says, this world required a God to make it. But if it did, the God that made it required another God to make him, for it is quite as easy, nay much easier, to conceive this world existing without a maker, than its maker existing without a maker. Who knows when this world which we see and feel was not to be seen and felt? who knows *that*, I say? First show me that there was a time when this world which we see and feel was not to be seen and felt, and then come and ask me to imagine a God to make it. First show me that there was a time when there was no time, and then come, if thou wilt, and ask me to imagine a God to make time. First tell me at what time did this God of thine make time. If thou answerest, at such a time, then there was time before God made it. If thou answerest, at no time, then no time is never. Or where was this God of thine when he made space? — *where* was he when there was no "*where*"? Or where is this God of thine now? Is he any where? Yes, he is somewhere. Where then? In heaven. Why the change of abode? Why leave where he was before he created heaven? Nonsense, mere nonsense; absurdities which full grown men instil into children; bugbears with which they frighten them until at last they

begin to be frightened themselves. But let me think seriously of it. My will did this deed; and my passion made my will do it, and my constitution and education and circumstances at the moment made my passion; and something previous made my constitution and education and circumstances at the moment; and something else previous made that previous something; and so on beyond sight and prospect, beyond the mental horizon, away, away, into the infinite distance. And who knows what there may be in that infinite distance, away beyond the intellectual horizon? Perhaps some God as bad as, or worse than, my father's God. Some more malignant, more vindictive, more despotic tyrant than even he. No; impossible; for malignancy, despotism, vindictiveness, are not beyond, but within, the intellectual horizon; are here at our very hand; are caused; and it is their cause we want, something that shall explain them, that shall account for their existence and to find which something we must of course go away beyond them. Some good being then, some amiable, forgiving, merciful, wise being; some being, all wise, all good, all amiable, all perfect, such as my father tells his God he is, when he wants to cajole and wheedle him to his purpose. No, equally impossible; for it is the cause of this goodness, this amiability, this perfection, we want, and the cause must be away beyond the effect. It is not this thing, or that thing — this goodness, this badness — which we seek, but the cause of this goodness, this badness; something therefore which is no thing. That is my God; no thing, but the cause of all things; that which is neither good nor bad, nor high nor low, nor great nor small, but which was and is beyond and before all these things and every thing, and of which I know nothing, and of which nothing can by any possibility be known except the mere negative, the pure and absolute nothing.

And is this all I know? With all the force of my understanding can I arrive at no more? If at no more, at least at no less. Ignorance rather than error. The ignorant mind may receive knowledge, for the field is open; the erring mind cannot receive it, for the field is full, full of error. Foolish man, vain, foolish, wicked, and hypocritical man, would fain hide ignorance behind error. But who am I that talk of vanity and wickedness? I, the murderer of my brother? Yes, why not I? what is VAIN? what is WICKED? what but men's opinion of certain acts, and why not my opinion equal to another's? What is the murder of my brother but the killing of my brother? what makes the killing of my brother murder, and his killing of me, if he had killed me in his selfdefence, not murder? what but the opinion of men who declare that the act done with the one passion or instinct is murder, the act done with the other passion or instinct not murder? But where is the difference between the passions or instincts? What makes one better or worse than another? He offended me and my blood rose and I killed him. I offend him and his blood rises and he kills me. Where is the difference but in degree? that my blood rises quick, his slow? Men judge that it is for their advantage a man's blood should rise slow and not quick, and punish me and reward him. It is the judgment of men; nothing else. Were sheep to judge, it is my brother were pronounced the murderer, who kills them in cold blood; them who have never offended him. But killing sheep does no harm to men; and therefore men do not call him who kills them murderer, nor punish him. And so it is. Men are right, and I blame them not. They have made this rule among themselves; and I am one of them myself, and a consenting party to the rule. Sheep would do so if they could, and do so as far as they can. Lions and wolves do so. Every thing that lives does so, as far as it can; makes its rules according to what it thinks its greatest

interest, and calls observance of those rules right, and violation of them wrong. I have done this wrong, this great wrong; broken the rule made by my friends and species and self, and must bear the consequence. Dreadful consequence! Better not have been born! Death a thousand times better. What? death? yes, death a thousand times better; next best to not to have been born. Death then, death. My friends cannot frown on me there. Men cannot expel me there; cannot hate me there; cannot mark me there; cannot hunt me down there; cannot hie their God, their demon, upon me there. My sorrow cannot torment me there. There at least I am safe. My passion cannot rise again there; my blood boil again there; and make my will kill another man, murder another brother. Come then, death; sweet, gentle death, long and last oblivion, come; best, kindest friend of man, come; Oh! come, come, come.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY (IRELAND). Autumn of 1851.

and calls obtrusion of those rights right and violation
of them wrong. I have done this wrong, this great wrong;
broken the rule made by my friend, and species and self
and must bear the consequences. Dreadful consequences! Better
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me there; cannot mark me there; cannot put me down there;
cannot hissing God, that I now upon me there; my terror
cannot torment me there. Where at last I am safe. My
punishment cannot rise again there; my blood boil again there;
and make my will kill another man, another brother.
Come then, death; sweet, gentle death, long and last of life.
Come, best, kindest friend of man, come; thy come, come,
come.

GRANARY GOTTAGE, DUBLIN, IRELAND. Autumn of 1841.

MENIPPEA.

CLOSE the book, reader, if to any fashion,
Or sect, or creed, or theory thou 'rt wedded;
Read on, if thou believest good may be
Perhaps even there where most thou disapprovest
— It may be even where most I disapprove —
Not to please thee I wrote, please thou thyself.

1248
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DRESDEN.

PRINTED BY C. C. MEINHOLD & SONS.

1866.

DEDICATION.

TO MOMUS.

HONEST God, who lovest candor,
And wouldst not great Alexander
Flatter, for his crown and scepter,
Or the praise of his preceptor;
Thou, to whom no altar blazes,
Had I voice, I 'd sing thy praises;
Having none, I lay my psalter
Humbly down on thy cold altar;
Take, and read it at thy leisure —
It was writ for Momus' pleasure.

[DRESDEN, May 16, 1866.]

97/1/2

UNDER A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

COLD, unbelieving sceptic, turn and see
Here typified, Man's immortality.
As through my various phases I have passed,
— Egg, larva, pupa, insect — and at last
Have died and to an end come, and no more
Shall floweret sip, or through the blue sky soar,
So Man when through life's changes he has passed
And to his native dust returned at last,
Out of that dust shall rise to heaven on high,
To live with God himself and never die.
Doubt no more then, but carve upon thy tomb
A butterfly, the emblem of thy doom.

CARLSRUHE, March 25, 1856.

THANKS, Fortune! that thou sent'st into the world
So many accidents, cross-purposes,
Malapropos, surprises, slips of tongue;
Else never, never to this hour, had reached
Once to mine ear, Truth's weak and stammering voice.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

THE pious Christian says the Turk 's quite wrong;
The pious Turk says: wrong the Christian, quite;
Thou, larger-hearted, each by his own rule
Judge, and thou 'lt find both Turk and Christian right.

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

THIS infinite goodness which we see all róund us,
This infinite love and power and wisdom, whence?
Why, isn't it plain even to the veriest child,
From infinite goodness, love and power and wisdom?
Nothing without a cause is; so, of love,
Love is the cause; and power, the cause of power;
Goodness, of goodness; and of wisdom, wisdom:
Listen, ye atheists; blush, and be convinced.

CARLSRUHE, March 17, 1856.

"THANK thee, kind Providence," the cuckoo said,
Dropping her egg into the blackbird's nest;
"To thee, who so the blackbird's brood protectest,
My little one with confidence I trust."

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

THE FOUR HAPPY BEASTS.

"Vier Thieren auch verheissen war
In's Paradies zu kommen."

GOETHE, West-Oestlicher Divan.

There are four beasts in paradise,
Among the saints and houris,
An ass, a dog, a wolf, a cat;
There are these four beasts only.

The ass, he is the very ass
Christ rode on, into Zion;
His bed is of palm branches made,
He 's held of all in honor.

The second beast in paradise
The wolf is, of Mohammed;
The wolf that killed the rich man's sheep,
But did not touch the poor man's.

The little dog that slept so long
And sound, with the Seven Sleepers,
The third beast is, in paradise;
He came there with his masters.

Abuherrira's pussy cat
The last of the four beasts is,
And lives on milk for lack of mice,
And purrs about the Lord's feet.

I 've not been there, myself, to see
That really, there, the four are,
But Goethe has, and I 'm content
To take it Goethe's word on.

CARLSRUHE, March 8, 1856.

THERE is a way to be by all beloved,
And live a happy life and free from trouble:
Give when thou hast, and give when thou hast nót,
And always give and give, and ask back nothing;
And never see a fault thy neighbour has,
Nor any virtue which thou hast thyself;
And not even in the fashion of thy shoe-tie
Differ one tittle from thy neighbour's judgment
— Out of conviction, mind! not compliment —
And never cease to instil into thy children
The love of virtue for its own, dear sake,
And to stray never from the path of honor
And independent principle and truth,
Not even to gain th' esteem of the whole, wide world.
So shalt thou happy live, and, when thou comest,
At last, to die, resign thy breath, contented,
Without a doubt thy children will have sense
To follow thy example, not thy precept.

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

I DON'T know which is worse, the Turk or Heathen;
And yet — stay, let me see — the Turk is worse:
The idol thou canst thrów down, smash to atoms;
But how out of the temple drivest Allah,
Th' invisible, th' intangible, the nothing?

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

"WHO 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"
Through the lanes and markets I,
Through the lów ways and the high,
All the livelong morning, cry;
But no one comes to buy —
Téll me the reason why.

"Let 's see a poem — O fie!
You have gót the EVIL EYE;
Nóne of your poems I 'll buy —
Good bye, Sir Poet, good bye!"

"From your own self, you fly;
It 's yóu have the EVIL EYE;
Í 'm but its painter, I.
Of the truth since you 're so shy,
Good bye, my friend, good bye!
I 'll not séll to you, not I;
Keep your money for a lie —
Who 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"

CARLSRUHE, May 2, 1856.

"Omne tulit punctum."

THE pious man alone makes way with God;
With Man, the pietist alone makes way;
So be thou pietist and pious both,
And, holding all the trumps, the whóle game 's thine.

CARLSRUHE, May 20, 1856.

INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG'S COLLAR.

DESPISE me not: I am as true
And incorruptible, as you;
Have whiter teeth, can sharper smell,
Can run as quick, and fight as well,
And, if all 's true that people tell,
Haven't half your chance to go to Hell.

CARLSRUHE, April 20, 1856.

HUSH! not one word about it! here 's my child.
Children must not hear what their parents think.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

IF I said truth, forgive me, good, kind friend;
'Twas a mere inadvertence, not design.
I know the rules of life; am neither drunk,
Nor fool, nor child, nor unbeliever simple,
And if, at times, I blurt the awkward word,
Repentance follows with her scorpion whip,
And lashes, till he bleeds, the unhappy culprit.
Forgive me then, truth 's its own punishment.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

PROVIDENCE.

UPON that Providence rely
Which feeds the spider with the fly.
"But what if I should be the fly?"
Upon that Providence rely
Which sends the housemaid with the broom
To sweep the spider out of the room.
"But what if I 'm the spider?" Why,
Upon that Providence rely
Which sends the housemaid out to flirt,
And leaves the chamber in its dirt.

CARLSRUHE, May 7, 1856.

THE king walked out,
And looked about;
His heart was full of pride:
The king walked in,
And, by a pin
Pricked in the finger, died.

Ye laureates, sing
The mighty king,
The just, the brave, the wise;
But to the bier
Come not too near —
It stinks, and gathers flies.

CARLSRUHE, April 6, 1856.

GO to! Go to! thou that believ'st thy soul
Unborn, all perfect, and to live for ever,
And feel'st it not each moment dying in thee,
Each moment newly born — even as thy flesh —
Till it 's as little like, at eighty years,
That which it was at eighteen years or months,
As the lank hair of eighty years is like
The curls of manhood or the baby's down.
Go to! Go to! I will not argue with thee,
Thou who feel'st not thy soul's growth and decay,
And still less argue with thee if thou feelest
Thy soul grow and decay, and knowest not,
To grow and to decay mean but — to die.

CARLSRUHE, May 1, 1856.

RELIGION learns addition well,
But is a perfect blockhead at subtraction;
Easier to add a hundred new,
Than take one old saint from the calendar.

Well for the new saint! well for the old!
And well for us, poor, pelting devils of sinners,
Who stand so much in need of friends
At court, to introduce and recommend us!

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

NO statute against lying; why? because,
How without help of lying make a statute?

ALITER.

No statute against lying; why? because
Liars and lies, our lawmakers and laws.

CARLSRUHE, May 8, 1856.

WITH memory short and understanding weak,
And appetites fierce rampant as a beast's,
And hideous outside, crippled and deformed
— Hypocrisy and cruelty and pride,
Malignancy and violence and imposture
Oozing, redundant, out of every pore —
Behold the Lord's elected, the redeemed,
The newly born, the vessel of God's grace,
The etherial spirit that, in pure white robed,
Shall sit enthroned beside the son of God,
Judging the heretic, infidel, and heathen,
Or, harp in hand, with choirs seraphic mingle,
And raise th' accepted hymn, to the Most High.

CARLSRUHE, May 13, 1856.

I ASK no better omen of my lore
Than that each reader, while he reads, should cry: —
“Well said! well said! that could not be said better;
But I, for áll that, don’t agree with him;
He is a queer, odd fellow; has strange notions,
Of God, especially, and the soul, and heaven,
And things of that sort; things so plain and easy
That I have never found it necessary
To enlarge the views I had of them when a child,
A little, whimpering child of six years old.
I wonder at him, for I know he is
A good, well meaning man, and every time
I say my prayers I pray God to forgive him
And make him like the rest of us — amen!”

CARLSRUHE, May 23, 1856.

HAPPY and good, who well deceives his foes;
Happier and better, who his friends deceives well;
Happiest and best, who well deceives his children,
Hides from them all he feels and thinks and knows,
All the experience his long life has taught him,
And, when he dies, behind him leaves them floundering
In the same sea of lies, in which his own
Kind parents, when they died, left him to flounder.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

IT 's a holy whim, a holy whim;
Unholy! be thou still:
It 's a holy whim, a holy whim,
Holy will have its will.

It 's Holy rules the earth and sea;
It 's Holy rules the sky;
Of Holy we are still the slaves,
Whether we live or die.

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

UNLAMENTED, well deserving,
By the vengeful hand of Verger
Fell the portly, proud archbishop: *
Unlamented, well deserving,
By the vengeful ax fell Verger.
Bravo! bravo! so the wóod 's cleared,
And the heaven's light, heat and ráin get
To the grass, and make it grów up.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 8—9, 1857.

* Siborn, Archbishop of Paris, while officiating in the church of St. Stephen of the Mount, in Paris, January 2, 1857, was assassinated by a priest, of the name of Verger, who was immediately arrested, and, with as little delay as possible, tried, convicted and guillotined.

MY country's language is the stone of which
I have built myself a temple vast and solid,
Where tribes and nations yet unborn shall seek
And find me ever-present and propitious,
Me, whom my countrymen not understanding,
Despise, even as the Jews their holiest prophet,
And, to false prophets only, lend an ear.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1857.

O EVER-TRUNDLING Dresden, if so few
Drive in thy streets, it 's not for want of wheels.
What is it, then, that 's wanted, that so few
Drive in thy streets, O ever-trundling Dresden?
Why, horses, to be sure! to sit and drive,
Where women, men and dogs are always drawing.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 27, 1857.

FIRM to the truth adhere so long as thou gáin'st by it,
And never tell a lie but for thy profit.
So shalt thou please God best, by men live honored,
Avoid the martyr's crown, yet win the saint's.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 13, 1858.

I TOOK my dog with me, one day, to church,
And, full of wonder that he did not worship,
Said to him when I came home: — "How is 't, Tray,
That you 're not thankful to the God of all?"
"What God of all?" said Tray; "the God who made
Me and my fellows for the use of you
And yours, not for our own use or enjoyment?
Lick *ye* his hand, wag *ye* your tails to him;
By your own showing *we* owe nothing to him;
A devil had treated us as well or better."
So saying, Tray lay down upon his mat
Growling, and I said — What hadst thou said, reader?

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 12, 1858.

THOU, pious Christian, when thou diest bring'st with thee
Into the heaven of heavens, thine earthly soul,
With all its human knowledge and affections.
I, when I die, cease wholly and need nothing;
Bring with me nothing, not even thy farewell;
But take thou mine, and sometimes even in heaven
Think of me; sometimes to the recollection
Of thy once dear friend spare some few short moments
Of thine eternity of perfect bliss.
Thou shakest thine head — well! well! I 'll not insist;
It was a foolish thought; forgive thy friend,
And, in thy pure and perfect joy, forget.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 11, 1858.

UNDER A PICTURE OF
MISS LOUISA GRACE'S DOG, ALÌ.

I NEVER go to church, I never pray,
Never confess my sins, but, all the day,
Follow my nose, do what me pleases best,
Eat, drink and sleep, and leave to God the rest,
Whom thou so busy keep'st with minding thee
— Blessed, lucky chance! — he never thinks of me.
Wouldst thou know who I am, Alì's my name
(Or Doctor Henry — it is all the same),
Of cynic race, some say, and an ascetic;
A stoic, some say; some, a peripatetic;
But of whatever sect, whatever race,
'The true friend, still, of Miss Louisa Grace.

PISTOJA, April 7, 1858.

— "Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

I WOULD not be Alì — not for the whole
Wide world — with scarce a body and no soul,
And two blind eyes, and snivelling nose, and tongue
Out of a toothless mouth on one side hung
Like a red clout. Talk of his pedigree
And gentle blood! I would not be Alì
— Not even for heaven itself — and to the side
Of a proud mistress with a string be tied.
What is 't to mé, shè has a lovely face?
What is 't to mé, she's called Louisa Grace?
That she draws truer than Da Fiesole,
Than Petrarch purer writes, what is 't to me?

That she steps Juno, smiles the Queen of Love,
Coos sweeter in the ear than Paphian dove?
I 'll nót trot at her side through mire and dust,
Not pút up with her "Còme!" "Go!" "Sir, you must;"
Jump when she bids, and, when she bids, lie down
Át her foot-sóle, half smothered in her gown.
Alì may if he likes: a frée dog, I;
A frée dog I was born, and free will die.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

"Á FINE, hopeful boy, your Tommy;
Always takes and holds the first place,"
Tó an anxious father saíd once
Á grave, feruled, wíse schoolmáster;

"But your Neddy, sir, I féar me,
Nó good óf him will come ever;
Thére he stands, the lást boy always —
Át the bottom of the whóle class."

Nów I dare not say schoolmásters
Ever pút boys in wrong places,
Though I 've sometimes stood, I ówn it,
At the bottom of the whóle class,

Ánd you 'd wonder little Neddy
Ventured even so much as hínit,
Hád you seen those shaggy, bláck brows,
Ánd the birch that hung not fár off: —

"Only be so good as sometimes
Tó begin to count from mé, sir,
Ánd you 'll find, perhaps," saíd Neddy,
"Í 'm not always in the lást place."

"But as long as you begin your
Count from favorite Master Alpha,
Not a boy in school but knows that
Fór poor Omega there 's smáll chance."

True the story, and a mére fact,
Not a tale excogitated
Tó discredit schools and teachers,
Else, be sure, you had hád a priest in it.

PISTOJA, April 10, 1858.

I SAW him pick it up; it was a rag
Worth nothing, yet he picked it up and stówed it
Away into his pouch, as thou wouldst gold.
Misery was in his face, and in the act,
And in the shame with which he strove, in vain,
The act to hide. My very heart bled fór him,
And with mine eye I followed him until
Ín, at a door more wretched than himself,
Tottering and slow and sad, he disappeared. .
Twice, in my dreams, since then I 've seen his frail,
Stooped, trembling figure; more than twice since then
Have, to my waking self, hoped he was dead
And out of suffering, and no longer, more
Than ever impious atheist by his reasoning,
Against God's goodness and God's providence,
By the mere fact of his being alive, blasphemed.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

ADAM'S EPITAPH.

KIND Providence it was, that gave me life;
Kind Providence it was, gave me a wife;
Kind Providence it was, took from me both.
To accuse a good, kind Providence, I 'm loath,
But, in my simple judgment, he should either
Have left both with me, or have given me neither.

Walking from LAVIS to DEUTSCHMETZ (SOUTH TIROL), April 28, 1858.

"THIS world's goods are dross and rubbish,"
Said I to Religion, óne day;
"Yet, methinks, thou 'rt never easy
Whén thou 'st nót got á good sháre o' them.

"To be sure," answered Religion;
"Just because they 're dross and rubbish,
I endeavour to make up, in
Quantity, the deficit in
Solid and intrinsic value."

"Right," said I, "and Í have twó birds
Killed with óne stone, for I sée now,
For the first time, why Religion
Ís so well contented, always,
With an infinitesimal portion
Óf God's graces, for her ówn share."

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 23, 1860.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."
Gay's Epitaph.

THIS life 's a jest, you wicked poet;
Living, you thought so; dead, you know it.
But what 's the next life, tell us. "Why,
The next life 's serious, being — a lie."

KLOBENSTEIN, on the RITTEN, near BOTZEN, May 3, 1858.

ARRANT cheats, as all the world knows,
Hope and Féar are, and were always;
Vagabonds of different sexes,
Once, by chance, they came together.

Róund Fear's waist Hope threw his strong arms,
Kissed and pressed and coaxed and cuddled;
Féar grew big, and in due time was
Safe delivered of Religion.

Arrant cheats, as all the world knows,
Were, and still are, both the parents;
Where 's the wonder if the daughter 's
Twice as arrant cheat as either?

FLIRSCH, in the STANZER-THAL, TIROL, May 12, 1858.

THOU praisest, blessest, glorifiest God:
Why not? the child says, to the rising sun,
Good morrow! to the setting sun, Good night!
And beats the naughty stool that fell and hurt him.

REUTI, in the RHEIN-THAL, CANTON ST. GALLEN, May 15, 1858.

MILES VETUS AND TIRO.

MILES VETUS.

HEAVEN is the land of bliss.

TIRO.

But where 's that land,
That happy land? Oh! tell me, if thou lov'st me.

MILES VETUS.

Beyond the sea, above the sun and stars,
Deep in the bowels of the solid earth,
Or wheresoever 's the securest place
And least accessible, there, there is heaven.

TIRO.

And when I 'm there at last, at long and last,
Shall I be happy? tell me, tell me truly.

MILES VETUS.

Why, to be sure! — The bird stands to be caught,
When once thou hast put the salt upon its tail.

MÖHRINGEN, on the DANUBE, May 25, 1858.

IF hé 's religious who believes in one
Sole, single, all-sustaining Providence,
Double, at least, must his religion be,
Who has the happiness to believe in two:
In number One, who fills Man's hungry belly,
And number Two, who makes Man's belly hungry.
But, with three-fóld religion, blessed, is he,
'The pious man, who 'd, if he could, install
A third, and still more needful, Providence,
To balance th' other two, and to preserve
Birds, beasts, and fishes from Man's hungry belly,
And from each other's — filling up with grass,
Or doing away entirely with, all bellies.

FORBACH, in the MURG-THAL, BADEN, May 30, 1858.

TOMMY AND NEDDY,

CONTEMPLATING A CORPSE.

TOMMY.

DEAD as a dog!

NEDDY.

Ay, to be sure;
Dead, and that 's all about it.

TOMMY.

But the soul, Ned?

NEDDY.

Why, up to heaven
Gone, with the dog's; don't doubt it.

MALSCH, néar CARLSRUHE, May 31, 1858.

BEING themselves of all the whole, wide world's
Cruel, unscrupulous, hard-hearted tribes,
The most hard-hearted and unscrupulous,
The Romans conquered all the whole, wide world.
What are they now, those haughty, conquering Romans,
Who gave laws to the Briton and the Mede,
Who chopped the hands off, of their Dacian captives,
And, to amuse themselves and wives and children,
Tortured to death the Christian in the Arena —
What are they now? cameo-cutters, painters,
Carvers of wood and marble, stucco-plasterers,
Long-petticoated priests and slip-shod friars
Mumbling prayers for bajocchi. And Rome's Caesar,
— Augustus, Pater Patriae, Imperator —
What is he now? a preacher, a confessor,
A soul-absolver, dispensation-granter —
A hobbling porter with a bunch of keys,
Opening for those who well the knocker grease,
Growling at beggars, threatening naughty boys
That if about the door they keep such noise —
Pshaw! leave him there: to thee or me, what matter?
Rome's dead and gone — that's all; but, if it be,
Another's coming, or already come,
For Man is Man still, and the world's the world,
And as wide-mouthed, voracious pike, today,
Breed in the Seine as ever bred in Tiber.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 20, 1858.

LADY GOUT.

LADY Gout once caught a rích man
By the foot, and pulled him tó her,
Saying: — “Come; lie down beside me;
While we may, let us be happy.”

And the rích man was no Joseph,
And lay down beside her, willing —
Such things, many a time, have happened,
Many a time, such things will happen.

Lady Gout the rích man's hánd caught
Ín her hand, and warmly préssed it,
Twined about his neck her líthe arms,
Kissed and coaxed and hugged and cuddled;

Said, he was her only loved one,
Hér dear, only, one beloved one;
Kissed him twenty times a minute,
Fifty times a minute, kissed him.

Tó draw breath, the rích man struggled,
And unlock her arms clasped róund him
Tight as ever round Laocoon
Ánd his twó sons clung the serpents.

Lady Gout kissed only faster,
Only closer hugged and cuddled —
See the rích man, how he reddens,
In the face, and swells and blackens;

Like a board upon a billow,
How his bosom up and down heaves —
Not for thousand times his treasures,
Would I change lots with that rich man.

From between his lips the foam spews,
And his eyes are glazed and staring,
And his bosom heaves no longer,
And his skin is cold and clammy.

It's a strong love doesn't from death turn;
Lady Gout, all of a sudden,
To corruption leaves one sweetheart,
And her arms flings round another.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 5, 1858.

JULIAN AND GALLUS,

IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM.

JULIAN.

LIKE, as an egg's, life's two ends to each other:
Blind, helpless, speechless, at one end we enter,
Not knowing where we are, or whence we come;
Blind, helpless, speechless, exit at the other —
Who has come back to tell us why or whither?

GALLUS.

Lazarus, for one.

JULIAN.

And what did Lazarus say?

GALLUS.

Nothing; seemed not to know he had been away.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, July 1, 1858.

Γρωθὶ σεαυτοῦ.

So thou hast been at Delphi, yet not learned
Thou 'rt not a baker, but a lump of dough
Leavened with óne part pleasure, thrée parts pain,
Kneaded, rolled out, and scored and pricked all over,
Baked, sliced, chewed, swallowed, cast into the draught,
Not doubting, all the while, but thou 'rt a baker.
Go back to Delphi, fool, and say I sént thee,
Not to consult the oracle but read
The inscription on the shrine; go back to Delphi.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 22, 1858.

SHE was a gallant ship, that, many a day,
Buffeted with the winds and ocean waves,
But in the course of time, alas! grew crazy,
And sprang a leak, and, in a hurricane,
Foundered, and sank in thousand-fathom water,
And no two boards of her remained together.
No matter; weep not fór her; the day 's coming,
When from the bottom she 'll rise stately up,
— New rigged and painted — not to sail the sea
Or buffet with the stormy winds and waves,
But float serene, above, in the blue sky,
Beyond the clouds, in everlasting sunshine.
Deplore not the wrecked vessel, but rejoice,
And lóok out for her day of resurrection.

RINKLINGEN, BADEN, July 3, 1858.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPIL AND MONITOR.

PUPIL.

An angel, that!

MONITOR.

Ay, to be sure! an angel;
Hasn't it the duck's wings stuck between its shoulders?
A little boy with duck's wings on his back 's
An angel; a great big one 's an archangel;
A head without a body, and with wings
Under its chin, one on each side, 's a cherub.

PUPIL.

And when I die, am I to be an angel?
Or an archangel? or a cherub only?

MONITOR.

None of the three; you are to be a spirit.

PUPIL.

But I 'll have wings to fly about, like them?

MONITOR.

No; what would spirits do with wings, who have neither
Bodies nor heads, nothing at all to carry?

PUPIL.

How can they eat or drink, unless they 've heads?
Or come and go, unless they 've feet or wings?

MONITOR.

They neither eat nor drink, nor come nor go.

PUPIL.

And do they never talk at all?

MONITOR.

How could they,
Having no heads nor mouths nor tongue nor teeth?

PUPIL.

Then what do they do? what use in them at all?
They can't even think or feel, not having heads.
I 'm sure I hope I 'll never be a spirit;
An angel or a cherub 's well enough,
Or an archangel, but, if I 'd my choice,
I 'd just as 'soon be nothing, as a spirit.

WEINSBERG, WÜRTTEMBERG, July 7, 1858.

CHRIST'S kingdom is of love, pure love alone;
No touch of hatred has an entrance there.
But, in his very nature, Man 's compounded
Of love and hatred variously proportioned:
A drachm of love, here, to an ounce of hatred;
Hatred a drachm, there, to a whole pound of love;
But no one without hatred, if 'twere only,
To hate the evil as we love the good.
Into Christ's kingdom, therefore, being of love,
— Pure love alone — no man shall find admittance,
No man has ever found. What follows thence?
Why, that Christ's kingdom is to Man a blank,
A void, a cypher, a non-entity,
A grain of salt upon a bird's tail thrown
To make the bird stand still until it 's caught.
Be not your own dupes then, ye amiable,
Simpleton pietists; on Christ's gate 's written,
Throw off the natural man ere here ye enter:
That is to say, minus the figure of speech,
For human nature, here, there 's no admittance.

Walking from ZELL on the MOSELLE, to ALF, July 21, 1858.

ONCE upon a time a yóung man
Had a tree he loved and cherished,
Such a tree as yóung men often
Have or máy have — óld men, never.

Deep and firm, not to be shaken,
In the ground this tree was rooted;
Strong and straight the stem, and taper;
Full of leaves and flowers, the branches.

Day by day the yóung man watched it,
Cared it, day by day, and watered;
Wondered why so slow the frúit came,
Though it had so early blossomed.

Year by year the yóung man watched it,
Cared and pruned, manured and watered;
Still no fruit, no fruit at all, came;
Only buds and leaves and blossoms.

Now the yóung man is an óld man;
And his tree is dead and withered: —
“Ít will béar fruit in the blúe sky,”
Said the óld man, with his lást breath.

Tell me, reader, if thou knowest,
What the name is of that stránge tree;
In thy mind's botanic garden,
Hást thou á tree like it, growing?

Walking from ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, to GLENAGEARY,
April 21, 1859.

MAGISTER.

THIS bread 's my body, and this wine 's my blood:
Eat and drink freely, they are given for yóu.

DISCIPULI.

Capital, both; but for our natural horror
Of cannibalism, we 'd wish thou wert a giant.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 21, 1859.

GOD'S will be done! God's will is always good.
Let God take fróm me my whole worldly substance,
To the last penny; let God plague and véx me
With pains and blotches and all kinds of sores;
Of sight and hearing, life itself deprive me;
God's will be done! God's will is always good.
But let my neighbour in like fashion tréat me,
He is a rogue, a villain, my worst foe.
Read me the riddle, reader, if thou canst:
Why is the sáme thing good, at once, and bad —
Bad at Man's hands received, and good at God's?
Is it because in disrespect to Man,
We call his áct bad, which is good being God's?
Or is 't because, in compliment to God,
We call his áct good, which is bad being Man's?
Read me the riddle right, ingenuous reader,
And thou shalt ever be my great Apollo.

Walking from BETTRICH to HONTHEIM (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 21, 1858.

THE LORD AND ADAM,

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE LORD.

— FOR, dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

ADAM.

If dust I am, and shall to dust return,
All 's right. I shall 'return to what I am.

THE LORD.

Thou 'rt quite too literal; I love a trope.

ADAM.

That 's more than I do. I must fairly own
I don't like to have sand thrown in mine eyes.
Why make that harder still to understand,
Which, in itself, is hard? The plainest speech
Pleases me most.

THE LORD.

He 'll not make a bad Quaker.

aside.

— And for thy sake the serpent too is cursed,
Shall on his belly go, and eat the dust.

ADAM.

That 's a trope too, no doubt.

THE LORD.

Why, half and half;
Trope, he shall eat the dust; but literal
And matter of fact, he shall go on his belly.

ADAM.

Excuse me — on his back; for on his belly
He goes at present and has always gone.

THE LORD.

Belly or back, 's small difference in a serpent;
From either he 'll know how to bruise thy heel.

ADAM.

But I 'll go in a carriage, ride on horseback,
Or, if I go on foot, wear leather 'boots.

THE LORD.

Literal again! It would have saved some trouble,
To have put a few grains more of poetry
Into the dull prose of thy composition.

ADAM.

It can't be helped now; but next time you 're making
A thing, like me, with an immortal soul
— For I 'm none of your dust, I 'm bold to tell you,
But an ethereal spirit in a case —
'Twere well you 'd make him with sufficient wit
To understand your flights of poetry,
Or, if not, that you 'd talk to him in prose.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, April 17, 1859.

DERVIS AND BIBLE-READER.

UPON their asses, mounted, with their wallets,
Forgathered once, upon the road to Bagdad,
A travelling Dervis and a Bible-reader.
In broken French as they beguiled the way
Goodhumored and polite, the missionary
Observed the Dervis's right cheek and eye
Swollen as with toothache, and, compassionating,
Asked what was 't ailed him. "Toothache," said the Dervis;
"For thrée nights past, not óne wink have I slept,
And every bit I eat, puts me to torture."
"I praise thee that thou bearest with due patience
God's castigating hand," replied the Christian;
"Sin merits punishment, and man 's a sinner."
"And is that ass a sinner," said the Dervis,
"That with thy cudgel thou layest on him so,
Or wouldst thou only make him travel faster?
I, for my part, bear patiently the toothache,
Not as Heaven's retribution for my sins,

But, as thine ass bears patiently the cudgel,
Because impatience would but make it worse.
I 'd cure it, too, by drawing, had I only
A dentist near me; which thou darest not do,
Being bound, as a good Christian, not to kick
Against thy sins' well merited chastisement —
Bound not to disappoint and render void,
By human wit, Heaven's well considered purpose.
Hé is a rebel against Heaven's high state
Who owns his guilt, yet lifts his parrying hand
Against Heaven's bastinado. Christian! Christian!
A petty, peddling Cadi is thy God,
By the few good scarce willingly obeyed,
Boldly at nought set by the many bad.
By good and bad, alike, obeyed is Allah,
The Moslem's God, and what he wills is fate.
Therefore I cure, if curable, my toothache;
Or bear with patience what must needs be borne."

Walking from HONTHEIM to MEHREN (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 22, 1858.

PAINTER, wouldst thou paint a young man,
Paint him with his eye fixed steady
On the rising sun, before him;
At his back, paint mists and darkness.

In Hope's colours dip thy pencil;
Put enough of bright, blue sky in;
In the grass let lambs be frisking;
Set on every spray a linnet.

Paint him smooth, erect and comely,
With his horse and hounds beside him;
On the right hand or the left hand,
Not far off, must stroll a maiden.

Painter, wouldst thou paint a pendant
For thy yóung man's finished portrait,
Sée that óld man, toward the gróund stooped,
On his pair of crutches leaning.

Clouds and darkness are before him,
Shutting out all forward prospect;
Át his back the sun is setting;
Winter's winds are howling róund him.

Let thy lights be dim and mīsty;
Dip in Memory's hues thy pencil;
Leaden-coloured be the landscape;
Deep and broad, spread out thy shadows.

Leafless trees put in the báckground;
Rocks and stones, both sides the páth, strew;
In the fóreground put a churchyard
With the gate wide standing open.

On the sáme wall hang both pictures,
With the sáme name superscribe both,
— Thine or mine or any body's —
And the words: RESURGET UTER?

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

HE that has lost his lást tooth may bid bold
Defiance to the toothache. He, blessed man!
Who draws his lást breath may defy all pain.
So happily constructed is the world.
Ingrates! that with so fáint praise ye extol
Your Maker's infinite beneficence.

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream once, a strange dream,
As in my bed I lay asleep
At midnight, in the Villa Strozzi,
Upon the Viminal, in Rome.

A man came riding on an ass;
His head was bare, so were his feet;
Nor other clothing had he on
Than a shirt neither fine nor white,
And a gray linsey-woolsey coat
Made without lappet, seam or button,
And with a cord girt round his waist,
And, to his ancles, reaching down.
Fair were his features, and his eyes
Shone full of dignity and love;
His hair fell loose upon his shoulders.
Above him, in the air, two cherubs
Held up, with one hand each, a crown;
Alas! it was of thorns and bloody.
Before him, on the ground, poor people
Went strewing roses and palm branches;
Before him and behind, went others
Joyfully singing loud hosannas.
As I looked wondering on, methought
I heard a cry of: — "Cléar the way:
Cléar the way for the Master's servant:
Cléar the way for his Holiness:
Cléar, for his Mightiness, the way."
And the man mounted on the ass
Drew to the road-side, and stood still;
And the poor people who were singing,

And strewing roses and palm branches,
Drew up, on either side the road,
Scarcely in time to avoid the troopers
Who, from behind, at quick, rude trot,
With drawn swords glittering in their hands,
Came riding up, about a hundred;
The dust rose from their horses' feet;
And some among them cursed and swore,
Others talked ribaldry, and one,
Stopping, cried with a jeer: — "Thou fellow,
How much to boot besides this horse
Wilt thou take for that beast of thine?"
Another, with his sword's point pricking
The ass's side, cried: — "Come, my hearty,
Fall in, and ride along with us;
A merry life 's an outrider's
Before the Holy Father's carriage."
"What 's that thou say'st?" scoffed loud another;
"The rogue ride in our company!
Ride thigh by thigh with gentlemen!
I know a trick worth two of that —
But there 's no time now — gallop on;
His Holiness drives fast, today:
Out of the way, ye vagabonds;
Clear, for his Holiness, the way."
He said, and gave his horse the spur,
And forward dashed; and all the troopers
Dashed forward, raising clouds of dust;
And up behind came, at the instant,
A carriage drawn by six black horses,
All foaming, snorting, caracoling,
All matches, all caparisoned
In gold and silver and stones precious;
Their very shoes with silver plated.
The carriage was a moving throne
— Of polished chocolate panels, part;
Part, plate-glass windows framed in gold —
And bore the papal arms emblazoned:
Keys, and a triple diadem.

Within, on crimson velvet cushions,
 In a complete suit of white satin,
 White frock, white cape, and white *beretta*,
 A portly personage sat lolling.
 From a gold chain about his neck
 Suspended hung, in gold and diamonds,
 The world's Redeemer on the cross.
 Outside his glove's forefinger glanced
 The diamonds of his signet ring.
 To judge from his effeminate,
 Soft, flabby, hairless cheeks and chin,
 And meek, adjusted mien, decorous,
 It is a woman or a eunuch,
 Sexagenarian; but look deeper,
 And in that dark, voluptuous eye,
 The male's most cherished vices see,
 Pride, cunning, selfishness, ambition,
 And — paramour of all the four,
 Now separately, now together —
 Incestuous, prostitute Religion.
 But stay — he 's sick — or what has happened,
 That in such haste he stops the carriage
 And, through the open window, holds
 So serious parley with the coachman?
 As thus I said within myself,
 And, curious, nearer drew, methought
 One of three liveried footmen opened
 The carriage door, and he within,
 Descending, knelt upon the ground,
 And, reverent, kissed the dusty foot
 Of him that sat upon the ass,
 And said: — "Hail, Master, Lord, and King!
 Look gracious down upon thy servant,
 And deign to make use of his carriage.
 It shameth him to see thee ride,
 Thus ill at ease, upon an ass,
 While hé lolls in a cushioned carriage.
 Nay, be not angry, dreaded Lord,
 But get thee up into the carriage,

And I, as it befits the servant,
Will mount the ass and ride behind."
"My father sent me, not to ride
In cushioned carriages," replied
The man upon the ass, severe,
"But patiently to do the work,
And bear the floutings, of a servant."
"Far be it from my Lord and King,
Far be it," said the man in satin,
And gently raised, and, with the help
Of the three liveried footmen, placed
The Unresisting in the carriage;
Then bade the coachman drive on slow,
And mounted on the ass, and followed.
Which when the people saw, some smiled,
And some said: — "It 's the work of Satan."
And others shook their heads and said: —
"Who ever saw so strange Palm Sunday?"
And not a few said in their hearts,
The Holy Father, sure, 's gone mad.
And every one took up a palm branch,
And went, toward home, his separate way;
And I, with strained and aching eye,
Gazed after rider, ass, and carriage,
Till, at a turning of the road,
All disappeared, and I awoke
With chattering teeth, and hair on end;
Cold, clammy sweat from every pore
Oozing; my knees together knocking;
And my heart fluttering in my breast,
Like a bird in a fowler's trap.
I could unblenched have seen the sun
Start from his sphere, the moon and planets
Turn into blood, a comet's tail
Sweep the earth's surface like a besom;
But honor, more than in mere words,
To Christ shown by the sovereign Pontiff,
The Church's representative,
The deputy of christendom,

Was such reversal of all law,
All custom and morality,
All piety and true religion,
All decency and godliness,
That I looked round about, to see —
Not Christ, triumphant in the clouds,
But Satan and a thousand demons;
And listened — not for the last trump,
But hissing snakes and amphisbaenas.
But nothing came; no Satan, demons;
No hissing snakes, no amphisbaenas;
And, by degrees my heart's throb ceasing,
And calm returning to my spirit,
I rose, dressed, breakfasted, walked out,
And paid a visit to a friend,
And, up and down, along the Corso
Paced, till I satisfied myself
The world was wagging as it wagged
The day before, and had wagged ever.
So, when I went to bed, that night,
I lay upon the other ear,
And put my bible underneath,
And of the world dreamt as it is,
And was, when Christ was crucified,
And will for ever be — Amen!

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Octob. 20, 1858.

*"Os homini sublime dedit, caelumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."*

REASON shines in his front erect, they say,
And royalty, and empire o'er the beast.
Why, to be sure! who doubts it? but look close —
Malice prepense is strongest pictured there.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DUBLIN, Oct. 29, 1858.

TOMMY AND HIS MASTER.

MASTER.

TELL me, Tommy, what was it put you
In this mighty, towering passion,
With your cheeks as white as paper,
With your eyes, like lightning, flashing?

TOMMY.

Billy said I was a liar;
That 's what put me in a passion;
Í 'd have torn his very eyes out,
Torn his heart out — if he has one.

MASTER.

Billy's calling you a liar,
Should not put you in a passion;
Passion is a bad thing, Tommy;
You should not give way to passion.

TOMMY.

Should or should not, Í couldn't help it;
Billy's word it was that did it;
I 'm as sorry as you can be,
Í was put into a passion.

MASTER.

Use your reason, and you will not
Fall into a passion, Tommy;
Reason 's cool and calm and placid,
Never falls into a passion.

TOMMY.

To be sure, sir; but awáy flew
Reason, at the word, "you liar!"
And, in reason's place, came passion —
Í 'd have torn his very eyes out.

MASTER.

Thére the wróng was.

TOMMY.

Sir, I know it;
'Twas a wróng thing, and I 'm sorry;
But I could no more have helped it
Than I could have stopped my héart's beat.

MASTER.

Ít was wrong, and yóu must therefore
Be severely punished, Tommy;
Bread and water for a whole week;
And three pandies, night and morning.

TOMMY.

I deserve it, and I hópe 'twill
Make my passion slower, next time;
Make my reason not awáy fly
Quite so quick, when Í 'm called liar.

MASTER.

All right, Tommy; that 's a góod boy;
And I 'm glad you 're so repentant.
Go now and pray tó your Maker
To forgive you for your passion.

TOMMY.

No, sir; never. 'Twas my Maker
Gave me reason, both, and passion;
Made the one so strong and sudden,
Made so weak and slow, the other.

To suppose my Maker angry
At my being what he máde me,
Is the same as to suppose he 's
Passionate himself, or silly.

Yóu mayn't like me as he máde me,
And may punish me to chángé me;
I submit; it 's my misfortune
— I myself don't think I 'm wéll made —

But my Maker cannot bláme me;
As he made me, so he hás me.
Why he made me so, I knów not;
That 's his business, none of mine, sir.

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Sept. 16, 1858.

IRA DEUM.

FROM my youth up, I 've put small faith in judgments,
And have been wont to see in the quick lightnings,
And hear in the loud thunder, not the voice
And quivering missiles of an angry God,
But the reagency of inert matter,
The workings of attraction and repulsion,
The play of elements, the game of chance;
Even at the tóp height of the storm, I 've scoffed,
Presented my bare head, and bid it strike:
But, seven church-steeple splintered in one night,
The very bélls fused, and the balls and crosses
Flung from their pinnacles to lie in dunghills! —
I own myself a convert; Heaven 's awake,
And to abate the first, most crying nuisance,
Sets himself, first; Astraea to the earth
Returns from her long exile. Truth, cheer up;
Down-beaten Honesty, lift high thy head.

EDENVILLE, Oct. 11, 1858.

THE poet's proper aim, they say, 's to please —
To please, by áll means; if he can, to instruct;
And hé best poet is, who pleases most;
Second-best poet he, who most instructs.
So bé it: the fírst place give to Moore and Byron,
And bid me stánd down, lowly, in the second;
For mý aim, mý one, sóle aim 's to instruct,
And *sapere* my *fons* is, and *principium*,
And, for the waters of that fountain sometimes
Taste brackish, I mix with them honey drops
The Muse culls fór me out of cowslip bells
And wíld thyme, growing high upon Parnassus.
Drink freely, reader, of the fear-dispelling,
Fiend-exorcising draught, and be a man.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 6, 1858.

HEADACHE and heartache, toothache and the rheum
Divide his hours between them, leaving scarce
Vacance sufficient, to the demigod,
For eating, drinking, toilette, toil and sleep.
And then he dies — alas, poor demigod! —
And goes to heaven, unwilling; there to live
In perfect bliss, a disembodied spirit,
And, without help of heart, lungs, voice or breath,
Loud hallelujahs chant for evermore.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 2, 1858.

LEARN something every day, and every night
Lie wiser down than you arose in the morning,
— A youthful, empty head 's ridiculous
Upon old shoulders — only in religion
And politics learn nothing; abiding, still,
Unflinching faithful to the first-learned creed,
— Your mother's, or your nurse's, or grandmother's —
And, of your father's party, to the death.
So shall no man, with scornful finger pointing,
Say "There he goes, the renegade; the turncoat";
And so, when death relieves thee from this flesh,
Thy spirit shall ascend to heaven, secure
Of a reserved seat among God's elect,
The faithful found, through good report and ill,
The immovable by argument of reason.

Walking from DALKEY to EDENVILLE, November, 1858.

WHERE thrée roads met, stood Hecate with three heads,
Looking, with every head, a different way.
On the confines of Hades and the light,
Three-headed Cerberus barked three different ways:
Toward earth, and deepest hell, and highest heaven.
Baton in óne hand, héaven's keys in the other,
On Jove's gold threshold stood ambiguous Janus,
And, with two different heads, looked different ways.
Art thóu a monster too? hast thóu two heads,
Or thrée heads, that thou so lookest different ways:
Toward earth, at once, and heaven and deepest hell?

Nay, I belie thee, friend; thou dost but squint;
Standest on earth one-headed, and toward heaven
Blink'st with the óne eye, tóward hell with the other.
Come, come; cease fooling; dare to be a man,
A habitant — as thou art — of this, one world;
And heaven to angels leave, and hell to devils,
And, with thy óne head and two eyes, look straight.

Walking from EDENVILLE to FASSAROE in the Co. WICKLOW, Sept. 11, 1858.

THEIST AND ATHEIST.

THEIST.

EVERY thing has a cause, my atheist friend,
And that which causes every thing is God.

ATHEIST.

If every thing a cause has, theist friend,
Either your God is nothing, or is caused.
If he is nothing, how is he your God?
And how is he your God, if he is caused?
In either case he 's not the cause of all,
And, not being cause of all, is not your God.

THEIST.

I own, it is above our human reason.

ATHEIST.

Nay, theist friend, no paltering; not above,
But contrary point-blank to, human reason:
Reason's conclusion 's positive: "not your God."

THEIST.

Then I give reason up, vain human reason,
And cling to faith, where only I find truth.

ATHEIST.

Renouncing reason, me too you renounce;
I parley only with the rational —
A keeper, here, and cell, for the insane!

EDENVILLE, Oct. 1, 1858.

EASIEST of all to understand, is that
In which there is no manner of sense at all;
The APOCALYPSE, for instance, or a sonnet
Of Wordsworth's on the purling Duddon stream,
Or Mrs. Browning's SERAPHIM august,
Or Pollok's COURSE OF TIME, magnificent.
These are the works for vulgar intellects suited;
Here I 'm at home, at ease; expatiate here;
These are the golden fields which yield like harvest
To my blunt, and to Newton's trenchant, sickle.
Gracious Apollo, never let me want
New Wordsworths, Brownings new, and new Saint Johns
And Polloks, and I 'll never, while I 've breath,
Cease to adore thy name, and chant thy praise.
Walking from EDENVILLE to DALKEY, Oct. 30, 1858.

TO A BABY SMILING IN ITS CRADLE.

ENOUGH for thee — sweet, smiling babe —
Thy coral bells and cradle's span;
Thou 'lt with a world be discontent,
When grown up to a man;

And thou 'lt forget the smiling babe,
Its coral bells and cradle's span,
And arrogate, beyond the clouds,
Another world for Man.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 16, 1860.

DORA AND HER MAID OF ALL WORK.

A true story.

DORA had a maid of all work,
Who was cook, at once, and butler,
Housemaid, kitchen-maid, and laundress,
Milked the cows and made the butter.

Eight long years with Dora, Betty
Lived through every change of weather,
Storm and rain and hail and sunshine,
Smiles and frowns and praise and chiding.

None so well as Betty knéw her
Mistress's and master's kidney;
None so well as Betty máde her
Action handmaid to her knowledge.

Betty had been reared religious,
And didn't doubt that both her master
And her mistress would to héll go,
For she knew they hadn't the ríght faith.

But no word of this said Betty,
Lest she might not get so snúg place
And so good and kind a mistress,
Even among God's own elected.

Só when Dora staid at hóme on
Sundays, Betty staid at home, too,
Ánd would scour a pot or kettle,
Íf need were, and no one lòoking;

Nay, would risk, a very ódd time,
An ungodly innuendo,
Íf she had a point to gain, and
Clear and cloudless shone the welkin.

Éight years so, they lived together,
Maid and mistress, well contented,
— Dora, with her clever servant,
With her good, kind mistress, Betty —

When, in luckless hour, behold! the
String, gave way, of Betty's pocket,
And, before the mistress' ówn eyes,
Betty's plunder strowed the carpet: —

"Betty! Betty! what 's all this?" said
Betty's mistress, pale and trembling,
"All my care and pains and teaching,
Thése long éight years, gone for nothing!"

"Ít 's no harm," said Betty, sturdy,
"Í did only what the rést do;
Every one takes tea and sugar,
Bread and meat and cold potatoes."

"I expected better óf you;
Ín my house I 'll not a thíef keep;
Go in peace," said Dora, sadly,
And upon the spot discharged her: —

"Yóu 'll put 'honest' in the paper?"
"No, indeed; that were a fóul lie;
Án encouragement to theft, a
Gross injustice to the honest."

"I 'm as honest as there néed be;
Honester you 'll nót find many;
Íf you 're wise you 'll either kéep me,
Ór write 'honest' in the paper."

"Í 'm not wise, and won't do either,"
Dora said, and packed off Betty,
Though her héart bled to discharge her
Without 'honest' in her paper.

"Bút I have no choice," said Dora;
"Í should be the thief's accomplice,
Were I in my house to kéeep her,
Or subscribe my name to 'honest'."

Betty 's gone to Dora's neighbour,
Shows her paper, tells her story;
Matty hires her on the instant;
All the country laughs at Dora.

Betty's néw place is a góod one,
Than her old one, has more pickings;
Betty 's lauded, Matty envied;
All the country laughs at Dora.

Matty has got a clever servant;
Á religious mistress, Betty:
Nót one word against the trúe faith,
Íf you 'd keep your néw place, Betty;

But to chapel go, or meeting,
Every Sunday round the whóle year,
With white, folded handkerchief, and
Bible, in your hand, or prayerbook;

Ánd fear nothing, though all wéek through,
Every day, it 's Matty's wonder,
That the stripper 's run so néar dry,
That the oatmeal sack 's so empty.

Nothing fear; you 're quíte safe, Betty;
Matty will discharge you 'honest',
Ánd you 'll get a better place than
Dora's ever was, or Matty's;

Or, if things come to the worst, and
Matty won't the lie direct sign,
Says she 'd rather bear the odium —
Whát need Betty care for 'honest'?

Matty's self took her without it,
Matty's bést friend will the sáme do;
Forward, Betty, with a stóut heart;
Put your trust in God, and thieve on.

In the meantime Dora lóoks out
For another maid of áll work,
And, long searching, lights at last on
And to terms with 'honest' Róse comes.

Rose is lazy, awkward, stupid;
Scarce knows how to boil the kettle,
Or the clóth lay, or the ców's milk,
Not to talk of making butter.

Óne half Dora's work 's left úndone,
Dora's self the other hálf does,
Scrubs and brushes, leads a sláve's life;
Every night, lies, tired, in béd, down;

Every morning, rises early
Tó help Rose on with her dáy's work,
Frets and fumes and scolds, alternate,
Often thinks of clever Betty,

But says nothing, still works ón with
Stupid Rose, for Rose is honest —
Dó you knów why, gentle reader?
Rose's pocket-string 's a stróung one.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, July 20, 1859.

"Anbete du das Feuer hundert Jahr,
Dann fall' hinein und dich frisst's mit Haut und Haar."
GOETHE.

A HUNDRED years long, to the fire thou mayst pray;
At the end, it will burn thee as 't did the first day.
And pray to the water a hundred years long,
At the end, it will drown thee, so says the old song;
And the old song says right, and right says Goethe too,
Though I own I would rather have heard something new.

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

MONK MARTIN.

A BOLDER rebel against God than Korah,
Monk Martin broke his vows and married Bora.
Satan would not his friend leave in the lurch,
And whispered in his ear: — "Reform the Church."
The Monk the hint took, and the Reformation
Bléw from a spark into a conflagration:
Gray-headed men took lessons from raw youth,
Bold heresy was preached in name of truth,
The laity the cup got, and the priest,
From his celibatary vow released,
A ring slipped on his penitent's fair hand,
And soul and body placed at her command;
And bishops brought their wives with them to court;
And Satan in his sleeve laughed at the sport.

Returning from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 29, 1860.

FIDEI CONFESSIO.

I DON'T know where heaven is, or what is heaven,
Or why there should be any heaven at all;
Of hell I know as little; and of limbo,
If it be possible, I know still less.

Nothing is good to me but what I like,
Nor any thing but what I don't like, bad.
My likings and dislikings are instinctive,
By habit, modified, and circumstance,
And changeable, with change of time and place,
Into their opposites, respectively.

There 's no such thing as absolute right and wrong:
What right is, by one rule, is wrong by another;
And vice versa. So the selfsame thing
Is, at the selfsame time, both right and wrong;
And every thing in the whole world, is right,
And wrong, in the whole world, is every thing.

My will is free, for will means but free will;
My acts are free too, being my free will's acts:
But my free will is caused, and not by me;
Caused, therefore, not by me are my free acts;
For which, however, because done by me,
Though not by me caused, I 'm responsible
To every thing or person they affect,
To the fire, if into it I put my hand,

To Man, as to the viper, if I go
Néar him or touch; and every thing to me
Is in like wise responsible that comes
Néar me or touches — viper, fire, or Man.
Every existence is responsible
To every other, is reacted-on
By that on which it acts; and what men call,
Par excellence, responsibility,
Is neither more nor less than the accustomed
Reaction of the whole upon the part,
Society's upon the individual.
That which society approves, is moral;
Immoral, what society disapproves.
According to its likings and dislikings,
Society approves or disapproves.
With change of time and place and circumstance,
Society's likings and dislikings change,
Even as the individual's — for, made up
Of individuals is society —
And moral is, today, and praised and honored,
What, yesterday, was punished as a crime;
And that, today, is punished as a crime,
Which, yesterday, was moral, praised and honored.
Ay! there 's an alchemy in time and place,
Potent to turn the malefactor's gibbet
Into the saint's palm and the martyr's crown;
Or as the case may be, the martyr's crown
And saint's palm, into ignominious gibbet.

I have a soul, they say, must have a soul,
For matter is not conscious, cannot think:
And so the question 's settled, I 've a soul.
And then the question comes: what is a soul?
And then the answer comes: an immaterial,
Spiritual, subtle thing, to matter joined,
To think for matter, which can't think for itself.
Agreed; and this same immaterial, subtle,
Spiritual thing whose evidence is thought,
What is it, in plain terms, but thought itself,

The property or attribute of some,
As gravitation of all, forms of matter?

Of death I nothing know but that it 's death,
The end of life, the extinction of the spark —
Never again to glow among these embers.

I have no faculties that reach beyond
The confines of the universe; can conceive
Nothing outside of time, outside of space.
Cause and effect are but paired antecedent
And consequent, within the universe,
A sequence which implies both time and space.
Seek'st still beyond the universe a cause
To make and govern 't? Nay, thou seekest not,
Thou hast already found one. Let me see it:
Why, that 's a second universe to explain
The existence of the first. Well! I 'm content;
But thóu, to be consistent, must invent
A third, to explain the existence of the second,
A fourth, to explain the third — and so, for ever.

Healthy, my creed; limps on no gouty toe;
Needs no supporting crutch of priest or prophet,
Angel or council, miracle or Book.
Take 't, if thou likest it; leave 't, if lik'st it not:
Truth busies not herself with making converts.

Walking from ROSAMOND to TIBRADDEN (Co. DUBLIN), May 13, 1859.

"THE conscious water saw its God and blushed."
Ay, pious Crashaw; blushed to have such a God.

ROSAMOND, August 1, 1859.

"If it 's right to dó it,
Gód will dó it
 Without your praying;
If it 's wrong to dó it,
Gód won't dó it,
 For áll your sáying;

"When the horse has need,
Sends him his feed,
 Without his neighing;
Won't, for the ass,
Turn stones to grass,
 For all his braying,"

In aunty's ear,
At morning prayer,
 Lisped 'Tommy, once;
Then down-stairs ran
To thrée-hole-span —
 The little dunce!

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

KNOW thyself, said Apollo. Oúr God says
Know thyself not, touch not the tree of knowledge.
Oúr God is right; the ignorant alone
— Bear witness, playful, envied child — is happy.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 15, 1860.

IT is a star. — And what 's to me a star,
A twinkling star, up there in the dark sky?
Nothing, not even so much as a grain of sand
Or mustard-seed, which I may touch or taste,
Or moss-rose bud which I am free to sméll to;
And yet, methinks, it is a greater world,
Fuller of joys and sorrows than even this,
Fuller of hopes and fears and change and death,
But not more idle, false, and to no purpose.

ROSAMOND, July 22, 1859.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, or it may be seventy,
The clock was made, wound up, and set a-ticking;
And, from that day to this, kept ticking on,
Summer and winter, day and night, incessant,
Not for its ówn good or to please itself,
But in obedience to the mechanist
Who, for his ówn ends, set it first a-going,
And placed it where it best might serve his purpose;
And now that it 's worn out and cracked and silent
And to its lást end come, thou pitiest it,
Forsooth, and makest over it thy moan
— Goodnatured man! — because its task 's performed,
Its labour at an end, and not because
"Twill never more help thee to count thy time.

ROSAMOND, July 21, 1859.

JOCKEY AND SPORTSMAN.

JOCKEY.

Two famous hunters, Sceptic and Believer,
Stand saddled in the stable, choose between them.
Believer 's headstrong, leaps before he looks,
And never was a ditch so broad and deep,
Or fence so high, that he 'd refuse to take it.
But Sceptic 's cautious, looks before he leaps,
And goes so safe and sure, a child might ride him.

SPORTSMAN.

Turn out Believer; he 's the nag for mé,
To ride the steeple-chase and win the cup.
Mount you on cautious Sceptic, and come after.

JOCKEY.

Very well, sir; and, if you chance to fall,
Sceptic and I will pick your Honor up:
Soh, Sceptic! stand! — Away now! — Tally-ho!

ROSAMOND, April 29, 1859.

STONE-BLIND, Assisi's saint; else, with so long
And steadfast contemplation, he had seen
Not into, only, but quite through, the Godhead —
Stay, I am wrong; the more your saints consider,
The less they understand, and *tout en règle*
Was holy Saint Franciscus of Assisi.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

IMPOSSIBLE, impossible remains,
In spite of Gods', in spite of mortals', pains;
And POSSIBLE requires no God to dó it —
Your silliest child, ere you mistaught him, knéw it.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THE difference esséntial betwéen man and béast,
I once héard a fool sáy, is that mán needs a priest,
And to héaven or to héll, must go, either;
While the béast is so hónest, so símple, so trúe,
With a priest he has nóthing, while líving, to dó,
And, when déad, goes to héaven or hell, néither.

ROSAMOND, May 14, 1860.

GOD either did not choose, or was not áble,
Making this world so fair, to make it stable
At the same time; so, when it got a kick,
Away it went, a-trundling, to Old Nick.
To get it back, God tugged with all his might,
But Satan, in his stróng clutch, held it tight;
A bit broke off, which God got for his pains;
With Satan, to this day, the rest remains.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 5, 1860.

ONCE upon a time I prayed God
That he 'd kindly please to give me
Sana mens in corpore sano;
And God gave me what I prayed for.

Foolish man! that did not pray for
Impudence, and ease of manner,
And a supple, ductile conscience,
And the one and only true faith.

For I 'd like to know what good in
Sana mens in corpore sano,
With the whole world laughing at you
Just because you are such an odd fish?

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

From the Uighur.

So gross and impious fanatics, these Rayas,
As to believe, the spiritual God
— The maker of the world and all things in it —
Entered a woman's body and was born,
And eat and drank, digested, and wore clothes,
And at the trade, worked, of a carpenter,
And went about, poor, suffering, and despised,
And died and in the grave was laid a corpse,
Which there became live flesh and blood again,
And rose out of the earth, and eat and drank,
Talked, walked, and did, in all things, as before,
Till suddenly, one day, in sight of all,

It soared into the air away, and vanished.
Stranger and more incredible than this,
And more impossible, they believe, these Rayas,
That this same God — who took with him his body
Up through the air to heaven, and bodily
Sits there upon his throne amidst the angels —
Is eaten daily by them and his blood
Drunk daily — horrible abomination,
Not even by cannibals to be perpetrated!

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 3, 1859.

THE LAMB AND ITS SHEARER.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

SHEARER.

NAY, nay, my pretty lamb, you must not struggle so;
No harm will happen to you; God is good and kind, you know,
And will temper to the shorn lamb the sharp and biting wind;
So stand quiet till I clip you, and be patient and resigned.

LAMB.

It's not enough to rob me, but you must humbug too!
Why doesn't your good and kind God temper the wind to you?
And if the wind's not cold, but tempered soft and warm,
What need have you of *my* coat to shield you from the storm?
So let me go, dissembler false, more cruel and unkind
'Than hail and rain and frost and snow, and sharp and biting wind.

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

RELIGIONS change; the new drives out the old;
But foolish Man remains religious ever.

ROSAMOND, May 6, 1860.

THOU need'st not punish us, revengeful Maker,
For disobeying thy behest, and eating
The tempting fruit thy goodness placed in our way;
Poison enough the fruit, to be, without
More pains-taking of thine, our deep damnation.
Thy second hell, thy still more deep damnation,
Bestow not upon us, but in reserve
Keep for some new creation of thy love,
Some still more favored offspring of almighty
Power, wisdom, forecast, and beneficence.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 16, 1860.

AWAY with Gods! away with Fate!
Away with Fortune! mine estate
Lies in my right hand; what I do,
Nor Gods, Fate, Fortune can undo.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THERE is one folly which exceeds all others,
And that one folly is the resurrection;
Life, when all things which with life have relation,
All things which make life possible, have perished;
Life, after life is over — Fool! O fool!

ROSAMOND, May 11, 1860.

IT is a lovely sight to see
All nature with one mind agree
To praise the God takes care of all
Created things, both great and small:
Both of the herring and the whale,
Both of the duck and of the snail,
Both of the fly and of the spider,
Both of the steed and of the rider,
Both of the buyer and the seller,
Both of the liar and truth-teller,
Both of the tree and of the ax,
Both of the tax-payer and tax,
Both of the flax and of the scutcher,
Both of the lamb and of the butcher,
Both of the eater and the eaten,
Both of the beater and the beaten,
Both of the loser and the winner,
Both of the sinned against, and sinner,
Both of the greyhound and the hare,
Both of the rabbit and the snare,
Both of the honey and the bear,
Both of the chicken and the kite,
Both of the black man and the white,
Both of the patient and the doctor,
Both of the heir and of the proctor,
Both of the colt and the colt-bréaker,
Both of the thief and the thief-táker,
Both of the fool and of the wise man,
Both of the malt and the exciseman,
Both of the catch-poll and the debtor,
Both of the partridge and the setter,

Both of the ass and of the cadger,
Both of the bull-dog and the badger,
Both of the good and of the evil,
Both of Saint Michael and the Devil;
Both of the ship snug on the stocks,
And of the ship dashed on the rocks
Or on a sandbank run aground
And every soul it carried, drowned;
Both of the train that at the station
Disgorges safe its population,
And of the train that off the line
Runs helter-skelter down th' incline,
Making a smash of heads, arms, legs,
As if they were so many eggs.
Ah! hard of heart and reprobate,
That not in Providence but Fate
The spinner of the totum see,
Repent in time, and praise, with me,
The God that takes such care of all
Created things, both great and small,
Assists not church alone and nation
In action and deliberation,
But stánds by, while I nib my pen,
To help, if there be need — amen!

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

NAPOLEON, ambidexter, with one hand
Props up the Pope, with the other pulls him down;
The Pope, in gratitude, props up Napoleon
With óne hand, with the other pulls him down;
So down they bóth go, down, sing derry down,
Down, down, sing derry down. When rogues fall out,
Honest men have a chance to come by their own.

ROSAMOND, March, 1860.

"Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore."

PRAY Heaven forgive me! but I never hear
Church bells or see a priest, I do not think
Of the poor horse and spurred and booted rider.

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

PRO DEO, LEGE, REGE. Why? because
Weak, and in need of help, God, king, and laws.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

SOME say the world by accident was made;
The world was by design made, others say.
Fools! that know not that making and design
And accident are but parts of the world.

ROSAMOND, Octob. 5, 1859.

THE TENTH BEATITUDE.

ALL these are blest; but doubly blest
Are those who don't believe:
Who nothing from the Lord expect,
How can he them deceive?

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

WHY did God give Man reason, make him wise,
But that he should trust neither ears nor eyes?
Why did God give Man faith, but lest he should
Become, by reason, too wise and too good?

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

IT is an apple — Ay me! so it is;
So harmless looking, yet so full of harm!
Stay; not so headlong fast; let me consider:
The harm was in the tasting, not the apple.
Yet made the apple, only to be tasted;
So in the apple's maker, was the harm.
But for the tasting, there had been no harm;
But for the apple, there had been no tasting;
But for the maker, there had been no apple;
So from the maker solely came the harm.
The maker made the taster, both, and apple;
So from the maker doubly came the tasting,
And doubly from the maker came the harm.

ROSAMOND, July 24, 1859.

JOVE reigns supreme in heaven, and Dis in hell,
But the earth's sovereign 's the "almighty dollar."

ROSAMOND, June 25, 1859.

SCEPTIC AND BELIEVER.

BELIEVER.

It 's true, good Sceptic; therefore I believe it.

SCEPTIC.

But why is 't true? First answer me that question.

BELIEVER.

What I believe so firmly, must be true.
Kill me you may, but never while I live,
Never, shall you persuade me it is false.
Stronger than human reason is my faith;
God has declared it true, God can't deceive.

SCEPTIC.

Other men by their Gods have been deceived.

BELIEVER.

Theirs were false Gods; my God 's the God of truth.

SCEPTIC.

Please be so good, sir, not to beg the question,
But show why true your God, and none but yours.

BELIEVER.

Blasphemer, silence! tempt not the Lord God;
Nor with your Baals and Ashtaroths compare
The living, everlasting Elohim.

SCEPTIC.

'Do manus victas', and in Reason's name,
And in the name of Common Sense, beg pardon.

ROSAMOND, April 29, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

I.

THE CREATION.

ÓN the dáy before the first day,
God was tired with doing nothing,
And determined tó rise early
On the néxt day and do sómething.

So, upon the néxt day, Gód rose
Very early, and the light made —
You must know that úntil thát day
God had always lived in darkness: —

“Bravo! bravo! that ’s a góod job,”
Sáid God, when his eye the líght caught:
“Now, I think, I ’ll try and máke me
A convenient place to líve in.”

So, upon the néxt day, Gód rose
Át the dawn of light, and héaven made,
Ánd, from thát day forward, never
Wanted a snug box to líve in: —

“Well! a little work is pleasant,”
Sáid God, “and besides it ’s useful;
What a pity I ’ve so lóng sat
Dumping, mumping, doing nothing!”

So, upon the thírd day, Gód made
Thís round ball of land and water,
Ánd, with ríght thumb and forefinger,
Set it, like teetotum, spinning;

Spinning, twirling like tectotum,
Round and round about, the ball went,
While God clapped his hands, delighted,
And called th' angels tó look át it.

Whó made th' angels? if you ásk me,
Í reply: — that 's more than Í know;
For if Gód had, Í don't dóubt but
Hé 'd have put them in his catalogue;

But no matter — sóme one máde them,
Ánd they came about him flocking,
Wondering at the sudden fit of
Manufacturing thát had taken him: —

"Ít 's a pretty ball," they áll said;
"Do, pray, tell us what 's the úse of it;
Won't you make a gréat many óf them?
Wé would like to see them trundling."

"Wait until tomorrow," sáid God,
"Ánd I think I 'll show you something;
Thís is quite enough for óne day,
Ánd you know I 'm but beginning."

So, abóut noon, ón the fóurth day,
Gód called th' ángels all abóut him,
Ánd showed thém the great big ball he 'd
Made to gíve light tó the líttle one.

"What!" said th' angels, "such a big ball,
Just to gíve light tó a líttle one!
Thát 's bad management, and you knów, too.
Yóu had plenty of light without it."

"Nót quite plenty," sáid God, snappish,
"For the light I made the first day,
Álthough good, was rather scanty,
Scarce enough for me to wórk by.

“And besides how wás it possible,
Íf I hād not made the ‘big ball,
Tó have given the little one séasons,
Days and years and nights and mornings?

“So, you see, there was nothing fór it
But to fix the little ball steady,
Ánd, abóut it, set the big one
Topsy-turvyng as you hére see.”

“Ít ’s the big ball wé see steady,
Ánd the little one round it whirling,”
Said the angels, bý the gréat light
Dazzled, and their eyebrows shading: —

“None of your impertinence,” sáid God,
Growing móre vexed every moment;
“Í know that, as well as yóu do,
Bút I dón’t choose yóu should sáy it.

“I have set the big ball steady,
Ánd the little one spinning róund it,
Bút I ’ve told you just the opposite,
Ánd the opposite yóu must swéar to.”

“Anything you say, we ’ll swéar to,”
Said the angels, humbly bowing;
“Have you anything more to shów us?
We ’re so fond of exhibitions.”

“Yes,” said God, “what was deficient
In the lighting of the little ball,
With this pretty moon I ’ve máde up,
Ánd these little, twinkling stárs here.”

“Wasn’t the big ball big enough?” said
With simplicity the angels: —
“Couldn’t, without a miracle,” sáid God,
“Shine at once on back and frónt side.”

"Thére you 're quíte right," said the angels,
"Ánd we think you show your wisdom,
Ín not squandering miracles ón those
Who believe your word without them.

"Bút do tell us why you 've só far
Fróm your little ball put your little stars;
Óne would think they didn't belong to it;
Scárce one ín a thousand shínes on it."

"To be sure I could have pláced them
Só much nearer," said God smiling,
"Thát the little ball would have been as
Wéll lit with some millions fewer;

"Bút I 'd like to know of whát use
Tó th' Omnípotent such ecónomy —
Cán't I make a million million stars
Quite as easily as óne star?"

"Right, again," said th' ángels; "thére can
Bé no manner of doubt about it."
"Thát 's all now," said God; "tomorrow,
Come again, and yé shall móre see."

When the angels came the néxt day,
God indeed had not been idle,
Ánd they saw the little ball swarming
Wíth all kinds of living creatures.

Thére they went in pairs, the creatures,
Óf all sizes, shapes and colors,
Stalking, hopping, leaping, climbing,
Crawling, burrowing, swimming, flying,

Squealing, singing, roaring, grunting,
Barking, braying, mewing, howling,
Chuckling, gabbling, crowing, quacking,
Cawing, croaking, buzzing, hissing.

Such assembly there has never,
Fróm that dáy down, been on eárrh seen;
Fróm that dáy down, such a concert
Thére has never been on eárrh heard;

Fór, there, ramping and their maker
Praising in their various fashions,
Wére all Gód's created species,
Áll except the fossilized ones;

Fór whose absence on that greát day,
Thé most líkely cause assigned yet,
Ís that théy were quite forgotten
Ánd would nótt go uninvited.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,
Áll th' unfossilized ones wére there,
Striving which of them would noisiest
Praise bestow upon their maker.

"Well," said th' angels, when they 'd looked on
Silently, some time, and listened;
"Well, you surely have a stránge taste;
What did you make all thése queer things for?"

"Come tomorrow and I 'll shów you,"
Sáid God, gleeful, his hands rubbing;
"All you 've yét seen 's a mere nóthing
Tó what yóu shall see tomorrow."

So, when th' angels came the néxt day
Áll tiptoe with expectation,
Ánd stretched necks and eyes and ears out
Tówards the néw world, Gód said tó them: —

"Thére he is, my last and best work;
Thére he is, the nóble créature;
Í told yóu, you shóuld see sómething;
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?"

"Where, where is he?" said the angels;
"We see nothing but the little ball
With its big ball, moon and little stars
And queer, yelping, capering kickshaws."

"I don't well know what you mean by
Kickshaws," said God, scarcely quite pleased,
"But, among my creatures yonder,
Don't you see one nobler figure?"

"By his strong, round, tail-less buttocks,
And his flat claws you may know him,
Even were he not so like me
That we might pass for twin brothers."

"Now we see him," said the angels;
"How is 't possible we overlooked him?
He 's indeed your very image,
Only smaller and less handsome."

"So I hope the mystery 's cleared up,"
Said God, with much self-complacence,
"And you are no longer puzzled
What I 've been about, these six days."

"Even th' Almighty," said the angels,
"May be proud of such chef-d'oeuvre,
Such magnificent and crowning
Issue of a six days' labor."

"But we 're curious to know whether
He 's as good inside as outside,
As substantial and enduring
As he 's fair to see, and specious."

Hére a deep sigh rent God's bosom,
And a shade came o'er God's features: —
"Ah," he cried, "were ye but honest,
And no traitor stood amongst ye!"

"Then indeed this were a gréat work,
Then indeed I were too happy;
Ah! it 's too bad, downright too bad,
Bút I 'll — sháll I? yes, I 'll lét you;

"Let you disappoint and frét me,
Let you disconcert my whóle plan —
Why, of all my virtues, shóuld I
Leave unpractised only patience?

"There he is, my noblest, bést work;
Take him, do your pleasure with him;
After all, perhaps I 'll find some
Means to patch my broken saucer.

"Now begone! don't lét me sée you
Here again, till Í send fór you;
Í 'm tired working, and intend to
Rest my weary bones tomorrow."

Só God láy late on the néxt day,
Ánd, the whóle day long, did nothing
But reflect upon his ill luck
Ánd the gréat spite of the angels;

Ánd God said: — "Because I 've rested
Áll this séventh day, ánd done nothing,
Éach seventh day shall bé kept holy
Ánd a day of rest, for ever."

Ánd as Gód said and commanded,
Só it is now, ánd still sháll be:
Áll hard wórk done ón each séventh day,
Tó each fírst day all respect shown.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Jan. 21, 1855.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

II.

ADAM AND EVE.

Nów I 'll tell you — story second —
Hów God made his noblest, bést work —
Made the man and made the woman,
With the strong, round, tail-less buttocks.

God took dust — about three bushels
Very fíne dust, without mixture
Óf quartz rubbish, grit or pebble —
Wet, and kneaded it, with water.

— Náy, nay; Í don't mean such water
Ás Jove, Mercury and Neptune
Wet the cow's hide with, when áll three
Set about to make Orion —

With rain water God the dúst mixed,
Kneaded, moulded into figure,
Till head, face and trunk and fóur limbs
Wore his own most perfect likeness.

Thén in through its nose God bléw till
All its lungs were full of Gód's breath,
And its heart went pít-pat, pít-pat,
And it stóod up, on its twó legs,

And, about it, looked, and wondered,
And a hóp step and three júmps took,
Chattered like a daw or magpie,
Like a kitten, playful capered.

Now there was in Eden, eastward,
Planted by God's self, a garden;
There, it was, God put his image,
Bade him líve in it, dress and keep it:

Not because he was a gardener,
Or knew anything of gardening,
Nor because the garden needed
To be dressed or taken care of;

For the ground had nót been cúrsed yet,
And produced no thorns nor thistles;
Every thing went of itsélf right;
All was good and in perfection;

But he put him there to tempt, and
Try if he could catch him napping,
Laid a regular trap fór him —
Sure ,enough, he fell plump into' it.

Now you 'll say that God was cunning,
When I tell you how he did it:
— Like as tó himself he máde Man,
Hé didn't máke Man half so cunning —

In the middle of the garden,
Full in thé man's sight he set a
Tree with goodly apples laden,
Fair to see, and fragrant smelling,

Thén said to the man: — "Thou shált not,
Fair although they be, and fragrant,
Eat or touch one single apple —
Úpon pain of death, thou shált not.

"Eat thou mayst of all the other
Apples in the garden growing,
But of this tree if thou touchest
Even one apple, thou 'rt a déad man."

Só God said, and brought a deep, sound
Sleep on Adam, his beloved son;
Then, while he was sleeping, came and
Opened one, no matter which, side;

Cautious opened, and took out a
Rib too many he had given him;
Then the wound, as cautious, héaled up,
Adam never once perceiving.

In the rib God flesh and bone had,
Ready to his hand provided,
So it took but little trouble
Tó make out of it a néw man.

Twin to twin was never liker,
Than the néw man God made óf it,
And to Adam gave, to bé his
Loving helpmate, Eve, first woman.

Só far, só good; if the mán 's stiff,
Óf himself won't touch the apple,
Woman 's curious, and will likely
Nibble, and persuade her husband.

Pretty sure, now; but to máke still
Surer, safer, God a serpent
Put into the garden with them,
Full of subtilty and malice,

And, because the serpent cóuld not,
Without knowledge of their language,
Use his fórked tongue to beguile them,
How to speak their language, taught him.

What their language was, I know not;
Hebrew, Sanscrit or Chaldean —
Some say it was Paradisiac;
Celtic, some; some, Abyssinian —

But the serpent knew, and thus said
To the woman in her language: —
“It ’s a very pretty story
God has told you and your husband,

“Thát ye shall die in the dáy ye
Taste, or touch, one of these apples.
Pshaw! don’t mind him; hé ’d fain kéeep all
Wisdom to himself, and knowledge.

“Whát for áre they, but for éating?
Who ’s to eat, but you and Adam?
Put your hánd forth, pluck and éat one,
And be wise as he, and knowing.”

What should Éve do, silly woman,
Who knew neither good nor evil,
Could not tell what either méant till
Shé had first the apple tasted?

And the serpent was so pretty,
And so sweetly spoke her language,
And was one of God’s own creatures,
Ín God’s garden, sporting, wíth her;

And the apple, on the bráncH, there,
Hung so ripe and round and mellow,
And the tree was by God’s ówn hand
Planted, and made grow so néar her;

Ánd she had never even so múch as
Dreamt that God, a jealous Gód was —
A designing, jealous Gód was,
Who would lay a trap to catch her;

Whó would ráin down fire and brimstone
On her gréat-great-gréat-grandchildren;
Whó would slay, in óne night, áll the
Fírst-born in the land of Egypt;

Whó would cút off every soul in
Canaan and the plains of Jordan;
Whó would nó spare even his ówn heir,
Or the bitter cup pass fróm him.

So she stretched — she stretched her hánd out,
Plucked and eat, and gave to Adam,
Who, as God from the beginning
Well had guessed, eat at her bidding.

Then, at last, their eyes were opened,
— All too late and tó no purpose —
And they knew what they had dóne was
Evil, and would be their ruin.

And they said, one to the other,
Knowing now both good and evil: —
“Well! it surely was a fól trick;
Who ’d have thought God would have done it

“Hé is not the God we thought him,
But a cruel, wicked, bád God;
Cóme, make haste and ín the thicket
Let us hide us from his anger.”

Ah! they little knew the Gód from
Whom they thought to hide their faces;
Hé was in the garden spying,
— Taking, as he said, a cóol walk —

Saw them pluck and eat the apple,
Saw the whóle thing, how it happened,
Then, as if he had seen nothing,
Looking simple, called them tó him,

And, what they had been doing, asked them.
When he heard, Lord! if you 'd seen him,
How he cursed and swore and threatened,
How he vowed he 'd have their two lives,

Damned the woman, and the man damned,
Damned the serpent worse than either,
Cursed the very ground they stood on,
The poor ground that had done nothing:

Thorns, it should bring forth, and thistles;
In his sweat, the man should till it;
Pain and sorrow should attend the
Hapless woman in child-bearing.

Then God drove both man and woman
Out before him, and a guard of
Cherubim in Eden, eastward,
With a flaming, fiery sword placed.

High and low, on every side round,
Day and night, the fiery sword flamed —
Shut them out, for ever shut them
Out of Eden's happy garden.

And the two went forth to wander
And spread, far and wide, the story,
And behind them in the garden
Left the serpent cozy nestled.

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 5, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

III.

CAIN AND ABEL.

STORY third is but a short one:
Cain was Abel's elder brother;
Children they were both of Adam,
Eve, of both the boys, was mother.

Bad boys both were; God had taken
Good care they should not be good ones,
For he had cursed both their parents,
Cursed the very ground they stood on.

These two bad boys brought God offerings,
- Fondest, still, to bring God offerings,
Are the worst boys, and most pains take
Always to keep God on their side —

Of the ground's fruit Cain brought offerings;
Firstlings of the flock, brought Abel;
God a lover was of lamb's flesh,
Didn't care much for ears of green corn.

Só God showed respect to Abel,
Said he liked his roast lamb vastly,
And his back turned on the green ears,
Bid Cain give them to the cattle.

Cain grew wroth — was it a wonder? —
Wroth with God and wroth with Abel,
And the countenance of Cain fell,
And he slew his brother Abel.

And God asked Cain where was Abel,
Just as if God did not know well,
And Cain answered: — "Go and seek him;
Am I then my brother's keeper?"

Then God said: — "I 've heard the voice of
Abel's blood up from the ground cry.
Thou hast slain him. I expected
Better from thy parents' son, Cain.

"What use now in all the pains I
Took to teach them to distinguish
Good from evil, that they might know
How to rear up virtuous children?

"Some excuse there was for them, if,
In their ignorance, they offended;
But there's none at all for thee, Cain;
With eyes open thou hast done this.

"So thou 'rt damned: begone for ever!
Out before my face I hunt thee;
And upon thee set my mark, that
Every man may know and shun thee.

"Sevenfold vengeance I will take on
Him that lays on Cain a finger.
Out! begone!" and God drove Cain forth,
Outlawed, with the mark upon him.

Now there was not, in the whole world,
Other man than Cain and Adam;
Other woman, in the whole world,
There was not than Eve, his mother;

So the mark didn't do Cain much harm,
And he went into the land of
Nod, and married, or, as some say,
Into Nod's land took his wife with him.

Who his wife was, Í don't wéll know,
But suspect she was an angel —
Of an angel Cain had need, if
Ever man had need of angel;

But in Nod's land Cain a sòn had,
Ánd in Nod's land built a city,
Enoch — só called from his sòn's name —
'Tmust have been but á small city,

For, to build it, Cain had búť his
Own two báre hands and his wífe's two
And his little son's — with the márk on him,
Who, do you think, besides, would help him,

Éven if Nód's land had been peopled,
Which it wás not? só Cain's city
Was as big as Cain could build it
With his wífe's help and his líttle son's;

Not so big, be sure, as Róme was
Built upon the banks of Tiber
By another and a wórse Cain,
Whóm God never dreamt of óutlawing,

But to heaven took, and rewarded
With a crown of life and glory,
And his city made to flourish,
Ánd reign mistress of the wíde world.

Like a knotless thread, my story
Hére drops from between my fingers,
For what more Cain in the land of
Nod did, or elsewhere, 's not written.

ROSAMOND, May 7, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

IV.

NOAH'S ARK.

WHÓ hasn't héard talk of the deluge
Happened in the time of Noah,
When the whóle earth was so flooded
Even a rice crop could not grów in it,

And the river fishes perished,
Poisoned by the sált sea-water,
And the fishes, in the sált sea,
Could not live, so great the freshes;

And the valleys into lákes turned,
And the mountain tops, to islands,
Islands first, and then, at last, the
Very mountain tops were covered;

Ánd all things that on the éarth lived,
Áll were drowned, both big and little —
Man and woman, bird and béast and
Grub and butterfly and beetle;

Fór God said: — "These men and women
Haven't turned out as I expected;
Í will drown the wicked sinners —
I 'm so sorry that I máde them!

"Pity, the poor birds and beasts, which
Never sinned, are so mixed with them
I must drown them all together;
Póoh! no matter; I can máke more.

"Better, I 'd not made the birds and
Beasts and creeping things and fishes,
Till I 'd seen how Man would túrn out;
'Twas a bungle to make him last.

"But it 's done now; there 's no hélp for it;
Áll must drown, and I must máke more,
Else the néw world will be nó use —
That 's no smáll job; let me thínk of it.

"Stay — I have it now, I have it;
Áll shall nó drown, not even áll men;
Í will keep enough to bréed more,
Save me all the trouble of making.

"Í will keep for seed, of every
Cléan soul, seven, unclean, one couple;
Even of Man himself I 'll kéep four
Couple, if I cán find fóur good."

Só God looked about until he
Hit on Noah and his thrée sons: —
"Thése, with théir four wives, will dó," said
God, and called them ánd said tó them: —

"Í am going to drown the whóle world,
Só make haste and build an ark of
Gopher wood to save yourséives, in,
Ánd the animals Í 'll for séed keep.

"Pitch it well — 'twill be a gréat flood —
Lét there be enough of róom in it;
Put a dóor in it, tó go ín by,
And a window tó let light in.

"Take, of every cléan beást, séven pair,
And one páir of every únclean,
Ánd get in, and don't forget you 'll
Need a góod store of provisions."

So the Noahs did as Gód bid;
Built the ark, and went intó it
With provisions, and the cléan pairs
Ánd uncléan pairs of all creatures.

Ín one lóng day — 'tmust have béen a
Very lóng day — all got sáfe in,
Ánd God cáme and turned the latch-key
Ánd got up the rainy weather.

Ín seven days the world was drowning,
Ánd all things, that hád life, ín it;
Ín seven days the ark was floating,
With its burthen, on the waters;

Such a burthen as had súnk a
Gréat East-Indiaman or frigate,
Hád such ships been built in thóse days,
Ór had Noah known hów to build one.

Scarce had fifty such Armadas
Ás Spain sent to conquer England,
Held the cargo Noah's árked held,
Not to talk of floating with it.

Lions, tigers, bears, and jackals,
Órang-óutangs, there were ín it,
Marikinas, lotongs, kahaús,
Sloths, giraffes, and armadillos,

Wolverines and striped hyaenas,
Fenneks, foxes, wolves, and coatis,
Skunks, racoons, and dasyuri,
Porcupines with all their quills on,

Dogs and cats and bats and peacocks,
Lemur-cattas and galágos,
Cassowaries, dromedaries,
Zebras, antelopes and émeus,

Civets, otters, badgers, pólecats,
Pangolins, ornithorhýnchi,
Guinea-pigs and humming-birds and
Stoats and martens and ichneumons;

Fourmilions and great ant-eaters,
And, of course, the ants to féed them,
Not to speak of ants for breeders,
Ánd straw chips and clay, for ant-hills;

Beavers too, and, for the beavers,
Néw felled trees to make their dáms of;
Water there would be in plenty
Wíthout bringing — so they bróught none;

Neither brought for beaver dams, nor
Brought for washing; good enough for
Either purpose thé flood water,
Though it míght be salt and muddy;

But, as thát wouldn't do for drinking,
Noah buílt vats, broad and deep as
Guinness's great porter vat, or
Heidelberg's far-famous wíne tun,

And outside the ark suspended,
Fore and aft, to catch the ráin in,
Ánd one vat he set apart for
Crocodiles and alligators,

And, outside the ark, to leeward
Hung, and balanced with another
Hung to windward for guillemóts and
Auks and cormorants to díve in;

And, for fear they might get out and
In the flood be lost, he covered
Both the leeward vat and windward
With a strong net, and made all tight;

And by good luck, at the moment,
Finding a large lump of rock salt,
Threw as much, into the áuks' vat,
As would make the water brackish.

Now the elephants were heavy,
Could not easily go up stairs,
So he put them in the middle
Of the first floor, on an extra

Thick and solid gopher planking,
And the hippopotamuses,
Tapirs and rhinoceroses,
On the planking put beside them;

Not because that was the best place
For beasts needing so much water,
But because such heavy ballast
Could not safely be stowed elsewhere;

And, to make amends, — your Noah,
After all, was a good, kind soul —
Gave them douches with the bilge-pump,
Night and morning, when he had time.

But it wasn't enough to make the
Ground floor of his building heavy,
He must keep the top floor light, if
He would have his building steady;

So he put upon the top floor
Nothing but his lightest luggage,
And between the first two storeys
All his heavy bulk divided;

And so cleverly disposed all,
That if God had taken the ark, and
Pitched it from him topsy-turvy,
'Twould have righted, of its own self,

And stood upright on its bottom;
As you have seen a plaything fairy,
When you have set it on its pith end,
Turn, and stand-up on its lead end.

So, upon the top floor, Noah
Put the flies and gnats and sphinxes,
Crickets, grasshoppers, cockroaches,
Glow-worms, aphides, and earwigs;

Stuck the spiders in the corners;
In the chinks, the bugs and woodlice;
Had a dunghill for the beetles,
For the cochineal, a cactus;

At the one end of the same floor,
Set up perches for the turkeys
And the guinea-fowl and péa-fowl
And the cocks and hens and chickens;

At the other end, a dove-cot
And a pigeon-house and swan-house,
And a pheasantry, and yárd for
Grouse and guans and curassows.

No bird-fancier was Noah,
Scarcely even had ear for music;
Pity, for bird-fancier never
More choice had, or greater plenty:

Blackbirds, thrushes, robin-redbreasts,
Siskins, black-caps, and canaries,
Skylarks, titlarks, meadow-pipits,
Wrens and nightingales and warblers,

And the bullfinch and the linnet,
And the mocking-bird and hoopoe,
And the redwing and ring-ouzel,
Stare and oriole and cuckoo;

But he liked as well the screaming
Of the parrakeets and parrots,
And as lief would listen to the
Raven's croak or magpie's chatter;

So he put them all together,
Screamers, whistlers, singers, talkers,
In a cage that filled the whole length,
And the whole height, of one side-wall;

And, upon the opposite side-wall,
In as tall and wide a cage, stowed
Vultures, eagles, albatrosses,
Kites and sparrow-hawks and buzzards,

Gypaëtes and lämmergeiers,
Djous, flyseekers and flycatchers,
Palikours and platyrhynchi,
Owls, shrikes, vangas, and edolii,

And — for Noah better loved peace
Than your Victors and Napoleons —
Chained the strong ones to their perches,
Fenced the weak ones round with wicker.

In Sans Souci Palace garden,
Or Versailles or Hampton Court, thou hast
Seen, no doubt, set in the ground, a
Broad and shallow marble basin

Full of muddy, fetid water,
With gold-fishes swimming in it,
Or a pair of swans upon it,
And sea Triton in the middle.

Thré such broad and shallow basins,
Tanks, say rather, for he neither
Marble had nor Triton, Noah
Built of seasoned gopher-wood, and

In- and out-side pitched and sanded,
And set in the floor, and thréw in
Mud and gravel for a bottom,
And filled to the brim with water,

And with trees, in tubs and barrels,
Garnished round so thick as barely
Tó leave room to pass between his
Winter-garden and his cages.

In the first tank, on their lóng shanks,
Gaunt and solemn, stalked the herons,
Spoonbills, bitterns, demoisélle cranes,
And the stork went clitter-clatter;

And the red flamingo gobbled
Frogs and toads up, by the dozen,
Frogs and toads brought for the purpose —
In the next tank were the breeders:

Green frogs, red frogs, brown frogs, búll frogs,
Shad frogs, bell frogs, palmipede frogs,
Grunters, whistlers, jakies, giants,
Thick-armed, thin-armed, paradóx frogs.

Such a quacking, such a croaking,
Such a Βρεκεκεξ κααξ κωξ,
You 'd have guessed a flood was coming,
Even if God hadn't said a wórd of it.

Leeches, too, were in the fróg tank,
Axolotls and hellbénders,
Píping toads and toads that couldn't pipe,
Marbled newts, and salamanders.

Round about and in and out, frisked
Sepses, skinks, Egyptian geckos,
Tupinambis, and guanas
Both the horned ones and the hornless.

In the third tank ducks and géese swam,
And the tame swan and the wild swan,
And the black swan with the red bill,
And the white swan with the black head;

And the gannet, gull, and dobchick,
And the great, black-bellied darter,
And the water-rail and bald-coot,
And New Holland's cereopsis.

There they swam, but how to feed them
Noah knew no more than you do,
So he told his wife to mind them;
She had been used, at home, to poultry;

Happy for them! for she brought them,
Once a day, all sorts of garbage —
Crumbs and crusts and mashed potatoes;
How they gabbled, how they crowded

To the tank's edge, when they saw her,
With her wooden bowl full, coming,
Followed by the hens and chickens,
And her Sanscrit "chuck, chuck, chück," heard!

From her loving, loyal subjects,
Never queen had greater honor,
Than, from water-fowl and land-fowl,
Noah's wife, so long as in her

Wooden bowl there was one gobbet;
Thinner levy had dethroned queen
Never, than the wife of Noah
When her wooden bowl was empty.

In the tubs that round the tanks stood,
Rat and mouse and dormouse burrowed,
And the tandrek and the tendrak
And the porcupine and hedgehog,

And the urson and cuándo
And the campagnol and lemming
And the badger and the otter
And the field-mouse, shrew, and rabbit,

And the hamster and the fitchet
And the sable and pine-marten
And the weasel and the ferret;
And sir Mole made his encampment.

Up and down the trees ran squirrels,
Guerlinguets and pteromýses,
Or cracked nuts, upon the branches,
Or from branch to branch leaped nimble.

And chameleons, wiser far than
Ovid and his fellows thought them,
Gréw fat, not on empty air, but
Flies and gnats caught on their glib tongues.

Round about the hollow trunks, buzzed
Honey bees of every species,
Or sipped nectar from the florets,
Or, in swarms, hung from the branches;

For, not being an adept, Noah
Hád brought, by mistake, the quéen bees,
And the whole communities followed,
Drones and laborers and neuters.

But if Noah had more bées than
Hé had hollow trunks to hold them,
A superabundant stock of
Wax and honey, was a godsend;

For, as there was but one window
And one door, for air and light both,
And the ark had thrée great storeys,
Yóu could hardly see your hánd in it,

Till the wives of Noah's thrée sons,
Whó knew something about chandling,
Thought of making great wax candles,
Such as you see now in churches,

And lit up the ark as well as
Tiers of windows would have lit it;
Ay and better, for outside was
Little light, or none, to cóme in,

Though it hád been made of gláss all,
Roof and walls, like Sydenham Palace,
Not of solid gopher wood, lined,
In- and out-side, with asphaltum;

And the honey was a bónne-bouche,
Not alone for all the Noahs,
But for all the honey-guides, and
Bears, wasps, hornets and gorillas;

And, even in the ark, was true: "Non
Vobis vos mellificatis" --
Ah! the bee's fate is a sád one;
Isn't it, honey-loving reader?

On the topmost boughs the herons,
Cranes and storks built, and their yóung hatched;
Here and there, among the branches,
Tap, tap, tap went the wood-pécker.

Not a leaf but was alive with
Aphides and hemeróbii,
Milking ants, curculionites,
Kermes, coccinel, or coccus;

Or with shell-snails imbricated,
Or hung with epeira meshes,
Or, with moth capes and moth mantles,
Littered like a draper's counter;

Or the fly-ichneumon, boring
With her long and slender auger,
Laid her cuckoo-egg within the
Cynips' and tenthredo's castle.

Maggots crackled, crawled, and tumbled;
Eggs were strown-about like fine sand,
Or lay heaped, like grapes, in clusters,
Or in rows strung like necklaces;

And to have gathered up the pupas
And cocoons, from leaf and branch and
From the earth about the trées' roots,
Would have kept a gardener busy

Until winter, though it had been but
To throw all into a heap and
Make a merry bonfire of them,
Or with lime mix for a compost;

Not that Noah hadn't a fine taste,
Or, though never sworn at Highgate,
Didn't prefer, when he could get it,
The imago to the pupa;

But, as even your handiest tailor
Must, according to his cloth, cut
Coat or mantle, so your Noah
Must his ark, not as he liked best,

But, as best he could, fill up, and
Entomologist enough was
Not to go imago-hunting,
In the egg or pupa season.

To be sure, he had his fly-nets,
And caught butterflies and locusts,
Fire-flies, gad-flies, horse-flies, boat-flies,
And the great lucanus cervus,

And all sorts of tilli, grylli,
Tettigoniae and cicádae,
And — which sure he might have lét lie —
Tineae, blattae, and mosquitoes.

Sphexes, too, he had collected,
Rembi, syrphi, uleiótae,
Lovely thaides and roxanas,
And some bombyces and bombi,

And — hard pressed for room as ever
Druggist, in his shop, or grocer —
Hung all up in paper bágs, with
Cord and pulley, to the rafters,

And threw-in the rice and méal worms,
And the sugar louse, and weevil,
And the book worm, and the paste worm,
And the death-watch, tick, and chéese mite.

Leave them there, and come with mé now,
Dównstairs, to the middle storey —
Isn't it bedlam? Such a chatter,
Such a moping, such a mowing,

Such a jigging, jerking, jumping,
Capering, frisking, caracoling,
Swinging, flinging, pirouetting,
Climbing up, and climbing dówn, bars;

Such a whistling, such a whining,
Such a jabbering, japing, crying,
Such a yelping, such a yelling,
Such a carnival and máy-fair,

Of baboons and chimpanzees and
Órang-óutangs and gorillas,
Micos, patases, and mandrils,
Tamaries and coaïtas,

Preaching monkeys, howling monkeys,
Weeping monkeys, and entelli,
Grivets, vervets and green monkeys,
Satans, belzebubs, and gibbons,

Capuchins and talapoins,
Sais and sajous and guerezas,
Caged with thós-dogs, jackals, foxes,
Dholes and dingos and lycáons,

And the proteles Lalandii,
And the taraffe and impompo,
And the tulki and the tilki,
And the koola of the jungle;

Lemurs, too, and lichanoti,
Makis, varis and macaucos,
Kangaroos and potooroos, and
Lemmings, campagnols and wombats.

And, from time to time, the lion
Frightened with his roar the whole ark,
And the áss brayed, and the hóse neighed,
And the wólf howled, and the dóg barked;

And the tiger, in his beauty,
Up and down paced, never resting;
Never resting, up and dówn paced
Ounce and ocelot and puma;

And the leopard, and the panther,
And the jaguar, lynx and cougar,
If you had seen them, how they ramped and
Crouched, by turns, and glared and bristled!

And, not yet to go erect taught,
Brown bears, grisly bears and bruangs
Shuffled awkward upon all-fours,
And looked out for Japhet coming

With full calabash of honey,
Mangosteens, or ripe sorb apples,
And turned up their snouts at white bears
Gorging upon kreng and stock-fish;

And the hateful, fell hyaena,
Skulking in his den's dark corner,
Gnawed a thigh-bone, he had brought with him,
Of a drowned antediluvian.

In with mé now through this wicket,
Lift the latch, and stoop your head low;
Nothing fear, you 're safe in Noah's
Spacious deer-park, sty, and cowhouse.

That 's the lordly bison, chewing
Nonchalant his morning's breakfast;
That 's the plough ox; that 's the músk ox;
That 's the buffalo, tethered next you.

Next beyond, you see the milch cows ---
Wé 're too late, quite, for the milking;
Noah's sóns' wives — clever housewives ---
Milk and strain and set, ere sunrise.

What do you say to yon score bullocks,
— Lóng horns, ten, and ten are shórt horns ---
Noah 's fattening-up on wurzel,
For menagerie and hóuse use?

Now come here, I 'll show you something:
There 's a sheep-pen you 'll scarce mách me,
Fifty ammons, mouffons fifty,
Short- and long-tailed, all for eating;

Fifty ammons more for wool, and
Fifty mouflons more for sheep-robe,
For, you know, the flood will léave but
Small provision for the winter,

And a prudent man, like Noah,
Must lay-in both food and clothing,
To supply him, not alóne while
In the ark, but when he has gót out;

For, just think in what a státe he 'll
Find the whóle world when he géts out;
Dripping, dropping, slime and silt, all,
Not a dry spot tó set fóot on;

Not a braird of corn or gráss, left,
Not a hedge or ridge or furrow,
Not a roof his head to shelter,
Every hole choke-full of water;

Not one grain, one seed, one berry,
Not one onion or potato,
Even the eels killed in the múd by
Thé salt water from the gréat deep;

Even the herrings of the gréat deep
Stified by the river freshes,
Or if one, by chance, alive left,
Not a living soul to catch it.

So, not for himself alóne, but
All his fellow-sailors, Noah
Must provide, both on the voyage
And for many a lóng month after,

And, besides his couples cléan and
Couples únclean, carry with him
Sheep and swine and goats, by fifties,
Hay by ricks, and corn by cárt-loads.

Stop your nose now, and make háste past
Pigs and peccaries and cavies,
Phacochoeri, babyroussae,
Taytetous and tagnicatis;

And take care you don't your fóot miss
In the slough of mast and offal;
And keep off from thát tusked boar, if
Yóu would not be an Adonis.

Wéll done! áll right! There 's the móose-deer,
And the fallow deer and roebuck,
And the red deer, and the reindeer,
And the wapeti and axis,

And the soft, full eyed gazelle, and
Bubalis and cervicapra,
And the kevel and the koba,
Dorcas, whang-yang, and pygarga,

And the chamois and the springbock,
And the nylghau, gnu and caama,
And the philosophic goat, and
Capricorn not yet translated,

And the zebra, and the quagga,
And the dshikketaei and koulán,
And the llama and vicunna,
And the one- and two-hunched camel.

Ánd see where, his kameel-doorn leaves
All consumed, the tall giráffe stands;
Watch him close, you 'll see the cúd go
Slowly up and down his lóng neck.

What 's the matter? why so frightened?
Let them híss there, théy can't hárm you;
Noah has secured them áll well
In a bulk-head of his first floor;

Lóok down át them through the tráp-door,
How they 're twisting, twining, coiling,
Writhing, glaring, darting, rattling,
Spirting venom with their fórked tongues,

Adders, aspics, amphisbaenas,
Rattle-snakes and horned cerastes,
Dún snakes, smóoth snakes, Bordelaís snakes,
Vipers green and vipers yellow,

Anacondas, pythons, boas,
Pseudoboas and megaeras,
And, even by his fellow snákes feared,
Shunned and hated, Eden's cúrsed snake.

Come away quick; shut the dóor down;
Leave them there, to sin and Satan —
Stay, there 's something creeping on you;
Brush it off; it 's but a chigoe,

That, by sóme chance has got óut of
Noah's fléa-box and louse-casket,
And, bad company eschewing,
Sets out, solus, on its travels;

That 's the box, the nearest tó you
On the shélf there. In the néxt box
Are the centipedes and scorpions;
I 'd advise you not go néar it;

Nor the next one, full of coyas,
Furias, guinea-worms and itch-worms;
And, if you are wise, you 'll let the
Vampyres hang, where they are hanging,

By their twó hooks, from the purlin;
They 'll be busy when the night comes;
Ít 's not bad economý in
Noah, not to keep them cáged up.

Now the show 's done, what do you think of it?
Was there ever such another,
Since the first great cattle-show and
Naming-fair in happy Eden?

I suppose I need not take you
To the granary, on the first floor,
Or the hay-barn, or the dairy,
Or the vegetable garden,

Or the fruit-shop, or the larder,
Or the pantry, or the kitchen,
Or the ladies' drawing-room, or
Noah's own room and check-office,

And bedchamber; 't might be tedious,
And we 're both tired, and we wouldn't like
To be treated as intruders,
So we may as well be going —

"But the fishes, where are they all,
And the oysters, crabs, and lobsters,
And sea-urchins and sea-nettles,
And infusories and polyps,

"Which could not, you just now told me,
Live in the flood's brackish waters,
Are they all drowned? or are these, too,
Saved in clean and unclean couples?"

All forgot, and every one drowned,
Clean and unclean, fish and polyp,
Crabs, infusories, and lobsters,
Urchins, oysters, and sea-nettles;

Every one asphyxiated
In the muddy, brackish waters,
And must, every one, be new made,
Or the world jog on without them.

“And the tape-worm, and the maw-worm,
And the ascaris and flúke and” —
Whý, safe, to be sure, in Noah’s
And his fellow-sailors’ bowels.

Nó more questions, if you ’d nót have
Fibs for answers — come awáy, come.
Pleasant voyage to you áll, boys,
Ánd may God send safe the góod ship!

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Sept. 21, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

V.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

TOWER so high, there never yét was
As the famous tower of Babel —
Í ’ll not say how many yárds high,
Ás I never chanced to see it;

Bút God saw it, and came dówn from
Heaven to take a clóse view óf it,
Ánd didn’t like it, and determined
Babel tower should not be finished.

Í do nót know whether Gód thought
Men might up to heaven climb bý it,
Ór didn’t think it could be safely
Built with slime instead of mortar;

Or perhaps God did not like the
Babylonish style of building;
Or perhaps it was for mére spite —
Likelier cause than any other.

Bút that 's áll one; God didn't like it,
Ánd at once saw there was nó plan
Half so sure to put a stóp to it,
As a strike among the workmen.

How to manage? Stay, he hás it;
Makes each one forget his language,
Teaches each a different náme for
Brick and slime and hod and trowel.

Scholars apt, a clever teacher —
Whát may not be learned in súch case?
Chitter-chatter go the masons,
And stand staring at each other;

Staring stand, and gape and wonder,
Thén fall-to, again, a-chattering,
Thén throw down their hods and trowels,
Ánd start off, each at a tangent,

Leaving the contractor ruined,
Leaving Babel tower unfinished,
Á memorial of the first strike,
And a warning to the whóle world,

Not to take in hand agáin to
Build a tower so high as Babel,
Till they háve made polyglots of
Thé contractor and the masons.

Walking from ROSAMOND to KILMASHOGUE MOUNTAIN, May, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

VI.

ABRAHAM.

Part First.

DÍD you ever hear of Abraham,
HÓw he wént down into Egypt
With his oxen, sheep, and camels,
When the famine was in Moreh?

HÓw he had a pretty wífe too,
Whom he could not but bring with him,
Though he knew the Egyptians wére as
Fond, as he, of pretty women?

SÓ he sáid to her: — "Wife Sarah,
Have a care of these Egyptians;
GÓ to! say you are my sister;
If you don't, I ám a déad man;

"FÓr they 're fond of pretty women,
Ánd you know you 're pretty, Sarah;
SÓ they 'll kill me, to get át you,
Íf they hear I am your husband.

"To be sure, it is not quíte true,
But I know God will forgive you
For the líe, both, and adultery,
Knowing they are both for mý sake."

"Abraham's will is Sarah's pleasure,"
Answered Sarah, simpering sweetly;
"Ás for God, who knows him better
Than the father of the faithful?"

Só said, só done. Sarah's beauty
Smote the Egyptians, ánd, befóre long,
Abraham's sister was installed in
Thé seraglio of the Pharaohs;

Ánd the Pharaohs for her sáke made
Presents to her brother Abraham;
And well treated for her sáke was
Abraham in the land of Egypt.

All was right now, and the chéat was
Prospering well, when it pleased Gód to
Plague — no, not the cheating parties,
But — the cheated house of Pharaoh.

Which, when Pharaoh was quite súde of
— For, at first, he couldn't believe it:
Wás not Abraham's God a júst God?
And could Abraham lie, or Sarah? —

Hé grew wroth and said to Abraham: —
"What is this thou hást done tó me?
Fór thy wife's sake I am plágued thus.
Whý said'st thou she was thy sister?

"Tó my wife, I might have taken her,
Ánd this foul, foul crime committed —
Óut; begone; thy wife take with thee;
Lét me see the last of bóth of ye."

Then the servants drove them óut, both,
Ánd they went up out of Egypt
Into Canaan, and in Gerar
Played the sáme trick on Abímelech.

Ánd God plagued Abimelech likewise,
Plagued his wife and plagued his handmaids,
Closed their wombs and made them barren,
All for Sarah, Abraham's wife's sake.

And Abímelech said to Abraham: —
“What lie ’s this which thou hast told me?
Get thee gone, and somewhere élse dwell;
See, my land is all before thee.

“Take thy wife, and take the thousand
Silver pieces I have gíven thee,
And the men- and women-servants,
And the shéep take, and the oxen,

“And begone, and to thy Gód pray
That he plague no more Abímelech,
Who, until this cheat, as little
Knew of him as of his prophet.”

Abraham did as he was bidden,
Took his wife, the sheep, the oxen,
And the men- and women-servants,
And the thousand silver pieces,

And away went, and to Gód prayed
Not to plague Abímelech longer;
And God hearkened to his prophet,
And the plague stayed, and Abímelech’s

Wife’s and handmaids’ wombs were opened,
And they bare Abímelech children,
And the fear of Abraham’s Gód came
On Abímelech and his nation.

So, with help of Sarah’s beauty,
Abraham, every day, grew richer;
And God greatly prospered Abraham,
And, in all he did, was with him.

ROSAMOND, April 18, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

ABRAHAM.

Part Second.

CHAPTER first you 've heard of Abraham,
How he passed his wife on Pharaoh
For his sister, and, with Gód's help,
Came, a rích man, out of Egypt.

Nów, if yóu would like to héar more
Óf the doings of the sáme pair
When they were a hundred yéars old,
Listen to my second chapter.

Fourscore years and ten, was Sarah,
Ánd, by nine years older, Abraham,
Whén God talked with Abraham, saying: —
“Í am God Almighty, Abraham.

“Í have chosen thee to bless thee,
Ánd to make a gréat man óf thee;
Nations shall be born thy children;
Walk before me and be perfect.

“In this land thou art a stranger,
Ánd hast nó right tó one fóot of it:
From the owners I will take it
And to thee and thý seed gíve it.

"Í will be thy God, and thóu shalt
Be my prophet." "It 's a bargain,"
Answered Abraham, "and a góod one;
All it wants now 's tó be wéll sealed."

"Í seal bargain!" cried God, angry;
"Never! sealing is thy business;
With thy foreskin thou shalt séal it,
Thou and every male among ye.

"With your foreskins yé shall seal it,
Every mále soul in your whóle house,
Every mále child, every mále slave"
(God approved of slaves in thóse days).

"Cút off sháll be, from among ye,
Every mále that sháll not só seal,
Fréeborn, ór slave bóught with money,
Child of slave or child of freeborn."

Só said God, and up to héaven went;
Ánd, that sáme day, circumcised were
Abraham's self and Abraham's whóle house,
Young and óld males, slave and freeborn.

"Now I 've done my part," said Abraham,
"Let us see how God will dó his;
Í 'm a góod, round hundred yéars old,
Ánd wife Sarah 's not much younger.

"Maybe, after all, what Gód meant,
Was, to bless me in my bastard,
Ishmael, the son of Hagar —
Bastards, I 've heard say, are lucky."

Tó himself while Abraham thús said,
Ín the sún's heat, át his tént door,
Hé saw thrée men coming towards him,
Ánd rose up and ran to meet them,

And said tó them: — "Please sit down, sirs,
Underneath this tree, and rest ye;
Water for your feet I 'll fetch ye,
Ánd your hearts with bread will comfort."

They were sweating, tired, and hungry;
Dusty were their feet, and dirty;
Ánd there were no inns in thóse days;
Só you may suppose they sát down

Well content, while Abraham brought them
Water for their feet, and killed a
Young and tender calf, and dressed it;
Butter, too, and milk he brought them.

And they eat and were refreshed, and
Abraham stóod by — lucky Abraham!
Óne of thése three men was God, and
Didn't forget to ask for Sarah;

Who was in the tént door, listening,
And began to titter whén she
Héard God say to Abraham: — "Let her
Get her baby-linen ready."

"What makes Sarah titter?" sáid God;
"Ís 't because I talked of babies?
Dóes she better know, than Gód knows,
Whát God can, and what God cán't, do?"

"Í didn't titter; I!" said Sarah;
"Nay, thou did'st," said God, "I heard thee;
Ín the tént door, heard thee, tittering,
At our backs, while we were talking."

Sarah shouldn't have told this bíg lie,
Shouldn't have contradicted Gód plump,
Shouldn't have stood behind backs, listening,
Might have known, she wóuld be fóund out.

Nay, don't tell me that 'twas Abraham,
Abraham's self, had taught her lying;
Or, that she couldn't know that Gód was
Óne of her three guests, or which one;

Or, that God and angels listen
— Still keep listening and eavesdropping —
And, that very day, a sét had
Made on Abraham, both, and Sarah.

Í 'll not hear your vain excuses;
Sarah listened, told a plúmp lie,
Tó his beard God contradicted,
And the only wonder is, God

Did not curse her as, for less than
Half of her offence, he cúrsed Eve,
Or a féw drops sprinkle ón her
Of the rain in store for Sodom.

Why he did not 's no conundrum,
Tedious to be puzzled over:
Wasn't she Abraham's wife, and needed
To be mother of the faithful?

Só God stomached thé affront, and,
When his lunch was finished, róse up,
Bid good morning, and toward Sodom
Went, accompanied by Abraham: —

"This time next year, Abraham," said God,
Side by side as théy walked friendly,
"Thóu shalt see which of the twó 's right,
Sarah or the God of Abraham.

"I will bless and multiplý thee,
Make a mighty nation óf thee;
Not a kindred óf the éarth but
Shall a blessing have in Abraham;

“For I know him, long and well, as
Mý best friend and coadjutor;
Í ’ll to him stick whó to mé sticks —
Always óne hand wash the other.

“But your neighbours here, in Sodom,
Root and branch I will destroy them
— Hen and chicken, cut them áll off —
Sure as I am God Almighty;

“That ’s to say, if, when I gó down,
— I ’m upon my way, this moment —
Í find half the stories trúe I
Hear of their abominations.

“Fire and brimstone down upon them
Í ’ll from héaven rain — whát do you stáre at?
We ’ve in heaven so much of bóth stuffs
That it ’s scarcely safe to sléep in it.”

Abraham wondered, but said nothing,
And God wént on to expláin how
Ín due time he meant to make a
Separate place to keep such stuffs in.

“Don’t forget to tell thy nephew,”
Sáid God, when he had expláined all;
“Warned is armed, and let him máke haste;
Fire and brimstone do their wórk quick.”

“Lord,” said Abraham, “peradventure
In the city there are fifty
Righteous mén found, thóu ’lt not, surely,
Slay the righteous with the guilty?”

“Fár be it fróm the Lord and God of
All the earth, to do unjustly.”
“For the sake of fifty righteous,”
Answered God, “Í ’ll spare the city.”

"Í 'm but sinful dust and ashes,"
Thén said Abraham, "yet I 'm bold to
Ask, if five lack of the fifty,
Wilt thou then destroy the city?"

"Í will spare it for the sake of
Five and forty righteous," said God.
"If there be but barely forty?"
"Even for forty's sake I 'll spare it."

"Be not angry, Lord!" said Abraham;
"If the righteous be but thirty?"
"Even for thirty's sake," replied God,
"Í will nót destroy the city."

"Peradventure," then said Abraham,
"Only twenty are the righteous?"
"For the sake of twenty righteous,"
Answered God, "I 'll spare the city."

"Once more bear with me," said Abraham;
"If the righteous only tén be?"
"Íf there be ten righteous in it,"
Sáid God, "Í will spare the city."

Í don't know why Abraham stópped here,
Ánd didn't keep still plucking háirs out
Óf the máre's tail till he had cóme to
Five, and four, and three, and twó, and

None, at last, and só saved Sodom;
But, whatever was his reason,
Abraham stopped at ten, and Gód went
Into Sodom, and, not finding

Tén men righteous, in the city,
Rained down fire and brimstone ón it,
And upon Gomorrah, near it,
And upon the plain of Jordan;

Made a solfatara óf it,
And of all the country róund it;
Every living soul killed in it,
Old and young, and male and female,

Only, for the sake of Abraham,
Saving four: Lot, Abraham's nephew,
Ánd Lot's wife and Lot's two daughters;
Hów these túrned out, you shall nów hear.

Lot got drunk and by his eldest
Daughter had a son called Moab;
Of the Moabites he was father,
Worshippers of Baal and Chemosh,

And, of Balak, predecessor,
Who hired Balaam, son of Beor,
To curse Moses and the children
Whom God brought up out of Egypt;

But the angel of the Lórd stood
In the way of the enchanter,
With a dráwn sword, where the róad was
Narrow, and a wall on éach side.

Now the enchanter did not sée him,
Though he was a brave enchanter,
Ánd had góne on and been surely
Cut to mincemeat by the angel,

But the donkey he was riding,
Happily for the enchanter,
Saw the angel and the dráwn sword,
Ánd stopped short and wouldn't go farther,

Ánd, when the enchanter chid him,
And belaboured with his cudgel,
Bruised his foot against a wall, and
Fair, at last, into a field turned.

Only harder struck the enchanter,
And the ass was getting the wórst of it,
Whén God, in his goodness, opened
Donkey's mouth, and thus said donkey: —

"Íf thou hadst one grain of sense, it 's
Hay and oats thou wouldst be gíving me,
Not this basting with thy cudgel;
Whó has saved thy life but donkey?

"Sée there! see! Look straight before thee!"
Balaam looked, but cóuld see nothing,
Ánd was only growing the angrier,
Ánd, if hé had had a swórd, would

Fór the ass have done exactly
What, but for the ass, the angel
Hád for him done, when the Lórd, to
Save, at once, the ass's credit

And the life of the enchanter,
Deigned to open Balaam's eyes and
Show him what he had shown the donkey: —
"Í 'll go back again," said Balaam.

But the angel of the Lórd said: —
"Páss on, this time; bút take warning,
Ánd turn back the néxt time donkey
Stóps short where the road is narrow."

"Asses sometimes stop to bray," said
Balaam, trembling, "or to piddle."
"Ít 's all one," replied the angel;
"Íf thou 'rt wise, thou 'lt túrn back néxt time;

"Fór it 's not to be expected,
If the Lord again should sénd me
With a dráwn sword to wayláy thee,
Ánd thine áss again should spý me,

"That the Lord a second time will
Play the fóol's part he has todáy played,
Ánd teach donkey Moabitish,
Just to balk himself and mé, both.

"Só, the néxt time donkey stóps short,
Túrn back, Balaam; if he stóps to
Bray or piddle, there 's small hárm done;
Íf it 's Í 'm there, then thy life 's saved."

Hów Lot's eldest daughter had a
Son called Moab, you have júst heard,
Ánd you have héárd who was his father,
Só, I hope, it won't surprise or

Greatly shock you when I tell you
Lot got drunk the next night also,
And his younger daughter bore him,
Ín nine months, his son Ben-Ammi.

Of the Ammonites hé was father,
Whom the Lord wóuld nót let Moses
Dríve out, to make room for Israel,
But preserved safe in the lánd which

Hé had taken from the Zuzims,
And, when he had killed the Zuzims,
Given the Ammonites to live in:
'Twas for Lót's sake he so lóved them.

Of the four elect souls Gód saved
Out of Sodom, there remains now
Only Lót's wife to be told of,
And of her what need I tell you?

Fór there 's not a child but knóws well
Thát Lot's wife was turned into a
Pillar of salt, for looking back, and
Spying whát God did to Sodom;

And if bût few ever sáw that
Pillar of salt, it is small wonder,
When we take into accóunt how
Very deliquescent sált is.

But, according to his wórd, the
Lord did something unto Sarah,
And the woman of almóst a
Hundred yéars old, had a fíne boy.

Now I 'm sure you 'll think it ódd, God
Chose to go so by contraries,
Keeping pretty Sarah barren
Till she was almóst a hundred,

And then, without rhyme or reason,
Giving her, all óf a sudden,
Such a bouncing son and heir as
Made her husband's handmaid jealous: —

“Ah!” cried Hagar, when she sáw the
Withered, shrivelled patriarchess,
Giving suck and crying “Hush-o!”
“Í may go about my business.”

At the weaning was a gréat feast,
Music, and I dón't know whát not;
Abraham happy, Sarah happy,
Happy all but handmaid Hagar.

In a corner sat the handmaid,
Sad and sulky — cóuld you blame her? —
“What 's the matter, mistress spóil-sport?”
Sarah said, and called her tó her.

“Are you fretting God has made me
Independent of your bastard?
Are you fretting father Abraham
Has no longer need of handmaids?

"It 's a thousand pities — isn't it? —
God has found a way to give the
World his blessing without help of
Either Ishmael or his mother.

"Out! begone! and Ishmael with you;
In the desert of Beer-Sheba
You 'll have room enough and time to
Calculate the age of Sarah."

Many and many a man 't has fretted,
That his concubine and wife couldn't
Live in harmony together,
And it fretted Abraham sorely.

Hé was fond of both his sóns, and
— Whó can doubt it? — quite as fond of,
Íf not twice as fond of, Hagar,
As he ever was of Sarah;

And although he was so fúll of
Faith, and knowledge of the trúe God,
— Ín whose universal presence,
Deserts smile and smell like gardens —

Cóuldn't help thinking Hagar ánd her
Little Ishmael would be quíte as
Wéll off in the tent with hím as
Ín God's desert of Beer-Sheba;

Só he swithered, shilly-shallied,
Ánd had just begun to think that
Sarah could as well, or better
In the desert shift than Hagar,

When — was nó the nodus worthy
Of a God to come and loose it? —
God commands, and Abraham drives out
Hagar, hand in hand with Ishmael.

You have heard how cruel Romans,
At the bidding of their false Gods,
Used to entomb, alive, the vestal
Guilty of a peccadillo.

With a pitcher full of water,
And a loaf of bread, they left her
Buried in the ground, to perish,
And I never heard that of their

False Gods one came near to save her —
Ah! she perished but too surely,
When she had drained the pitcher empty,
And the loaf of bread was finished.

With such bowels of compassion,
Abraham put a loaf of bread and
Bottle full of water into
Hagar's hands and drove her out, with

Little Ishmael, to perish
In the desert of Beer-Sheba.
But his God was not a false God,
And — as soon as she had finished

Both the bread and water, and had
Laid the child down and gone far off,
That she might not see him perish —
Made inquiries, by his angel,

In a loud voice from the sky down,
(There was no noise in the desert,
And she heard the voice, distinctly)
Saying "Hagar, why this crying?"

— Mother, both, and child were crying,
So it was no wonder God heard,
Who, you know, is always listening
And has sharp ears — "Take the child up,

"Give him drink — see! yonder 's water" —
And he showed her where the well was —
"Hé 's a fine boy, and I 'll réar him
And make óf him á great nation."

Gód didn't say — it would have shócked her —
Á great nation of blasphemers,
Pagans, heathens, Moslem robbers,
Foes of God and of the true faith.

Í can't say if God himsélf knew,
But incline to think he díd not;
God has shown himself, at áll times,
More or less enthusiastic;

Hoped to make a fine world óf it,
Full of peace and love and blessing,
Yet, before it was a mónth old,
Cursed the job, so bad it túrned out.

So it 's not unlikely Gód thought
Hé would make a second Israel
Out of Ishmael, and the wórld bless
In the wífe, both, and the handmaid.

Bút let thát pass; Hagar díd as
God commanded, took the child up,
Filled her bottle at the well, and
Drank, herself, and gave the child drink;

And the lives of both were saved, and
Gód blessed Ishmael, as he promised,
And he gréw up and became the
Robin Hood of Paran desert.

Truer shaft, in Sherwood Forest,
Suit of Lincoln green sped never,
Than the lóng shaft from the bów sprang
Óf this first of Bedouin robbers.

An Egyptian was his mother,
And he married an Egyptian,
And had twélve sons — Bedouin chiefs, all —
By his wife some, some by handmaids;

And he lived a hundred years and
Seven and thirty, and then died off
And was gathered to his people —
Théy didn't gó to heaven in thóse days.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

ABRAHAM.

Part Third.

“LEAD us not into temptation,”
Is a prayer we offer up to
God Almighty, night and morning,
And, no doubt, there is some úse in it;

For, if God one single fáult has,
It 's that he 's so fond of tempting,
And from the right path seducing,
Hís but too confiding children.

Ah, how happy we might bé now,
What a différent world have óf it,
Had but Eve the Lórd's Prayer practised,
She and Adam, night and morning!

But they did not; they had tóo much
Faith in God's own innate goodness,
To believe there could be úse in
Begging God not to mislead them.

What the consequence, I need not
Téll those who so sorely feel it;
How successful the Creator's
Pitfall for his own creation.

Abraham too — but I suspect that
Abraham knew God was but joking,
And the joke met with a like joke,
Didn't at all mean to kill Isaac.

Hear the story; for yourselves judge;
Dón't take my opinion óf it;
These are times when 'gentle, semple'
— Young and old — are all alike wise:

Ín one óf those entertaining
Conversaziones Gód used
Now and then to hold with Abraham,
Hé 's reported to have thús said: —

"Abraham, I 've a woman's longing
For the smell of á roast child's flesh;
Thou 'st a son — a loved son — Isaac;
Kill and roast, and let me sméll him.

"Since I first smelt Abel's róast lamb,
I have loved the smell of róast meat;
But I hear, of all roast méats there 's
None so savory smells as róast child."

"Lord," said Abraham, "be not angry,
But if thou to child's flesh takest,
How an I henceforth to know thee
Different from Baal and Chemosh?"

"Answer me this, first," replied God;
"Whý mayn't Í be Abraham's Gód still,
Though I choose to treat my nostrils,
Thís once, to a sniff of róast child?"

"It 's not in itself a thín'g 's right,
But it 's right because God dóes it,
Or, which comes much to the sáme thing,
Right because God bids it bé done.

"To be sure, to kill and róast a
Child, is murder, in your lów's eye,
And to kill and roast one's ówn child,
Worse than murder, twenty tímes worse;

"But the case is changed when Gód bids,
And — to quote a tongue, beforehand,
I 'll, one day, deal múch in — Deus
Est justificationi.

"Then to kill and roast your ówn child,
Proves not only your obedience,
But your righteousness and faith and
Firm conviction óf God's goodness,

"Ánd that God shall not in váin ask
You, his servant, tó do fór him
Thát which those who worship Baal and
Chemosh, cheerfully for thém do.

"Up! make haste! and on the mountain
Í shall show thee in Moriah,
Kill and roast thy lóved son, Isaac;
High the mountain, and the sméll will

"Reach to heaven, and glad my nostrils,
Ánd I will remember Abraham,
Ánd according to my promise,
Bléss, and make a gréat man óf him."

Further answer Abraham máde none
— Abraham was, you know, a wíse man —
Bút his áss got, and his són took,
And the wood, and twó men, with him.

And set out and, on the third day,
To the foot, came, of the mountain
God had told him of, and left there
Both the donkey and the two men,

And said to them: — "Here abide ye,
While my son and I go higher
Up the mountain, God to worship;
Worship over, we will come back,

"With the blessing of the God who
Hates a lie as he loves Abraham,
And has sworn to bless the whole earth
In my son, my loved son, Isaac."

This said, Abraham took the wood and
Bound it on the back of Isaac,
And went up the mountain with him,
Knife in one hand, fire in the other.

"There's one thing we have forgot," said
Isaac simply, as they went up;
"Here's the knife, the wood, the kindling;
But the lamb, papa, where is it?"

"God is good, my son," said Abraham,
"And will with a lamb provide us."
"Is it good in God," said Isaac,
"To provide a lamb for killing?"

"Doesn't it hurt the pretty lamb to
Cut its throat with a great, sharp knife?
God is not good, or he would not
Even so much as let you kill it."

"Every thing is good that God does,
Or bids do," said Abraham, drily;
"Here's the place;" and, with the word, the
Wood untied from Isaac's shoulder,

And, with Isaac's help, an altar
Built of sods and stones, and on it
Laid the wood, and on the wood laid,
Hand and foot bound — his son Isaac.

You have heard how Agamemnon
Could not bear to look upon the
Spouting heart's blood of his daughter,
But his face wrapped in his mantle,

While into Iphigenia's
Bared breast Calchas plunged the dagger —
Ah, faint-hearted Agamemnon!
Weak as his own potsherd idols.

Abraham, servant of the true God,
Has a different heart, and in his
Own hand takes the knife and lifts high,
And is in the act of striking,

When — blessed, lucky chance for Isaac —
God remembers, on a sudden,
That it 's in the seed of Isaac,
He has sworn to bless the whole earth,

And calls down from heaven: — "Stop, Abraham;
Thou hast done enough to please me;
With the animus God 's contented,
Doesn't require the actual murder.

"That thou 'rt faithful, thou hast well proved,
And in future to be trusted
To do this, or more than this, if
Need require it, in my service.

"Therefore I will multiply thee,
Greatly bless and multiply thee,
As the sand upon the sea shore,
As the stars of heaven, in number."

Abraham stopped and looked about, and
Saw a ram caught in the thicket
By its horns, and went and took it
— Thére was no policeman near him —

And upon the altar killed and
Roasted it, in place of Isaac,
Ánd God pút up with the sméll of
Roasted ram, instead of róast child's.

So the sacrifice went ón well;
God was pleased and so was Abraham;
And, when all was over, Isaac
Wiped his eyes, and whimpered "Ámen!"

Ánd that sáme hour God determined,
— Shóuld he ever be so happy
Ás to have a son born tó him,
Ánd that son, by góod luck, túrn out

Tó be óf so gentle nature
As in áll things to submit him,
Unresisting, uncomplaining,
Tó his father's will and pleasure —

Nót, indeed, to take the knife in-
-Tó his ówn hand, Ahraham fashion,
— Foolish people might an outcry
Raise against so high-flown virtue —

But into the hands deliver
Of his ministers, to kill and
Offer up, as á sin offering,
On the altar of his father: —

"So shall all the world acknowledge,"
Sáid God to himself, complacent,
"Better father there was never
Than myself, excepting Abraham;

"Nor, to horrid Moloch, ever
Offered in the vale of Tophet,
Purer or more spotless victim
Than I 've offered to myself up;

"With whose guiltless blood I 'll sméar the
Shárp edge of my sword of justice,
With whose guiltless blood I 'll quénch the
Seething of my furious anger;

"With whose guiltless blood I 'll wásh the
Stains out of his guilty brethren;
With whose guiltless blood I 'll sprinkle
The repentent, contrite sinner."

Thús God to himself, while Abraham
Wént, with Isaac, down the mountain,
Ánd the áss found, and the twó men,
Waiting for him where he had léft them.

"Só the master has brought the lád back,
After worship, as he promised;"
Whispered, as they went along, one
Of the twó men to his comrade.

"To be sure!" replied his comrade,
Whispering back; "Why mayn't the master
Téll truth sometimes — by mistake, or
When a lie won't serve his purpose?"

"True or false," still in a whisper,
Said the first of the two speakers,
"Sure as Father Abraham 's in it,
Thére 's a trick in it, top or bottom."

"Old Time 's curious, and will find out,
If he can," replied the other,
"And is honest and will truly,
Good or bad, tell what he finds out."

So they whispered on the wáy home,
Abraham's twó men, tittle tattle;
And you may be sure that Isaac,
When he gót home, wasn't quite silent;

But no matter whether it was
Isaac blabbed or Time that fóund out,
You 've the story as I héard it;
Not one word of it 's my invention.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, June 17, 1859.

N E M E S I S.

"CURSE on tobacco for a filthy weed!
— Once in his life our royal James had right,
And dubbed tobacco prince of filthy weeds —
Filthy to touch, taste, smell, or have to dó with,
Filthy to see, come near, or even so much
As think of. Execrated be thy name,
Jean Nicot, with Robespierre's and Marat's,
And his, who first out of the kindly grape
Extracted the fell poison alcoholic!"
As thus I said, preluding, and the shell
Began to tingle to my touch indignant,
My daughter stopped me sudden: — "You 're on fire,
Papa!" she cried, and brushed with rapid hand
The sparks off, and the burning lappet shook,
Terrified; for, absorbed and off my guard,
I had stood too near the smouldering hempen rope
Which, at the door of the tobacconist
Whose wares had roused my spirit, dangling hung
Ready to light the customer's cigar,
And my light over-coat had taken fire.
I recognised the hand of Nemesis,
And threw away the plectrum, and walked thoughtful

Home to my inn *chez* Gaultier in St. Gilles
Les Boucheries, Departement du Gard,
In France, and passed a sleepless, tossing night,
And humbled rose next morning and to church
Went with the earliest, and sang loud his praise,
Who for Man's use made anacondas, boas,
Fleas, lice, and chigoes, vampyres and — tobacco.
Walking from ST. GILLES LES BOUCHERIES, to ARLES, Jan. 2, 1861.

TO A QUAKER FRIEND,

ON BEING INFORMED THAT HE HAD LET HIS BEARD GROW.

BEARD on a quaker! That 's a forward step.
Now over Credo's fence with one brave leap;
Break the preserve and range the forest free,
And taste how sweet the grass of liberty:
To be a man, dare; leave to priests their fudge,
And reason thou, see, hear, and feel and judge.
Never made Christian faith, or faith of Jew,
A nobler spirit, heart more warm and true,
Or purer hands, than his who let one day
Without a good work done pass sad away.
Never more ruthless ruffian than our own
Harry the Eighth spread terror from a throne.
Nero and Harry! the chief difference is:
A parricide that, a wife-beheader this;
That, an adulterer; this, to clear his bed
For the fresh bride, chopped off the stale bride's head;
That, Pater Patriae and chief Pontifex;
This, Church's head, and Dei gratia Rex;
Both persecutors; that, to tigers threw;
With slow fire, this, or ax and headsman, slew:
Monsters alike, what matters it one jot,
Which had the faith of Christ, and which had not?

CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 8, 1861.

THE HOUSE THAT ZEUS BUILT.

ZEUS built his house as well as he was able,
But, finding out soon it was far from stable,
Sent for a mason, bade him take a prop
And shore it up, too heavy at the top.
The mason wórked well, though he was a Jew,
Shored up the house, and made it look like new.
Such is the reason, I hear people say,
The house that Zeus built to the present day
Has lasted, and seems likely to last long,
Though deuced unsteady when the wind blows strong.

CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 8, 1861.

INVOCATION

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

MATILDA OF EISLEBEN.

"*Blasphemia blasphemiarum religio.*"

AVAUNT! I know ye not, ye vulgar saints,
Saint John the Evangelist, Matthew, Mark and Luke,
And Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist,
And all ye small fry of the calendar,
Who, to sustain life, needed common air,
And day and night spent decomposing gases,
And made a chemist's workshop of your lungs,
And come, blessed lady mother, of Eisleben,
Matilda, come! suppose in me a Dante,
And be my friend and guide and intercessor,
Thou, who breath'dst not the atmosphere but drewest
Out of God's heart thy breath, even as a bellows

Opening and shutting draws into its void
The kitchen air, and puffs into the fire.

Hear, hear my prayer, Matilda! thou to whom
The Lord so much told about Origen,
Samson and Titus and wise Solomon.
Of Origen the Lord said: — "Ask me not;
That is a secret I will not divulge,
Lest men presume again upon their genius."
Of Samson said the Lord: — "What I have done
With Samson's soul, I 'll never tell to mortal,
That men henceforth may have a wholesome dread
Of giving way to that bad passion, vengeance."
"Ask me not," said the Lord, "what I have done
With Titus' blameless soul; I 'll keep that close,
Lest foolish men should take 't into their heads
There 's small good in religion and I might
As well have left them pagans to the end,
And saved myself and them a lot of trouble.
And as to what I did with Solomon,
The great and wise king of the Jews, I 'm dumb,
And never a word will tell for love or money,
Lest men should set their hearts on carnal pleasures,
And seek in worldly greatness their chief good."

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou for whom God's heart
Opened, received thee in, and closed again,
And thou wert one with the eternal God,
And drank'st his blood, and breath'dst his breath divine,
And wert to him a bride, and he to thee
A joyful bridegroom who with the Holy Spirit
Filled thee to overflowing, and with love's
Warm mantle covered thee and wrapped thee round,
Thee and himself wrapped round, and ye were one.

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou who sawest the wheel
Revolving from the left hand to the right
Within God's heart; and from God's heart and wheel
A cord to Man's heart reaching; and the wheel
Within Man's heart, that to the right hand turns,

Following the wheel within the heart of God.
Whiz, whiz they go, harmonious; you would swear
They are two spinning-wheels two maidens ply,
Each with a foot, beside the cabin door,
Each humming the same tune and keeping time.
But, all at once, the wheel within Man's heart
A fit takes, and stops short, and to the left
With sudden whir turns, and goes whirring left
As fast as ever it went whirring right,
And strains the cord, and drags God's wheel and heart,
Even as the capstan, turning, drags the anchor;
And who knows what had happened, had the cord
Not, happily, been weak and snapped in twain,
And down fell Man, wheel, heart, and óne half cord,
Leaving God there a little foolish-looking,
But not one whit the worse, and fully bent
To fish all up again, some time or other,
And splice the cord, and set the wheel a-going
With his own wheel once more, from left to right.

Matilda, hail! who on Ascension Day,
When thou hadst stood two hours in thy cuculla,
Silent, and meditating on the cross
Which in the middle of the cloister court
Beside the well stood, look'dst into the water,
And sawest that thy cuculla was a cross
— Its hood, the top; its two long sleeves, the arms;
Its skirt, the standard; — and from that day forth
Hadst ever in thy cell upon the wall
The cross of thy cuculla — at full length
Hung up, with hood extended and both sleeves —
And when thou walkedst out, walk'dst in the cross,
Fearless, even though thy way lay over tombs
Or past the bone-house; and no cold felt'st ever,
Though in the cloister court five foot of snow;
Nor sweatedst, though the sun glowed from the solstice.

Matilda, hail! who in an ecstasy,
The Feast of the Conception, sawest God's heart

Thrown open, and a lovely maid inside
 Tapping incessant with a diamond ring,
 Incessant tapping, the firm heart of God,
 Askedst her who she was, and hadst for answer: —
 "I am the same who with this diamond ring
 Kept tap, tap, tapping here till forth the babe
 Came, perfect to the nails: I am the same
 Who, on a beam of light, down to the Mother
 Slid with the Father's son: I am the same
 Who, when — some nine months after — he was born,
 Covered his nakedness with swaddling clothes
 And laid him in the manger; brought him, then,
 Into, and out of, Egypt, and — for Man's
 Dear sake and to atone God's righteous wrath —
 Punished him guiltless, persecuted, tortured,
 And at last nailed upon the bloody cross:
 My name is Love — Divine Love — bless my name."
 And thou saidst to the maiden: — "Tap my heart
 Once with thy diamond ring." and Love thy heart
 Tapped, as thou bad'st, and thy hard heart grew soft,
 And thou wept'st tears of pity and of love,
 — Pity and love for Man, and love for God,
 And love and pity for God in the flesh —
 And knelt'st down, and a vow mad'st, on the spot,
 To ascend, up to its very top, the high,
 Rarely ascended Mountain of the Virtues.
 And thou saidst to the maiden: — "Once again
 Tap with thy diamond ring this hard, hard heart."
 And she did so, and faster flowed thy tears
 And wet thy scapular and mantle's hem,
 And to thy sighs and sobs there was no end,
 Till a winged cherub brought the amber box
 In which the tears of seraphim are stored,
 When they weep tears of pity for fallen Man,
 And held it to thine eyes and caught seven drops,
 And said: — "Thy tears with seraphim's are stored."
 And thou wast comforted, and wept'st no more;
 For though the tear stood in thine eye a while,

'Twas but to form Hope's rainbow with the ray,
Fell on it from the smile of Love Divine.

All hail, Matilda! thou who on Palm Sunday,
Reflecting on the works which our dear Lord
Christ Jesus had done for us in the flesh,
Beganst to wonder what sort of a supper
Martha and Mary had provided for him,
The night he was so kind to sup with them
In Bethany; and straight wast there in spirit,
And in a little boudoir sawest the Lord
Seated at table, and by Martha only
Attended, and with savory venison served,
And dates and olives and old Jordan wine,
Whilst Mary at his side, with net in hand,
Stood catching, and in gold-wire cage confining,
The words, which, in the shape of nightingales,
Out of his mouth at intervals were flying.
And when the Lord asked why thou hadst no net,
Saidst, "See, I have one." and in thy gown's folds
Caughtest a nightingale, and in thy bosom
Mad'st a warm nest for it of love and hope,
And fedst it with soft emmet eggs of faith.
And lo! the nightingale began to sing,
And thou sang'st with it, and the Lord beat time: —
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.
And all the nightingales in Mary's cage
Joined with thy nightingale, and Mary joined
And Martha, and in one loud chorus sang: —
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.

Virgin Matilda, hail! who, step by step,
With cockle veil, and pilgrim staff in hand,
Ascendedst the high Mountain of the Virtues
Even to the top, above the sun and moon
And firmament; and there beheld'st the Lord
Standing alone, in dazzling raiment white,
And fell'st down at his feet, and worshippedst.
And the Lord welcomed thee with outstretched hand,

And took thee to walk with him on the broad
And grassy summit, in the cool, fresh air,
And when thou saidst he did thee too much honor,
Answered, no honor was too great for one
Who had come so far, and neither time nor pains
Spared to arrive at that, it must be owned,
Out-of-the-way and inconvenient place.
So thou consentedst, and went'st with the Lord,
Enjoying the wide prospect, and to a house
Camest soon of polished silver, shining bright
Like the full moon upon a summer's night;
And shoals of little children round the house
In all the courts and pleasure-grounds were playing
Hide-and-go-seek, and Tom-fool-in-the-middle,
And blind-man's-buff, and various other games.
And when thou ask'dst the Lord why weren't the children
At school, learning their lessons, the Lord said: —
"These children died before the age of five;
Before the age of five there is no knowledge;
Until there 's knowledge there can be no sin:
Therefore these children's happiness is perfect,
And one perpetual holiday is theirs.
Books, little used in heaven, were to these children
Useless, or worse; sure means of gaining knowledge,
And knowledge is the harbinger of sin."
And when thou ask'dst the Lord: — "Will these sweet children
Always remain so, or will they grow up
To full-sized angels?" the Lord smiled and said: —
"Thou shouldst know better than to ask such question.
Growth there is none in heaven; how could there be,
Unless, indeed, in heaven there were decay?
Such as thou seest them now, so tiny small,
So young, so happy, and so innocent,
These little children shall remain for ever,
The Lord's own special care and chief delight,
Models to copy even for full-sized angels."
Then, going further on, thou sawest a house
Of burnished gold, with precious gems so bright
Thou might'st as well gaze at the midday sun;

And to thy question, who lived in that house,
 Receiv'dst for answer, 'twas his Mother's house,
 And, when thine eyes were to the light accustomed,
 He 'd bring thee in, and introduce thee to her;
 At present, she requested thine acceptance
 Of the gold crucifix and chain of gold
 He hung about thy neck. And thou saidst to him: —
 "Thou know'st, Lord! I have nothing but my heart
 To give thee and thy Mother, in return
 For these rare gifts." and the Lord said: — "We know.
 Let us thine heart have, and we 'll dwell in it,
 Happier than in a gold or silver house
 All over set with jewels." and thou saidst: —
 "Enter, O Lord! into the unworthy house,
 And dwell there always, and thy Mother with thee."
 And the Lord and his Mother, that same day,
 Entered thy heart and dwelt in it thenceforward,
 And all went smooth and easy, as a key
 Turns in a well-oiled spring-and-tumbler lock,
 For the Lord's Mother found the house, though small,
 Convenient, and the Lord had close at hand
 The window of thy mouth to teach and preach from.
 And, lest into the Golden House, now vacant,
 Should slip some evil Spirit, unobserved,
 As erst into our earthly Paradise
 Slipped unobserved the author of our woe,
 The care to guard it 's given to Ursula
 And th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne
 Whose virgin blood made Rhine's broad stream run red;
 And the Lord put into the hand of each
 A lance with lightning tipped, and bade them go,
 Without more arms, and night and day take care,
 For his dear Mother's sake and for his own,
 'That nothing evil to that house came near,
 Even in the shape of seraph. And they went
 And, as the Lord bade, round the house patrolled;
 And Ursula herself slept in the house,
 "The Moor king's daughter, and six golden lamps
 Kept all night burning, and six tall wax candles

In candlesticks of gold; and heard the tread
Of th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne
— Whose blood and hers had made broad Rhine run red —
Patrolling, and the watchwords interchanged;
And through the curtains saw the lightnings flash
And quiver on their spear points; and rejoiced,
And knew there was no fear of harm that night,
And said her Ave Mary, and slept sound.

Hail, hail, Matilda! thou for whom the Lord,
One Sunday morning as thou sang'st the ASPERGES,
In full choir, in the chapel, with the nuns,
Opened his héart's door, and thou enter'dst in:
And lo! the Lord inside, with watering pot,
Watering his vines with water from the river
Which through the vineyard flowed from east to west,
The River of his Love, with gold fish gay,
And planted on each side with shady trees.
And the Lord's feet and legs, up to the knees,
Were bare, and round his head a glory shone,
And in his belt was stuck his pruning hook.
And the Lord said to thee: — "Matilda, come
And water with me." and thou took'st a can
And fill'dst it at the River of his Love,
And at his side went'st watering the vines.
And the Lord said: — "This vineyard is my Church,
And every vine, a soul." and thou saidst: — "Lord,
Why are these plants here sickly, and those there
Lying uprooted?" and the Lord said: — "Ah!
The drought has done this, and an enemy
Who through the hedge steals oft-times in the night,
And for sheer wickedness uproots my plants."
And thou saidst, "Build a wall, Lord!" and the Lord
Said, as he went on watering: — "'Twere a high
And strong and well built wall would keep him out."
And thou saidst, as thou water'dst: — "Build it well
And strong and high, and spike it on the top;
For it goes to my very heart to see
This wide-spread havoc here among thy vines."

And the Lord said: — "The owner of the yard
Than thou knows better; we will leave 't to Him."
And the Lord saw thy face and hands were soiled,
And reprimanded thee, and bade thee go
And wash them in the river; and thou went'st
And washedst face and hands and scrubb'dst them clean,
And joyful hasten'dst back to show the Lord
How clean the River of his Love had made them —
But he was gone, and all the vines were watered;
So thou returnedst to the nuns and chapel,
Without being missed, and, taking up the stave
Where thou hadst dropped it, sang'st the ASPERGES out,
And no one was the wiser but the Lord.

Hear me, Matilda! thou who to the Lord
Saidst, when the priest was burying the cross,
According to the custom, one Good Friday,
And thou wast in a vision with the Lord,
In the Nuns' Gallery opposite the altar: —
"O Lord, beloved of my soul! I wish
This heart within me were a silver shrine,
That thou might'st worthily be buried in it."
And the Lord answered thee and said: — "Nay, nay;
Thou shalt in me, not I in thee, be buried.
Above, below, within thee I will be,
Before, behind, on every side of thee:
Above thee I will be sweet Hope and Joy,
To lift thee upward; under thee I 'll be
A rock immovable of Strength and Courage;
Before thee I 'll be Love, enticing on;
Behind thee Zeal, impelling forward, forward;
Within, with Life I 'll fill thee; on thy left,
With Praise confirm, and to good works incite, thee;
And on thy right, into the Promised Land
A Bridge be, for thee, over Jordan's flood."
And thou saidst to the Lord: — "I 'd fain even now,
Before we leave this Gallery of the Nuns,
At once be buried." and the Lord said: — "See!
Here in my heart of hearts thou art already

Before-hand buried." and thou look'dst, and sawest
The chamber of the Lord's heart lit inside
With tall wax tapers, and with black cloth hung,
And, in the midst, a coffin on a bier
And, at the bier's four corners, four fair cherubs
Standing with folded wings and holding up,
Each with one hand, a corner of the pall,
And black-stoled Benedictine Sisters strewing
The pall with lilies; and the crypt door open,
And torches flaring round a new-sunk grave,
And figures flitting dim; and from the choir
Thou heard'st the chaunting of the *DE PROFUNDIS*.
And lo! while still thou look'dst, the cherubs spread
Their wings out and soared upward, bearing with them
The pall, and, on the pall as on a bed
Lying, amid the lilies, just awaked,
A nun full dressed in Benedictine habit,
Clasping, and to her breast with crossed hands pressing,
An ivory crucifix, and thou knew'st thy soul,
And fell'st down in a trance at the Lord's feet;
And the nuns took thee up and carried thee
Out of the chapel with small signs of life,
And laid thee on thy bed, and gave thee wine,
And chafed with vinegar thy hands and temples
Till by degrees thou camest to thyself,
And sat'st up, and beganst to eat and drink,
And to take comfort thou wert still alive.

Deign, deign, Matilda! thou who to the wound
Made in the Lord's foot by the cruel nail,
Thine ear laid'st, one Ash Wednesday morning early,
Ere thou hadst broken fast or spoken word,
And, hearing in it, plain, a bubbling sound,
As of a pot that boiled upon the fire,
Askedst the Lord what meant that bubbling sound,
As of a boiling pot, inside his foot.
And the Lord said: — "That bubbling, boiling sound
Thou hear'st within my foot, says *run, run, run*;
And with like bubbling, boiling sound the love

Within my heart kept crying *run, run, run,*
 And *run, run, run* kept crying, and no rest
 From preaching, teaching, minist'ring allówed me,
 And working miracles, till to an end
 I had brought my task, and wrought out thy salvation."
 And thóu saidst to the Lord: — "I 'd fain mine ear
 Put to thy wounded hand." and the Lord said: —
 "Put thine ear to my hand." and thou didst so,
 And, in the wound made by the cruel nail,
 A sound heard'st as of hammering on an anvil,
 And ask'dst the Lord what meant that hammering sound.
 And the Lord said: — "That hammering sound 's my WORD,
 Which shall cease never, day and night, to hammer,
 Until the iron heart of unbelief
 Is softened in the Heathen, and not Three
 Kings only from the Éast come, but all kings,
 From north and south and east and west come crowding,
 To lay their treasures at the Saviour's feet."
 And thóu saidst to the Lord: — "Be not displeased
 If I would fain mine ear lay to thy side
 Where it was wounded by the cruel spear."
 And the Lord bade thee, and thou laid'st thine ear
 To the spear wound and listen'dst, and a sound
 Heard'st, as it were of a loud clanging trumpet,
 Startling and shrill though distant; and thou drewest
 Thy héad back, terrified, and ask'dst the Lord
 What meant that dreadful clarion, which thine ear
 So made to tingle and thy blood run cold.
 And the Lord bade thee nót fear, but thine ear
 Lay to, again, and listen; and thou didst so,
 And heard'st a sound as if the sea were breaking,
 With all its waves at once, upon one shore;
 Or as if, down high Himalaya's side,
 The accumulated snows of all the years
 The world has lasted or shall ever last,
 In one stupendous avalanche were falling;
 And had the Lord not with his finger touched
 Thine ear, its drum had broken, and thou hadst never
 Heard sóund more: and thou knew'st it was the Last

Trumpet, thou hadst heard, and Rising of the Dead.
And, for two whole days after, thou wast deaf
And lay'st in bed, and on the third day, first,
Thy foot sett'st to the ground, then first assured
'Twas steady, and, though on the very eve
Of its last labour, not in the actual throes,
And, for a day or two, might hold together.

Matilda, come! come thou to whom the Lord
Imparted by the laying on of hands
— Of his most pure and holy hands on thine,
Thumb on thumb laid, and finger laid on finger,
And palm on palm — the power to work and do
As he had worked and done, here, in the flesh:
To whom the Lord, his eyes on thine eyes laying,
The gift of tears imparted and repentance;
Laying his ears on thine, the gift to hear
Rebuke with patience and no word retort;
Laying on thine his rosy lips, the gift
To preach and pray and minister and teach,
And magnify in all men's ears his name;
And — last, best gift of all — to thy cold heart
His throbbing heart applying, pressed and pressed
Till thou grew'st warm with love, and took'st, like wax
Softened before the fire, the seal's impression.
Thou, thou who, when the Lord was fain to leave thee,
Criedst: "Náy; not yét, Lord!" and laid'st hold on him,
Even as the wife of Potiphar on Joseph,
And clung'st to him and wouldst not let him go,
And took'st thy harp and play'dst on it, and sang'st: —
MANE, O MANE, DOMINE, NOBISCUM;
MANE NOBISCUM, DOMINE, REX GLORIAE!
And the Lord turned about to thee and said,
"Look in mine eyes." and thou look'dst in his eyes,
And he in thine looked, and thou sawest thyself
In the Lord's eyes as in a looking-glass;
And light from thine eyes passed into the Lord's,
And from the Lord's eyes light passed into thine,
As from one looking-glass into another

The sun's rays are reflected back and forward.
And the Lord raised his voice and VENI, sang,
VENI, AMICA MEA! and thou sang'st
DOMINE! VENIO. and thy voice became
One with the Lord's, though different the words;
And angels brought and set upon thy head
A golden crown, all glittering bright with jewels,
And knelt, and tuned their opal harps, and sang
The praises of the crowned bride of the Lord.

Thou comest not, thou hearest not my prayer,
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!
For with the Lord thou hast gone into the desert,
Arm in arm walking, in sweet confidence,
And lighting there upon a pleasant spot,
Shady and fresh, and gay with various flowers,
At sheep-and-shepherd playest with the Lord,
He sitting on a bank, thou browsing near,
And with gold collar and a chain of gold
Linked to a golden eyelet in his heart,
And kept from straying. In his breast 's a rose,
Blushing, full blown, with five sweet-smelling petals,
— Emblems of SEEING, HEARING, TASTING, SMELLING,
And TOUCHING; the five lifeguards of the flesh —
His crook lies at his side, and, on his pipe,
He plays airs so delicious I don't blâme thee
Thou hear'st not, heed'st not, com'st not to mine aid,
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 6, 1861.]

MAN, of all animals, has the strongest faith
And weakest reason,
For, of all animals, Man alone believes
Against plain reason.

[GIRSCH, BOHEMIA, Aug. 16, 1860.]

LIVE, while thou liv'st; and, when thou com'st to die,
Bow graceful, and retire without a sigh.
Thou hast played thy part; let those who ring thy knell
Settle, among them, whether ill or well;
It 's their concern, not thine; for praise and blame,
And ill and well, are to the dead the same,
And alike brave, magnanimous and just
Are dead Achilles and 'Thersites' dust.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 9, 1861.]

"NEXT time you 're making a great world," to God
Said Satan once, still smarting from the rod,
"Let me but have some hand in it, and some will,
And, I 'll be bound, 'twill not turn out so ill."
"Who spoiled my first world?" cried Omnipotence:
"I thought till now, even devils had some sense."
"Nay, don't be angry, sire," said Satan, mild,
"Nor quite the heart break of your once loved child;
I own my error; but the question 's not
Who was it sent your first made world to pot,
But why it was so badly put together
That, like a ship which, in mere stress of weather,
Goes to the bottom far from shoal or rock,
It foundered, helpless, in the first blast's shock.
So, what do you think, if, next time, you and I
Would put together our two heads, and try
Whether we can't between us make a man
Of better stuff than Adam? there 's a plan

Strikes me just now, that with both heaven and hell
 Dispenses, and perhaps might answer well."
 "Out with it, quick," said God, "for, thrown away
 On me, good hint was never: when men pray
 I always listen, and a wise suggestion
 Thus pick up, sometimes, on a knotty question;
 Rarely, however; for it 's sad to say
 How oft they cheat me, even when they pray.
 But upon you I think I may rely,
 Though fallen, an angel born, and of the sky
 And this high court of mine permitted guest,
 And free to mingle with the first and best
 When I hold levee, or in starry hall
 Dinner official give, or fancy ball.
 Out with your plan then, bold." "It 's simply this,
 Wise sire," said Satan; "take it not amiss:
 We 'll to our joint work not the choice leave free,
 To stand or fall; it was that liberty
 — Not I, who bade him use it — your man spoiled,
 And all his Maker's kind intentions foiled.
 We 'll make our man what wé choose, choose, and be
 Our humble servant — not his servants, we.
 You to be God ceased, when you delegated
 Your royal privilege, and were soon checkmated.
 Our man we 'll make choose not to fall but stand,
 And do in all things just as we command.
 Fie! it 's below the dignity of God
 To keep a school and govern with the rod."
 "Egad! you 're right," said God, "my clever Sat;
 Wasn't I a blockhead, not to think of that!
 Give me your hand: our new man chooses free,
 Or thinks he chooses, while, behind backs, we
 Inspire his free choice and our sovereignty
 Maintain intact." So said, they parted, friends;
 And here, at last, my truthful story ends.
 Some add that God slept little all that night
 Thinking of Satan till the dawning light,
 And how not through his ówn fault Adam fell,
 And should by no means have been sent to hell,

And then and there his mind made up, some time
Or other, to take on himself the crime
He had himself occasioned, and to die
In proper person or by deputy,
And so his sense of justice satisfy —
Oddly enough, methinks the reader says,
And I say too; but, in those ancient days,
Nothing more common was than something odd
Done, or intended to be done, by God.

[Walking from LEGHORN to TORRE DI CALAFURIA, March 6, 1861.]

LIFE'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —
Until the last; and then — “What then?” Why, nothing;
Unless, indeed, last minute ’s not last minute,
And what ’s come to an end is not yet ended.

WORLD'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —
Until the last; and then — “What then?” Why, nothing;
What except nothing can come after last
Minute, not come while anything exists?
For time is but a property of thing,
— Belongs to thing, like number or extension —
Or, if you please, a mode of viewing thing,
An aspect under which things are compared,
And dies away and vanishes, with thing.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 15, 1861.]

"VOX populi vox dei." To be sure!
For, be Gods many, few, or only one,
They are the people's making — made, to make
Them and the world, and do their will supreme.
Woe, woe betide the God who dares rebel!
Ask Jove, Jehovah ask, if I 'm not right;
After a hundred ages more, ask Christ.

[MILAN, June 8, 1861.]

GENUS HOMO.

MAN, I 've heard say — no matter by whom said
A say so vain — is but a wiser ape,
Made of same flesh and blood; one of the vast
Fraternity of living, sentient beings
Which on this twirling ball are born and die,
And dust with dust mix undistinguishable,
Material for new beings evermore.
But I 'll describe the ford as I have found it,
Filling the blanks of my experience up
With reference now and then to th' Authorized
Statistical Society Report:

Man 's a ten-fingered, ten-toed, tailless biped,
With toothless, gummy jaws till six months old,
And scarce at two full years old able first
To express by other means than cries and sobs
The wants of the intelligent, etherial,
Immortal spirit which within him dwells,
Hid, no one knows exactly how or where

Or for what purpose, but within him hid
Undoubtedly, and some day to break forth
Glorious, unveiled, in all its native beauty
Unspeakable, and dwell for ever more
With seraphs, and the praises sing of God.
In the mean time he 's flogged at school, and learns
To spell and read, perhaps, and add up Pounds
Shillings and Pence, and home by dear Mamma
At Christmas brought, or Easter, has outgrown
— Prodigious! — in the short space of six months,
By five full finger-breadths his corduroys,
And must get new, or be the laughing-stock,
After the holidays, of the whole school.
And has not the etherial germ within,
Enlarged in like proportion? learned to play
At odd-and-even, rob a blackbird's nest
Or magpie's, in the season, and despise
As idle bugbears, fit to frighten fools,
The dangers of a midnight escapade
Into the vicar's orchard, though the way
Lies past the church and through the church-yard straight?

So pass two lustrums and one half the third;
The other half the third and all the fourth
Are scarce enough to humanize a little,
And fine with Greek and Latin down, the spirit,
Divine indeed, but barbarous still and coarse,
And little fit for office or profession
Civil or military, or to sit
In either House and win respect and honor.
So praised be Greek and Latin, although hard,
And Mathematics; enemies, to the death,
Of gambling, betting, cockfighting, horse-racing,
Drinking, tobacco-smoking, handicapping,
And all the ruder instincts of the fine,
Delicate, etherial, heaven-descended spirit.
Cruel the war, and with like bravery waged
On either side, and varying success;
And many a laurel 's won on either side,

And many a sad reverse comes unexpected.
But help 's to one side near; for, with the fifth
Revolving lustrum, Thirst of Gold accursed,
And, more accursed still, Thirst of Domination
Make with their cognate Instincts common cause,
And Greek and Latin, routed, quit the field
And in entrenched forts hide, with Mathematics;
And th' Instincts' banner floats upon the breeze,
Victorious; and the Instincts' legion shout,
Rending the sky, with Io-paeans shakes
Heaven's palaces, and indecorous stuns
With gratitude uproarious the Gods' ears.

Our heaven-descended animal at ease
Passes the next five lustrums, for the field,
Once won, is by the Instincts held tenacious,
And his whole body and whole soul are theirs,
And Interest rules the roast, and Toil and Pleasure
Divide the man between them, and he grows
Stooped, by degrees, and stiff, and hoary haired,
And dim of vision, and of hearing dull;
And rich or poor as Fortune throws the dice,
Capricious; and from lustrum into lustrum
Slides gradual — sighing, and sore discontent
To see heaven, every day, a whole day nearer:
Ah! why so soon, for unknown, empty ether,
Must this familiar ball of earth, delicious,
So firm and so substantial, be exchanged?
Ah! why not here the immortal spirit fill
Its years unnumbered, up, as well as yonder?
Why must it writhe and wriggle, into two
By Death cut — like a snake by a cart-wheel?
No matter; lustrums come and lustrums go,
And every one away upon its wing
Takes with it some part, fractional or whole,
Of our compounded animal and spirit:
Teeth by half dozens, tresses by whole handfuls,
The ruby of the lips, the cheek's red rose,
The soft, white, shining satin of the skin,

The light, elastic step, the pliant joint,
The tense and vigorous muscle, and — worse rape —
The solid judgment, vivid memory clear,
The lively joke, the ready repartee,
Mirth, joy, and hope, and Bacchus and Dione.

And so into his dreaded fifteenth lustrum,
Or his sixteenth perhaps, goes hobbling on,
Not without stick's or crutch's aid, or both,
Our scion of the Gods, our imp divine,
Our intellectual, spiritual biped
Omnivorous — omnivorous, I mean,
While he has teeth, for sago is his food,
These long years past, and jelly, and soft meats,
And, to assist his gummy, ill-matched jaws,
He carries in his pouch an apple-scoop;
A wig defends his bald pate from the flies;
Bleared are his eyes, and from his livid nose
Distils the clear drop: one ear 's wholly deaf;
In through a trumpet screaming to the other,
You make the immortal soul hear where she sits
Shy hid within her sanctum — make her hear,
But strive in vain to make her understand;
How can she understand, who can no longer
Reason or judge — whose memory 's not a mere
Rased tablet, but a tablet from whose surface
All new impressions vanish instantaneous?
But, sent already twice, lo! Palsy comes
Third time, and finds our spirit ripe for heaven
And angel choirs, and takes her on his wing,
And soars aloft, and on the golden threshold
Of God's court sets her down, to sing God's praise
And tune a seraph's harp for ever more,
Forgetful of the flesh, which, left behind
On earth, lies rotting and to dust returning,
Till the last trump's alarm shall raise it up
In dusty clouds and carry it to heaven,
There to renew acquaintance, and remind
Of "auld lang syne" the spirit, and, afresh

Forming one compound with her, undergo
God's judgment on the former compound's doings.
Nor deem unjust the judgment: who art thou,
Emmet! that tak'st on thee to judge thy judge?
All judgment 's free indeed — else 'twere not judgment —
But, whilst thou hast yet to stand before the bar,
Thou 'lt, if thou 'rt wise, thy judge, if not applaud,
At least not censure — even by implication.
So not one word of pity for the spirit,
After her thousand or ten thousand years
Of separation from the encumbering body,
Again united with it, to be judged.
Hasn't she a chance, a fair chance, of acquittal?
Isn't her judge wise and merciful and good?
He won't, nay! nay! he won't if he can help it,
Send hér to hell down, who has so long enjoyed
— Provisorily indeed, but still enjoyed —
The burgher-right of heaven, and so long sung,
In unison with angel harps, his praise.
Nor word of pity venture for the dust,
After a thousand or ten thousand years,
Revivified, not on its own behoof
Or for its own good, but to be again
Exposed to peril and vicissitude,
And suffer judgment posthumous for acts
Forced on it by the spirit. Isn't its judge
As full of mercy as he 's wise and strong,
And won't he do his possible to save it
From his own righteous condemnation's pains?

Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!
Sole genus composite, of all the unnumbered
Genera that walk, fly, swim, or hop, or creep;
Sole laughing, weeping, talking, cooking genus;
Sole genus with inheritance *post mortem* —
By right, in hell; in heaven, by grace especial;
Grace, to some odd elect scores granted free,
Withheld from millions equally deserving.
Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!

Genus aristocrat, for whose sole use
The Impartial has created all the others,
And given them to it for service or mere pastime,
Their skins for clothing and their flesh for food;
Genus *par excellence*, made in its Maker's
Image, so like, some naturalists have taken
MAKER and MADE for one and the same genus.
Such is the genus Homo! art not proud of it,
Kind, gentle, yawning, most magnanimous reader —
Far be it from me to call thee wiser ape,
And so upon my back bring two at once,
Thee, and the ape's offended dignity?

[Finished at SEEVELEN (CANTON ST. GALLEN), June 26, 1861.]

WHY I 'm not popular 's in one word told:
To lash the vices of mankind I 'm bold,
And little given their vanity to flatter;
What wonder so few like me — or what matter?
Wordsworth for most of them is good enough,
Or Moore's or Byron's ill digested stuff;
Or Bab Macaulay's lays; or touching scene
Of Hiawatha or Evangeline;
Or tale of some old clock at the stair head,
That strikes the hour as you go up to bed;
Or Idyls of the King — fit title, sure,
For laureate verses, and the ear to allure
Of condescending royalty, to hear
Notes that won't jar even on a royal ear.
It 's seldom I praise God, or anthems sing;
But when I do, it 's always for one thing:
That his good providence has so supplied
With worthless books this great world far and wide,
Readers are not compelled to have recourse
To better books for the mere lack of worse.

[Walking from SEEVELEN, CANTON ST. GALLEN, to WILDHAUS, June 26, 1861.]

WHAT a pity Gambrinus a temple built not,
And high on the altar set up a beer-pot
With home-brewed frothing over! from Mecca and Rome
And far-famed Jerusalem the pilgrims had come,
Each one with a bottle, to bring home a drop
Of the certified tap, and set up a beer-shop;
And the old Flanders' king had all prophets out-done,
And the beer-drinker's faith, all faiths under the sun;
And I 'd been a convert, and, errors forsworn,
Nourished body and soul upon John Barleycorn,
And grown fatter, and plumper, and rounder each day,
And turned my nose up at oat-gruel and whey,
And lived till Death took me, and cared not one jot
How soon or how late. — Fellow, fill me the pot!
Fill it up! your healths, all, sirs! and aren't we in clover,
With his pipe, every one, and full pot foaming over?
[Walking from DUSSLINGEN to TüBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

HERE 's my faith, my chapel here,
In this foaming pot of beer;
Here I 'll live and here I 'll die,
These true words my elegy:

Whilst he lived he was a man;
Whilst he lived he loved his can;
Now he 's dead and drinks no more,
On that sad and sober shore,
Stranger, go and do as he
Living did, and merry be,
Drinking every day thy can,
A rosy, fat, kind-hearted man.

[TüBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

"ALL things require a maker." To be sure!
All things within the world require a maker;
But he who argues that the world itself
Therefore requires a maker, argues vain,
Argues, that is, without *vis consequentiae*,
For, parallel to the world, we have no thing,
No second world from which to draw conclusions.
Cease, then, to talk of Maker of the world,
As if the world a thing were, in the world —
Mouse, man, or blade of grass, or stone, or clock,
Table or chair or book or warming-pan.
Enough for thee, of things within the world,
Modest, to think, and to each thing assign,
As far as in thee lies, its proper cause,
Near or remote. Beyond the world 's a blank —
Nay, less; for not with all thy wit canst thou
So much as EVEN BEYOND THE WORLD imagine.

[Walking from MUDAU in the ODENWALD to AMORBACH, July 31, 1861.]

THE HOLY FRIAR.

WHO cheats me best, I love him most,
And do the most admire; —
"The doctor?" No. "The lawyer?" Pshaw!
It is the holy friar.

The doctor comes and feels my pulse,
And bids me show my tongue;
Then knits his brow and shakes his head: —
"There 's surely something wrong."

"O Doctor, Doctor, save my life;
I am a dying man:
There 's gold, there 's gold, and do for me
What art and physic can."

The lawyer comes with parchment sheet,
Behind his ear, his quill: —
"There 's gold, there 's gold, sweet Lawyer dear,
And draw for me my will."

The friar comes, and prays with me: —
"To heaven thy soul shall go."
"There 's gold, there 's gold, thou holy Friar!
Thy words me comfort so."

"I spurn thy gold," the friar replies,
"Heaven is not bought with gold;
The Church for thee wide open throws
The door of Jesus' fold;

"Confess thy sins, and enter in,
And banish doubt and fear;
Eternal joy awaits, above,
The child of sorrow here."

"Twelve acres of my fattest land
I leave the Church, in fee,
To build an abbey fair thereon,
And masses sing for me;

"Masses to sing for my soul's rest,
When I am dead and gone;
And every priest that sings a mass,
Shall have a golden crown.

"Twelve acres more I leave the prior,
And name the Church, trustee;
The third and last twelve acres shall
My children's heritage be."

And so I die. — Who cheats me best
I love most and admire; —
‘The doctor?’ No. ‘The lawyer?’ Pshaw!
It is the holy friar.

[Walking from ASCHAFFENBURG to FRAMERSBACH (SPESSART), Aug. 4, 1861.]

QUEM CREAVIT ADORAVIT.

QUEM creavit, adoravit
Pia mater;
Quem creavit, ignoravit
Catus pater;
Illum nothum, delibutum
Quinta parte
Mellis sui, ipse Deus
Segregavit,
Adoptavit, educavit,
Martyr'zavit,
E sepulchro suscitavit
Et in altum
Caeli solium, honoratum
Collocavit,
Ut piaret nostrum scelus —
Bonus Deus!
In perpetuum sit laudatum
Nomen ejus.

[Walking from SASSUOLO (near MODENA) to PAULLO, Nov. 1, 1861.]

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

You say the priests deceive the people; I
Beg you 'd so kind be as to tell me why —
Why should a man play fast-and-loose with those
Who give him money, lodging, food and clothes;
Who show him honor, all his biddings do,
And at his side stand faithful still and true.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But they are men of learning and good sense,
And must know well, one half they say 's pretence.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Ay, to be sure! but not upon their part:
They say their lesson, like a child, by heart;
Preach what their bounden duty 'tis, to preach;
And what they are paid and fed for teaching, teach.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Their duty is to teach and preach what 's true.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Dear sir, excuse me; that would never do.
A man, if stout and healthy, lives, you know,
Some sixty, seventy, eighty years, or so,
But to explore and to the bottom probe
Doctrinal truth, too few the years of Job
Or old Methuselah.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I did never doubt

A single life too short to make truth out,
And priests must preach, or of mere hunger die;
All I require 's they do not preach a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die
Or teach the people —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Only not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die
Or to the people preach —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Something they must preach, or of hunger die;
And life 's too short to find out what 's a lie
And what is truth —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But lives together strung
Find the truth out; it flies from tongue to tongue.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

And so we agree; the priest, not what he knows,
Preaches, or what his own clear reason shows
To be the truth, but what he has heard is true,
And dares not doubt — starvation full in view,
And, to some minds worse even than starvation,
Reproach and infamy and degradation.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

You mean to say it 's not the priests who guide,
But to the people's tail the priests are tied.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Not to the tail tied, but set in the van
To cry "Come on!" and with old, rusty pan,
Kettle and tongs make, each, what noise he can;
As you have seen before some regiment go
A band of music, to inspire the slow,
And regulate the step — not point the way —
Each fife and drum in quarter-master's pay.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

All true, it must be owned; but how is it, then,
Ever a Luther rises amongst men?

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Some bran new crotchet, whispered not avowed,
Finds here and there odd converts in the crowd;
A party 's formed; a party needs a head;
No flock of goats but by a buck is led;
Honor 's the guerdon, and a glorious name:
Who would not take the danger, for the fame?
So Luthers, Numas, Calvins, Christs arise,
And bold Mohammed's banner flouts the skies;
So Cranmers, Ridleys, Savonarolas burn,
And every creed stands at the stake in turn,
And mounts in turn the throne, puts on the crown,
And at its feet sees half the world bow down.
Make haste and with the rest bow, Prudence cries; —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I bow, I bow.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

All right; and thou art wise.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, November 15, 1861.]

ROMA, CAPITALE D' ITALIA.

MAN 's a robber by instinct; who doubts it the least,
Who has seen two kings join, to rob even their own priest?
To be sure! and an excellent rule 's tit for tat,
Though less robber than thief was the priest, for all that;
For the strong man 's a robber, the weak man 's a thief,
And to take others' goods, of all instincts is chief;
And robbers and robbed are the whole human race,
And these and those change, every now and then, place;
And today I 'm a robber, tomorrow I 'm robbed;
And my booty today, by a stronger is fobbed
Or a cleverer, tomorrow; and so it goes on,
And so, since the world went on wheels, it has gone,

And so, while the world goes on wheels, it will go;
By whose fault, if you ask me, I vow I don't know,
And to ferret it out though I batter my brains,
Get only more dust in my eyes for my pains.
Well, no matter, sweet reader! even robbers, you know,
Have some honor amongst them, at least they say so,
And I pledge thee the faith of a robber, I 'll thee
Never rob while I live, so thou never robb'st me;
And hurrah for ROB ROY and ROY ROB and the man
Who takes all he 's able and keeps all he can!
And let him who can't stand, take good heed lest he fall
In spite of his crutch and God's help and the wall;
For I 'd like to know why should the Seven Hills of Rome
Of the same band of thieves be for ever the home;
And if Cacus himself was put down by a stronger,
Why should Pius the Ninth hold the den an hour longer?
Up then! up then, Italians! your guns on your shoulder!
GARIBALDI 's the word! Ere the year 's a day older,
To the Capitol forward! — For Venice we 'll hope —
Evviva l' Italia! To hell with the Pope!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 31, 1862.]

WELL! I 'll be patient, to myself I said,
And, though it 's hard, do what I can to bear it,
Not doubting but it 's all to end in good.
And yet, methinks, and with respect be it said,
Heaven did not take exactly the right way
To have me patient, giving me in hand
The ill, and only promising the good.
Ah, if instead of setting the cart so
Before the horse, it had into my hand
Given the good, and promised me the ill,
What perfect model I had been of patience!
With what sure hope looked forward to the future!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 4, 1862.]

THE CONGRESS.

ONCE on a time, three Powers in Congress met,
And to divide the world between them, set,
As if 't had been an apple. Of the three
Not one but was the pink of courtesy
And gentle breeding, full of common sense,
And high above suspicion of pretence
Or double-dealing; starred and gartered two,
And truly Christian; whether the third Jew,
Mormon or pagan was, or infidel,
So plain his costume, it were hard to tell: —
"Into three parts," said Knowledge, in the chair,
"We 'll cut it, and take each an equal share."
"All wrong," said Dogma; "every body knows
The Chair has nó right either to propose
Or vote; its business is to put the question.
Ignorance, we 're waiting upon thy suggestion."
"Wait not on me," said Ignorance; "I agree
Always in every word that falls from thee,
Respected Dogma. Never from the side
Of his best friend shall Ignorance divide."
"My motion 's this," said Dogma; "that we cut
The world in two." The Chair the question put,
And took the votes — it was not hard to do —
And sighing said: — "The ayes have it" and withdrew.
"I don't know why we should divide at all,"
Said Ignorance, when Knowledge left the hall;
"Nor I," said Dogma, "now that villain 's gone;
Ignorance and Dogma never were but one,

Nor ever shall be. Give me here thy hand:
We 'll rule together over sea and land,
One heart, one head, one interest, one soul;
Thou shalt have mine, I thine, and both the whole.
Princes and senates shall our subjects be;
Priests, our police; heaven, hell and purgat'ry
Our brevets, honors, decorations, taws,
For those that keep, and those that break, our laws."
"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Ignorance, and took
The hand of Dogma and with fervor shook;
"We 'll have the laugh at Knowledge, at the fool,
Or knave, I don't know which, who thought to rule,
To rule with us, the impertinent!" They said,
Drew up the protocol, and, when they had read
And found it all right, parted with a kiss,
To rule the world from that hour until this.

So old the story, I 'll not vouch it true;
To few old stories is much credit due;
They 're mostly parables, like the Prodigal Son;
So, if you please, you may take this for one.

[CASA CARTONI, AT CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Dec. 21, 1861.]

GOD AND GOLD.

"AH! had I but that L of thine," to Gold
Said God one day, "methinks I would be happy."
"What wilt thou give me for 't?" said Gold, considering.
"Nothing," said God, "it only does thee harm;
If it were mine I 'd know how to make use of it."
"Well! as thou 'rt God," said Gold, "thou mayst command me."
And handed God his L. Wasn't he a ninny?
And wasn't God clever? for, from that day forth,
God had the real honor; Gold, the show.

[CASA CARTONI, AT CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, February 2, 1862.]

THE GO-BETWEEN.

ONCE on a time I knew a go-between,
Who back and forward ran, the livelong day
And all his life, between two not too well
Agreeing parties, and so cleverly
His business managed as to cheat them both,
And on his gains live happily and well.
He came to me one day, this go-between,
The bearer, as he said, of compliments
From one of the two parties, and inquired
If he might not my compliments bring back.
But I knew well, and, if I had not known,
Had in his supple cringe and bland smile seen,
'Twas but to drive a wider trade he wanted;
To open a new market, as they say,
And force his wares upon me. So I told him,
Whoever sent him, if he had aught to say,
Might come himself and say it; I dealt only
With principals; and took him by the shoulder
And pushed him out, and slammed the door upon him,
And thought I had got rid of him; but lo!
That very night I had my windows broken,
And my friends tell me that from that day forth
He has never ceased to call me names opprobrious,
And threaten vengeance, not his own alone
But that of both the parties who employ him.

His name I dare not for my life divulge,
But by this sign you 'll know him anywhere :
God is his first word, every time he speaks,
And every time he speaks, his last word 's money.
Thou shak'st thine head, and look'st, embarrassed, round
For an interpreter; behold him, there !
Never Academician better knew
Than Prince Plon-Plon, to find thee rhyme for TRAITRE.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 13, 1862.]

IF this beer-can a chapel were,
What pious man were I !
The very sight of it fills my heart
With love and ecstasy ;

And then the touch — the smell — the taste —
Ye Gods, but they 're divine !
I 'll never, never from it part,
While life and breath are mine.

And when at last my breath is out,
And up to heaven I go,
I 'll be content if I no worse
Above fare, than below ;

Let me a chapel find above,
As foaming, full, and strong,
And there I 'll worship all the day,
Nor find the day too long.

This is my prayer; Gambrinus, hear !
And intercede for me !
Now, jolly fellows, fill your pots : —
"Gambrinus' memory!"

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 9, 1862.]

GUNPOWDER, Steam, and Printing, and The Wire —
 Rude! so to call the holy Prophet, liar;
 Upstarts! as if he had nothing else to do
 — So full you 're of yourselves — but think of you!
 Come, try your own hands, sirs, and let us see
 How wiser much than the old, the new seers be.
 I knew it! new Printings, Steams, Gunpowders, Wires,
 And — how could you forget? — new Prophet liars!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 20, 1862.]

I.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who gave the power
 And will to sin, and knew both would be used.

II.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, to whose sole will
 Sinner and sin alike owe their existence.

III.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who, being Omniscient,
 Foresees all sins, and, being Omnipotent,
 Can, if he please, prevent them and does not —
 Nay, not alone does not, but punishes;
 And — one tic farther still, one farther tic
 Incredible — when punishment 's no use.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 21, 1862.]

SHE begged my alms *because she was a widow*.
'Twas her own fault, I said, she needn't have married;
Pity, she hadn't some dozen of children too!
My alms should then have been some dozen times greater.
"In one respect then, even on your own showing,
I 'm right," replied the beggar, "and deserve
If not your alms, at least your approbation."
I smiled, and gave to flippancy the alms
I had, in social reason's name, refused
To mendicancy, and we parted friends,
She with my penny, rich, I with her blessing,
Each bestowed lightly, neither well deserved.

Brotherly kindness, whither hast thou fled?
In what wild Tartar steppe, what Arab waste,
Amongst what savage horde of Esquimaux,
Sweet human pity, hast thou taken refuge,
Chased from among the civilized, by Rates,
Commissioners, Inspectors, Guardian-boards,
Relieving-officers and Settlements,
And all the dire machinery of the hard,
Heartless, demoralizing Workhouse Law?

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

HE died unwept. "Because he went to heaven?"
No, but because unfit to heaven to go;
Had he been good enough to go to heaven,
There had been no end to our pitying tears:
Whee! whee! see how I weep for the Prince Consort.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 18, 1862.]

MY first director on the way to knowledge
— Ere yet ten summers o'er my head had rolled,
And I still lingered about Bluebeard's castle,
Or wandered in the wood where Beauty lay
Sleeping her long, deep sleep of forty years —
Was Volney, awful with his Empire Ruins
— Awful to me a child — and many an hour
I gazed, bewildered, at the shadowy hand
Which beckoned me a way I feared to tread.
Goethe came next — not Dorothea's Goethe,
Or maniac Tasso's, or Iphigenia's,
But Charlotte's Goethe — and a lesson read me
Perilous to my young heart, and all day
I raved of Werther and all night long dreamed,
Till a fantastic mask, beside a stage
Erected on the fair-green of our village,
Inviting me, I enter, and, astonished,
Find myself in the midst of fairy sprites,
Wizards, hobgoblins, loving ladies fair,
Barons and knights and courts and camps and battles,
And sigh with Romeo, and with Hamlet rave,
And jest with gay Mercutio, and the storm
With Ariel ride, and cry: "Tom 's cold", with Edgar,
And moralize with Jacques; and laugh and weep,
And weep and laugh, by turns, and blush for shame;
And love and hate, at once, vile human nature.
Next, to my door a wandering minstrel came,
Blind and in tatters, and so sweetly sang

Divine Achilles' wrath and Priam's tears,
 And hapless Hector's bold, undaunted heart,
 And patriotism and love, that I forgot
 Vile human nature, and looked happy forward
 To be, some time at last, a brave, good man,
 And serve my country, and, if need required,
 Even for my country die. A fair youth, then,
 Of easy manners, as to courts accustomed,
 And modest though not diffident, approached me,
 And linked his arm in mine, and drew me with him
 Apart into his closet, and there sang me,
 In tones whose melody thrills in mine ear,
 Even to this day, unrivaled, the exploits
 Of that magnanimous, heaven-favored prince
 Who led Troy's fugitives across the deep
 To found in Italy a greater Troy.
 So sweet the song, that I almost forgave
 Its aim, to please unlearned and learned alike;
 Almost admired the Proteus bard's address,
 Now, to Jove's will supreme and uncontrolled,
 The universe and all that it contains
 Abject submitting; now, to stronger Fate,
 Making submit even Jove's unconquered will,
 And blowing hot and cold, and cold and hot,
 With the same breath, alternate; bent to please
 No matter at what cost, and carry off
 From all competitors the laurel crown.
 Yet great the gratitude I owe the youth,
 Nor ever without loud praise shall my lips
 Pronounce the name of Italy's greatest poet —
 Greatest in mine, as in the world's, opinion.
 Manners and men, and wondrous Nature's forms
 Diversified, he taught me, and, with love
 Of whatsoever 's lovely, filled my heart;
 And when, adventurous and scarce enough
 Counting the risks, I took in hand, first time,
 The poet's pen, his master hand on mine
 Laid kindly, and my trembling fingers steadied,
 Bidding me be of good cheer and remember

That Labour was Skill's parent, and Success
 The child of Skill; and, with good-natured frown,
 Shaking his head when I, mistrustingly,
 Muttered aside: — "Minerva non invita."
 But with severe, authoritative voice,
 My master's master, from the shade behind,
 Called to his brilliant, courtly, faithless pupil,
 Commanding to desist, nor with rose odours
 And concord of sweet sounds me too allure
 Into that wide, waste swamp, where, in the light
 Of Plato's flickering ignis-fatuus lamp,
 Good and Ill absolute, absolute Right and Wrong,
 Free chosen Virtue, and as free chosen Vice,
 Pains purgatorial, Tartarus and Elysium,
 Angels and ghosts and demons and great Gods
 Their sabbath celebrate, and, round and round,
 Wheel in inextricable morris dance
 Fantasmagorian, scarcely by the strong
 Beheld without vertigo, of the weak
 Subverting oft the reason, and of all
 The fair, erect front bowing to the dust
 Under the foot of priest and priest-made king.
 No word my teacher answered, nor with look
 Or action showed displeasure, but abashed
 Rose and retired, and left me with a new,
 More philosophical, less complacent master;
 Who to the open air forth by the hand
 Led me, and pointing to the vaulted heaven,
 And setting sun in glory, and red moon
 Opposite, full orb'd, upon the ocean's rim: —
 "If, to make these, a hand divine were needed,
 To make that hand divine another hand
 Still more divine were by like reason, needed,"
 Said solemn, and with eye intent on mine;
 "And if for these and other objects needed
 A hand creative, that creative hand
 Must of necessity have anteceded
 All objects, and by consequence all objects'
 Relations, first and principal of which

Are time and space; but a creative hand
Existent out of time and space — what is it?
A mere non-entity and contradiction,
A tortoise on whose strong shell to support
The elephant whose back supports the world.”
He said, and by his candour won no less
My heart, than by his argument, my reason;
And from that day forth I have lived with him,
A loving, docile, and admiring pupil,
And more for truth solicitous than to please,
And wear the laurel — wreath it round my bust,
Posterity! ’twill not corrupt me there.
To Caro and his friends revolving years
But bound me more, and from the world apart
I lived with them a solitary’s life,
Commenting on, not mixing with, events;
Flaccus most pleased me, and we laughed together,
Long evenings, at Man’s virtues and Man’s vices,
Madnesses, follies, vanities and whims,
And profound wisdom measuring the stars,
All relative, unreal, imaginary,
Will-o’-the-Wisp lights, magic-lantern phantoms
Illusory, fantastic, evanescent:
And then he ’d take his lyre and, “Let us sing
Venus,” he ’d say, “and mirth and love and wine,
And crown our heads with roses, and beside
The fountain, in the plane tree’s shadow sit
And eat and drink and see Neaera dance
And with Neaera chat the livelong evening;
And happy live today — we die tomorrow.”

But suddenly a martial note, from far,
Comes, on the mountain breeze borne; it ’s the pibroch,
Donald Dhu’s pibroch, gathering Clan Connel;
I listen, but it dies away in distance,
And from the opposite side burst on mine ear
Shouts, and the beat of drums, and clang of battle,
And I hear Marmion cry: — “On! Stanley, on!”
And see his spouting blood stain Flodden field;

And Romance woos me, scarce unwilling, back
From rules of art to Nature's stronger rules,
And Castle Bluebeard and the Sleeping Beauty,
And Branksome's nine and twenty knights of fame,
And James Fitz-James and Roderick and the Graeme,
And blast of other than the Douglas' horn
To rowing Ellen cross the waters borne,
And Risingham, his race of terror run,
Red sinking rapid, like the tropic sun,
And I go pilgrim by the pale moonlight
To Melrose' mouldering pile, and see it right,
When every buttress seems of ivory made
Or ebon, in the alternate light and shade,
And little think, in Dryburgh, where I stand
Between the grass-grown tombs on either hand,
I stand where in a few years shall be laid
All that remains of Scott except the shade,
The unsubstantial spirit of the verse,
Which for a while survives the poet's hearse;
Survives a while — with Man a while is long,
And longest of Man's whiles the while of song.

With fair, blue eyes, and handsome features grave,
A close shaved puritan was next my master,
And preached to me, long hours, of heaven and hell,
And Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe —
Child's fables, with no more foundation real
Than Bluebeard's castle and the Sleeping Beauty,
And Jack the Giant-killer's famed exploits,
Yet preached with so much earnestness and zeal,
And charm of numbers eloquent, and wit,
And profound learning, that the lore sank deep,
And took its place in my heart's core, beside
Wandering Ulysses and the war of Troy,
And hapless Dido's rage magnanimous,
And whatsoever of sweetest, pagan bard
Sang ever, with the help of all The Nine.

A drop serene the old man's visual ray
Quenched premature, but only brighter shone
His intellectual, and he never ceased
Singing and teaching, oftener grave than gay,
But always learned and musical and sweet;
And I to listen ceased not, and to learn
New from him daily, oracle or myth,
Or apophthegm not easily erased;
Nor, when another master came in turn,
Left I well pleased the old, blind puritan,
But often to him stole at dead of night,
Or earliest peep of dawn, to hear once more
His voice divine, and glean new wisdom from him;
Nor rarely has his venerable form
Seemed to glide past, upbraiding, as I sat
Low at my next succeeding master's feet.

Joyous he was, my next succeeding master,
And better knew than the severe old man
The kidney of the world, and how to use
His neighbours of mankind, not be used by them;
And was a welcome visitor at courts,
And hand and glove with princes, and had taught me,
Had I but cared to learn, the ignoble art;
Yet he could touch the lyre, and on the pipe
Played so delicious airs I cared for nothing,
Nothing else in the world, while he kept playing;
But he knew not himself — who knows himself? —
And chose the orchéstra rather, and to tread
Where Aeschylus with godlike step had trod,
And threw about his shoulders the ill-fitting
Pallium, and strutted up and down, applauded
With clap of hands innumerable and shouts
Of bravo! bravo! but I slunk away
And could not be persuaded back to see him
Travesty Satan, and would hear no more of him,
Although they vowed and swore he was the same
Had charmed my infancy with Werther's Sorrows,
The very same to whom the whole day long

I listened still with ever new delight,
As often as he sang of Dorothea.
Portly his form; Olympian Jove's, his brow,
Capacious to admit all sorts of knowledge;
But, on his lips of perfect symmetry,
Voluptuousness enthroned sat, and within
His deep, broad chest's enclosure, throbbed no heart.
Faith he had none — how could he, being so wise? —
And Fame and Joy and Knowledge were his Gods.
Death was to him long night, for although wise,
He was not wise enough to know that night,
Or long or short, comes only to the living,
And that we don't in cold obstruction rot,
But cease outright, and there 's no more of us
— Either to rot or lie in cold obstruction —
But we are as we were before our birth
And those are now who shall come after us —
As *is* enraged Pelides' sceptre now,
As *was* enraged Pelides' sceptre ere
Sown in the forest yet its parent stem.

Contemporaneous, but at different hours,
I had the lessons of a different master,
Different in all respects, and yet the two
Were friends, and lived in harmony together
Till by the younger's premature death parted,
And Goethe strewed with laurel Schiller's grave.
Ingenuous, all ideal, visionary,
Enthusiastic as an unspoiled child
And of men's crooked ways as ignorant,
Why kept not Schiller far away from courts?
Why not, since in his breast enshrined the gem,
His back turned on the counterfeit, of honor:
The title and the pension and the ribbon? —
Trappings for Hooker, Larrey, Humboldt fit,
Or any other hound of royal kennel,
But not fit trappings for the bard of Marbach.
I think I see him still — tall, slender, stooped,
Long featured, flaxen haired, pale, melancholy,

And full, to overflowing, of sweet faith
In God and Man and what he was, himself,
Of great and grand and beautiful, to do,
And leave behind accomplished when he died,
Whilst, all the while, went grinning at his side
His wiser friend's friend, Mephistopheles,
And, counting up his years, found that they might,
At most and longest, reach to forty-six.

John Hunter took me then, and led me with him
Through hospitals and burying-grounds and schools,
Where bones and nerves and muscles were my books,
And Man himself — not Man's thoughts or Man's works,
Or fair or foul or neither — all my study;
And I anatomized with lancet point
The seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling,
Reasoning, comparing, and remembering substance;
And sought in vain for boundary or mark
Distinctive between Man and the brute beast,
Instinct, alike, with life and moving passion:
Hunger and thirst, aversion and desire,
Pain, pleasure, fear, and hope, and jealousy,
And gratitude — white blackbird! — and audacious
Courage, and anger dire, and desperation,
And love of one's own progeny, little short
Of adoration, and — supremest love,
Motor and lever — love of one's own self;
And I held out the hand of brotherhood
To every living thing, and less and less
Cared for my nearest neighbour, more for all.

John Hunter left and the dissecting room,
I wandered forth into the open fields
To breathe fresh air a while, and change the scene,
And gathered flowers with Jussieu and Linnaeus;
Into the mine, in search of ore, went down
With Werner; climbed the mountain side,
Hammer in hand, with Cuvier and Von Buch,
Exploring craters, and the periods counting,

Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene,
Of this great little speck of Earth, eternal;
And swung myself — with Herschel, hand in hand,
And Arago, — into the illimitable
Ocean of space, whose grains of sand are worlds,
Whose stratified deposits, solar systems.
Humboldt, acquainted here, had with me come,
And proffered me the hand, but with my guides
Content, I turned away and left him there
To honor with the truth some chosen friend
Special, and all the world besides deceive.*
Expose me to wild Indians, tigers wild,
War, famine, pestilence, or the raging sea,
But, from the man whose words conceal his thoughts,
Be merciful and save me, Fate supreme!

So tutored, moulded, kneaded to such dough,
How could I not impatiently receive
The lessons of the exile of Ravenna —
How sit and hear prelections on God's love,
Hatred and jealousy and dire revenge,
And skill unparalleled in the torturer's art;
Or rise, and, by a blinder than myself
Led by the hand, the tour, from cell to cell,
Make, of the infernal penitentiary,
Seeing such sights, hearing such sounds of woe,
Smelling such smells, as never on the slopes
Of Montfaucon, or at the charnel foot

* "Ihr letztes mir sehr ehrenvolles Schreiben enthielt Worte, die ich nicht missverstehen möchte. 'Sie gönnen sich kaum den Besitz meiner Impietäten.' Ueber solch Eigenthum mögen Sie nach meinem baldigen Hinscheiden walten und schalten. Wahrheit ist man im Leben nur denen schuldig, die man tief achtet, also Ihnen." Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen. (Brief vom 7. Dec. 1841.)

The reader who has well meditated on these words, will be at no loss to understand how it happens that so many men of the clearest intellect and highest scientific attainments, pass, during their whole lives, for assentients to, if not actual champions of, that mass of superstitious opinions and observances, which, however different in different countries and at different epochs, is yet, in each particular country and at each particular

Of the Gemonian Stair or Rock Tarpeian
Or Ezzelin's gibbet, shocked onlooking Day,
And filled the air with pestilence and horror?
How was it not impossible for me,
The pupil, although dull, of the Venusian,
And, to the very lips, steeped in the lore
That Heaven and Hell are but the brothel brood
Of strumpet Folly to drunk father Fear,
By Vanity adopted, nursed and reared,
And, when adult, made over to Ambition
To serve a purpose I must not even name —
How was it not impossible for me,
Whose very nursery's play-ground had been Rome,
Whose coral bells and hobby-horse, old Cato,
Scipio and Laelius and The Commonweal,
Not to rebel indignant, and bar out
My Ghibelline schoolmaster, when he set
Hell's viceroy's bust before me, for my study,
And bade me on that model make my hand?
"The nether parts," said he, "thou need'st not work,
Neither the satyr's tail, nor hoof of Pan;
In central ice imbedded to the waist,
Let him project colossal, head and shoulders
And broad chest to the navel, with three pair
Of bat's wings, vast as windmill-sails, expanded,
Fanning the ice and freezing all Cocytus.
Three faces he must have, as in the model,
To one sole head united Trinitarian,
And turned, one forward, one to either side.
Into the middle face's mouth put Judas,
Head in, legs out; and so rebellious struggling
That Satan's reddest face grows redder still,

epoch, denominated The Faith, and properly and characteristically so denominated, if it were only that its very name may indicate the direct opposition in which it stands, not to philosophical induction alone, but to universal, every-day experience, and plain common sense. Ah, that moral Truth and scientific Truth are not oftener inhabitants of one and the same breast; that the man of science is so rarely not a hypocrite, the man of good morals so rarely not an ignoramus!

J. H.

And blood and slime, with silver pieces mixed,
Come spewing forth, and clot upon his beard.
Legs in, head out, let Cassius in his left
And Brutus in his right mouth writhe convulsive,
And with their traitor lungs shout: Liberty!"
I heard no more, but barred him out, indignant;
And, looking through the keyhole, saw the wretch
Go down between the ice and Lucifer's
Sides hairy, making use of the stiff hair
As a step-ladder, and, at every step,
Muttering: — "This is the way, direct, to God."

Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones
Of one who thought this world could be made perfect
By education, and, to make it perfect,
In sad and sober earnest set about;
As if perfection aught were but agreement,
Or imperfection aught but disagreement,
With a soi-disant, arbitrary rule;
As if the world, made perfect by John Locke,
Were not sure to be found by William Locke
A chaos, waiting only for *his* voice
To start into harmonious life and action —
Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones
Of one whom I, a youth, loved as a youth
Should love a teacher bent, at every risk,
To teach what he believed the one sole RIGHT,
Not a hired schoolman bound perforce to do
Battle against all comers, for his bread.
And much the good man suffered, and was driven
From hearth and home an outcast, and his head
In foreign lands hid, preaching there and teaching
Undaunted, and his doctrines spreading wide;
And I, a youth, imbibed them and became
Disciple of the pupil of Gassendi,
And saw and felt, or thought I saw and felt
— As even today, methinks I see and feel —
The senses are of knowledge the sole inlet,
The one sole inlet, for I went one step

Beyond my master's furthest, and to Sense
Assigned the parentage even of Reflection:
Sense, great-grandfather, founder of the race;
Reflection and her offspring, great-grandchildren.
But though I honor, I had honored more
The memory of my master, had he more
Against the priestly goad recalcitrated,
The priestly bridle snapped, and quite broke loose,
And through the wide savanna galloped free;
And I had loved with more than double love
The memory of my master, had his heart
Been less entirely closed against the Muse;
Less cold and deaf his ear, his eye less blind,
To wondrous Nature's forms and hues and sounds;
Less literal and prosaic, his whole being.

Such were my youth's and early manhood's friends,
My guides successive through the intricate
Labyrinth of paths which toward the mountain tend
On whose high summit inaccessible,
Wrapt in eternal clouds and mists dwells Knowledge —
Enchantress! who her face so hides from all,
Yet fills the world so with her beauty's praise.

[Composed partly while walking along the LIGURIAN RIVIERA, Jan. 1861;
partly while walking from EMPOLI to ALTOPASCIO, May 22, 1861; and
partly in LEGHORN, March and April 1862.]

TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

Roma, capitale d' Italia.

To God's protection leave the pope and Rome —
Harry the Eighth his bishops made at home;
Do thou the same; about thee in a ring
Gather thy Church, and be all out a king,
The spiritual sceptre in thy right,
In thy left hand the ball of temporal might,
Upon thy head, the diadem; *gare qui touche!*
Thou fain wouldst, but dar'st not — poor scaramouche!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 21, 1862.]

HARD to be pleased, who thinkest ill of Man,
God's noblest work, the pearl of the creation!

Small praise for God, whose noblest work is Man,
Frail, at the best, and ignorant and mortal!

Through his own fault; his Maker made him perfect.

Praise, praise the God who made his noblest work
So perfect that it went wrong of itself —
Spoiled its own self, and foiled its Maker's purpose!

At least, 'twas clever of it, thou must own.

Why, yes; or maybe God a little stupid;
On either datum thou canst work the sum;
Man plus, God minus, to the same thing comes;
For, to bring Satan in, I own I 'm loth,
Though we all know he 's able to cheat both.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1, 1862.]

UNDER A PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI

WITH A HALO ROUND HIS HEAD, AS REPRESENTED IN THE LAMPIONE
OF FLORENCE, MARCH 18, 1862.

WHAT makes the Saint? The holiness,
I 've sometimes heard it said;
But I insist it is the rays
They paint about his head.

You don't agree? then look at Christ,
At Garibaldi look;
Two pages never were more like,
Of one and the same book.

"But not both saints, you must allow."
Both saints alike, I say;
That, of the prayerbook and the beads;
This, of the war array.

Hurrah for both! for him who says: —
"Put up your swords and pray."
And him who says: — "Out with your blades,
And fight to Rome your way."

Obeys them both; your good blades draw,
And fight to Rome your way;
Rome is the place to count your beads,
Rome is the place to pray.

[CASA CARTONI, AT CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 20, 1862.]

SHE died; that is, she ceased and was no more;
Dry up your tears; ye weep for what? for nothing.
I do ye wrong; ye weep for your own selves:
Weep on, weep on; ye have good cause to weep.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1862.]

THE dog his food takes from his master's hand,
And loves him for it, and will die for him.
Well for thee, if the man thy bounty feeds,
With no worse than ingratitude repays thee,
Does not conspire thine injury or ruin.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

"NAY, don't be angry, friend! have pity on them;
Cut them not so to the very bone; have mercy;
See how they bleed and writhe, hear how they groan."
Hold me not back; they 've not got half enough;
Hold me not back, I say; let go my arm;
I 'll flog them to within an inch of their lives,
The foul, incorrigible necromancers,
Who take the little harmless babe scarce born
And mutter witchcraft over it, and criss-cross it,
And rub their venomous oil behind its ears,
And sprinkle drops upon it in the name
Of their abominable three-headed idol,

Till they have made it more even than themselves
The child of hell, an imp to do their biddings
Wicked, as long as it lives, and when it dies
Receive, for all reward, their pass to heaven.
Let go my arm, I say, else thou art less
Their friend, than Man's and thine own enemy;
Let go, I say. Villains, take that and that
And that — See how they scamper! Hah! ha! ha! —
Off to your idol, now, for spermaceti.

[CASA CARTONI, AT CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 23, 1862.]

“MAN'S choice is free.” Ay, to be sure!
Who doubts a fact so clear?
But isn't his free choice fixed for him?
That is the question here.

“Pshaw! his free choice is free as air —
Do you take me for a fool?”
No, but I 'd like to know for what
You send your child to school;

For what, if not to fix his choice —
To make him choose the right,
And, of his own will, go your way
When you are out of sight.

“I don't succeed; my darling boy
Chooses the wrong way still.”
Well! there 's some stronger cause at work,
Makes his free choice choose ill:

Bad nurse's milk, bad father's blood,
Or, may be, bad grandsire's;
Or bad example of your own,
Or his playfellows, liars.

To govern his free choice there 's still
Some hidden impulse strong:
Good impulse, when he chooses right;
Bad, when he chooses wrong.

Or, more exact to speak, there 's no
Such thing as choice at all,
But, what 's the work of impulse, we
The work of free choice call;

Impulse commands; the work is done;
We call it choice; some cause
Preceded impulse, for all things
Are fixed by Nature's laws,

Links of a chain, an endless chain,
And thou 'rt a link — no more —
Attached as fast to the link behind
As to the link before;

And freely goest with the links,
That pull thee to and fro;
Insensible it is their force,
Which makes thee stand or go;

For all this whole world is a mesh
Of chain-links intricate,
By Providence, as some say, worked,
As others say, by Fate.

I know not; but of this I 'm sure:
It 's all made of one piece,
Not motley mongrel of fixed laws
And Man's supreme caprice.

[CASA CARTONI, AT CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 26, 1862.]

ALL Inspiration from above descends:
From God, or prince, or minister, or friends
Of God or prince or minister. Some weight
— I don't say, much, but some, at any rate —
You must, if fair, allow to Inspiration,
Which follows so the law of gravitation.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 2, 1862.]

PATER quis est, dic mi, sodes,
Quisve avus est peccati?
Nullus omnium quos adivi
Satis scit responsum dare.
“En! ego respondeo volens.
Feras tu benigne meam
Qualemcunque ignorantiam:
Pater est peccati homo,
Miser ille, qui peccavit;
Avus autem ipse Deus,
Peccatorem qui creavit.”
Peccatorem, monstrum illud
Cur creavit bonus ille?
“Heu! nec novi nec audivi;
Credo neque ipsum scire.
Forsan ut glorificetur;
Multum laudis est amator.
Neque vero nullam meruit
Ille bonus, justus ille,
Cujus filius est peccator,
Nepos cujus est peccatum.

Deum, ergo, una omnes
Senes, juvenes laudemus;
Sanctum Dei nomen omnes
In perpetuum cantemus.
Canta patrem, o peccator;
Avum, o peccatum, canta;
Deum solum fontem mali,
Deum unicū auctorem
Mortis et miseriae nostrae
Omnes juvenes senesque
Uno ore celebremus.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

[HÖRGEN ON THE LAKE OF ZÜRICH, July 1, 1862.]

WHAT animal is it, gains by losing one
Of its two component halves, yet by the loss
Is made imperfect and must get it back
Or remain always a mere fractional part,
A bee's comb, one might say, without the cap,
Naked, exposed to every wind and weather,
A clock- or watch-work minus hands and dial,
A ship's hull stripped of masts and sails and rudder,
A torn out, silent, useless tongue of bell,
A churndash without churn, a central sun
Without even one poor planet to give light to?

[Walking from DÜSSLINGEN to TÜBINGEN, Aug. 6, 1862.]

WHY has no eye beyond the tomb seen aught?
Because beyond the tomb to see there 's nought.

[TÜBINGEN, Aug. 6, 1862.]

GOD made the world, there 's not a child but knows it,
And not a flower, or blade of grass but shows it;
But what made God himself does not appear,
Unless — as old Lucretius says — 'twas Fear.
Fear 's a great maker in a certain way,
And sometimes works by night, sometimes by day;
And, making ghosts by night, it sure were odd,
If she could not in the broad day make God,
Seeing that God 's a ghost, an airy sprite
Easier to make than even the ghosts of night,
For they have form and substance, have been seen
And touched and smelt, which God has never been;
So Fear is free to make him as she will,
And sometimes makes him well and sometimes ill;
But always he 's Fear's making, let him be
Allah or Jove or Christ, or Jan-Sam-He.

[In the train from LONDON to HOLYHEAD, Sept. 15, 1862.]

RUBBED OUT.

"WHERE shall I go to when I die, Papa?"

"Bring me your slate — is that your name? Tom Phipps.
There, rub it out; where is it now?" "No where."

"When you are dead you 'll go to the same place,
And I and all, for we 'll be all rubbed out."

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Oct. 1863.]

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF THE PEDESTAL OF THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S
STATUE, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

I.

IN grateful memory of their well loved Swift,
The Dubliners this statue raised to Moore.

II.

WHOSE smutty statue 's this? what smith's or sweep's?
Stay, stay — all right; it 's Little Tommy Moore's.

III.

IMMORTAL Little, round thy honored brow
Erin's chaste daughters bind her shamrock green,

IV.

AND her brave sons doubt which most to admire,
Thy statue, pension, or famed verse obscene.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY, Co. DUBLIN, Dec. 16, 1863.]

A FAMOUS punster once said to a friend:
"Friend Rock, upon thy rock I 'll build my house."
The house was built, and, built upon a pun,
Has till now lasted and will last until
A wittier punster comes and pulls it down,
And builds his new house upon like foundation.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Aug. 22, 1863.]

"TIS a dull circle that we tread,
 Just from the window to the bed;
 We eat, we drink, we sleep, and then
 We eat and drink and sleep, again."
 "And then? what then?" "To heaven we go,
 To eat and drink and sleep no mo',
 No mo' from window to the bed
 Or bed to window, but, instead,
 Idle and lounge about, all day,
 Except when we sing psalms, or pray:
 Idle, all night, and lounge about,
 And sing and pray, year in, year out.
 Which of the two dull circles be
 Dullest, I hope to hear from thee."

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, NOV. 12, 1862.]

IGNORANCE is bliss, for first it saves the pain
 Of knowing how far wrong the road you go,
 And next it saves the greater pain of knowing
 There is a better way beyond your reach,
 Yet not even ignorance is perfect bliss,
 For while it teaches you to take for good
 Even your worst ill, it teaches you, same time,
 To shun, as your worst ill, your chiefest good.
 Not so entirely, then, to be disdained
 Thy hard won fruit, O stingy Tree of knowledge;
 Nor so without a canker, thy rich crop,
 Indigenous, luxuriant Ignorance.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, NOV. 30, 1862.]

PRINCE ALBERT.

A MAN of sterling sense and quick decision,
And royal, not to be controlled volition,
Prince Albert gave the slip to his physician,
And started off to see the Exhibition
Got up in heaven for ghosts of high condition,
And have a finger in it, with permission
Of archangelic, managing commission.
If he comes back — a thing that 's problematic —
What may we not expect of achromatic
Telescopes, and inventions hydrostatic
For floating iron-clads, and diplomatic
Ruses, celestial half and half Teutonic,
To out-ruse our dear ally Napoleonic?
And if he doesn't, why then the resignation
Comes into play, of the great Irish nation,
And we 'll appoint a day for humiliation,
And lowliness before God, and prostration,
And, clear with Heaven, beg Stephen's Green Commissioners
To hear the humble prayer of their petitioners,
And grant a site for statue to his glory
Who neither right Whig was, nor yet right Tory,
But between both went steadily a-rowing,
And over English, Scotch, and Irish crowing
Deep in his heart, for though one now crows never
Above one's breath, one crows as deep as ever,
And princes deepest, for your princes' bosoms
As deep are as Ahithophel's or Uzzum's
Or Palmerston's — and that 's as any well deep,
Or Newcastle coal-pit, or lowest Hell, deep.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 31, 1864.]

TWO Hands there are that shuffle all the cards:
Sir Right Hand trump holds, and would win the game
But for the greater cunning, of Sir Left,
And sharper sight which reads Sir Right Hand's cards,
Though turned their backs, as clearly as his own.
Ah, poor Sir Right Hand! how he grumbles, swears,
Curses and sweats, while Mephistopheles,
Bowing and simpering, pockets all the stakes.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 14, 1862.]

UNHAPPY man! a little wiser than
And of course persecuted by thy fellows,
Like the poor turkey with a patch on its head,
That's pecked and pecked, and round the farmyard hunted
Till it drops down and dies — and there's an end to it.
Hide, hide, my friend, hide, hide, if thou art wise,
Thy little patch of wisdom, if thou'st any,
Or, better still, put on a patch of folly
Or wickedness, and be be-statued like
Profligate Moore and thriftless, silly Goldsmith.
Nothing men like so much as a touch of vice,
Unless it be a good, large dash of folly.
Thou'st writ no brothel verses, never been
The common laughing-stock of thy acquaintance;
Thou hast not died four thousand pounds in debt,
Nor hadst thy debts paid by a royal pension;
What chance hast thou, thy fellow citizens
Will set thee up, example to their children,
And, on thy togaed statue's marble plinth,
Inscribe thy virtues, years, and glorious name?

[Walking from ROSAMOND to BALLINASCORNY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 29, 1863.]

JOHN TETZEL.

QUICK drop your money in;
It saveth from all sin;
Past, present, future time
It purifieth from crime,
And souls from Limbo frees —
Your money, if you please;
Father's, mother's soul,
It buys out sound and whole,
And of your babes as many
As you drop in a penny.
I 'll hear of no excuse;
What interest or what use
Than this is more secure,
Or better for the poor?
For it 's to God you lend,
And God 's the poor man's friend,
And for the money lent
Still pays back cent per cent.
John Tetzal is my name;
You 've heard of me by fame;
From the Vatican I come,
And seven-hilled city, Rome.
Indulgences I bring,
— Let me hear your money ring —
Indulgences to sin;
In with your money, in.
To you, his faithful friends,
The Holy Father sends
Me with these boxes two,
Both blessed and criss-crossed new.

Of Indulgences one 's full
As a pincushion 's of wool,
Out of its side they pop,
As fast as in you drop,
Into the hole at top
Of the other box, your pence,
Showing your penitence,
Contrition and sound sense
And devotion to God's cause
And Holy Church's laws.
Come with your money, come,
Children beloved of Rome;
Who would not a groat pay
To save his soul one day
From purgatorial fire?
Call John Tetzel liar
If the Holy Father cares
For your money or your prayers;
Your money, it 's but trash,
Tinkling cymbals your hard cash,
But of your soul he thinks
Every time your money clinks,
And every groat you pay,
A day shorter you shall stay
In penitential fire,
A step to heaven you 're nigher.
See in this paper here,
Where it 's written fair and clear:
"Indulgence full and free,
Absolution plenary —
Past, present, future time,
Permission for all crime."
Quick drop your money in,
And enjoy the venial sin;
You may take your neighbour's life,
You may sleep with neighbour's wife,
You may leave your debts unpaid,
You may cheat at cards or trade,

For God is over all,
 Can order and recall,
 Can make and unmake sin,
 — Quick drop your money in —
 And the Holy Father, he
 Is of God the nominee,
 Sole dispenser of God's grace,
 And fills of God the place,
 Sole judge of wrong and right,
 Sole possessor of God's might
 To punish and acquit,
 And do as he thinks fit.
 Be faithful, firm, and true
 To Church and Pope, and who
 Can one hair injure you?
 Church is a union strong
 To shield you from all wrong:
 Against all scathes and harms,
 Against Hell's wiles and charms,
 Against a world in arms,
 The Church maintains your rights;
 The Church protests and fights;
 The Pope 's the Church's head;
 God's vicar in God's stead.
 Never will Pope or Church
 Leave the faithful in the lurch —
 In with your money, in;
 It cleanseth from all sin.
 For the faithful what 's to dread,
 When the standard 's for them spread
 Of God and Church and Pope?
 Of sand they twist a rope
 Who strive against the Pope.
 Away with fear and doubt;
 See, I draw the Indulgence out,

[DA CAPO.]

[DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), Jan. 27, 1864.]

ALL 's wise and good, they say, and of design;
 Imprimis cholera and the Lisbon earthquake,
 The St. Bartholomew, the Sicilian Vespers,
 And Waterloo's red field, and Solferino,
 And the down-going, headlong, in the sea
 With every living soul, of the Aurora,
 And President, not even a rat escaping,
 Nor Richmond's Duke, more worth than many rats:
 All good and wise and of design, they say
 Who better understand, than I, such matters;
 Yet, not the less, eschew, as they would Satan,
 All personal acquaintance with such proofs
 Potent, of goodness, wisdom, and design.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Nov. 15, 1862.]

"Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna,
 Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
 Atque una transire vadum tot millia cymba
 Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur,
 Sed tu vera puta."

JUVEN. ij. 149.

How much we have improved, let Juvenal say,
 Upon the popular credence of his day,
 We, who believe in Manes and the Devil
 And a post mortem judge of good and evil,
 And souls, that not one rag of flesh have on,
 Made rashers of, in Pyriphlegethon.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, 1863 or 1864.]

SCROLL

FOR THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE Dubliners, between the eccentric dean,
Long hesitating, and the libertine,
Decided for the libertine at last,
And so arose the statue thou here hast,
Very like neither, thou mayst well suppose,
In feature, air, or attitude or clothes,
But yet so smutty 'twill for either do,
And of the urinal improves the view.
Shouldst thou, kind stranger, on some future day
Happen to take this statue on thy way,
And have a pair of pantaloons to spare,
Look on these báre shanks, think of Christmas air,
And how thou 'dst feel thyself in Scottish kilt
And Roman pallium loose, not even gilt —
I 'll say no more — sapienti verbum sat,
Goodnatured Oliver will translate you that,
For he too has a statue, clever Noll,
Almost inside the gate of Trinity Coll,
Not quite inside — why should he more than I,
Of lore scholastic both of us so shy?
Yet not so very shy as not to know
What way the *aurae populares* blow,
And how to mount on ignorance to fame,
Honor and statue and a poet's name.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 25, 1864.]

NUMBER THREE.

Of all numbers, number three
Is the one best pleases me:
Number one 's so very small,
You may count it none at all,
To nonentity next door;
Number two is but one more,
And to mind still brings the strife,
Ever waits on wedded life;
Hounds in couples, sad and slow,
Pulling different ways, they go,
One and one linked in a pair —
Of the fatal noose beware,
Thou who hast thy liberty,
Whether thou be he or she.

Four 's two twos, so twice as bad
As single two. The man is mad
Who doesn't at once perceive that three
Seasons than four would better be,
And without winter, frost, and ice,
Our earth, a little paradise;
Cuckoos and swallows, all year round,
And gay with buttercups the ground.
Mad he is, I say, nor he
Wiser much, who doesn't agree
That bad as were triumvirs three,
For Rome's Commonwealth a curse,
Four triumvirs had been worse —

If I may so, without offence
To grammar or to accident,
Indulge my humor in a freak,
And of four triumvirs speak.

Five comes next; what man alive
Ever good word spoke of five?
Five, it was, made the cabal
Of Arlington and Lauderdale,
Clifford and Vil Buckingham,
And Ashley, royal Charles's Pam;
Little better Pam, I ween,
Than the Pam of our dear queen,
Who, as long as Nap 's his friend,
Has small chance his ways to mend.

Six and seven partake of ill,
From my youth up, I 've thought still;
For, on the earth as in the heavens,
Things at sixes and at sevens
Never were, or could be, right
In man's or God's or angel's sight.

Never, upon no pretence,
While I have one grain of sense,
Shall I, of free will, incline
To praise either eight or nine,
Numbers both of Satan's own,
Underminers of the throne,
Foes of all that 's good and great,
Of the church and of the state,
Forerunners of the noyades,
Guillotines and fusillades.

So I turn to number three;
Three 's the number pleases me;
I loved always trinity,
Since I first went to the College
Of the Trinity for knowledge:

There I learned the Fates were three,
Th' Hesperides and Graces three,
And how in three choirs, of three
Blithe sisters each, linked lovingly,
Jove's daughters by Mnemosyne
Went roving on Apollo's hill,
And chanted till they had their fill.
Old friends of mine, those choirs of three
Blithe sisters each, and many a glee
I have sung with them, and they with me,
Since first I met them in the shade
Of the bay and laurel glade,
Thé steep mountain side upon,
Of the sunny Helicon,
Where the waters sprang to meet
And kiss the winged courser's feet.
And still, at times, of three we sing,
On three, at times, the changes ring:
How Neptune, Jove and Dis the wide
World into three shares divide;
How Dian, Hecate, Proserpine
Faces three in one combine;
How, with triple mouth and yell,
Porter Cerberus, in his cell,
Hades' entrance guarded well;
All let in, but such a rout
Made if one tried to slip out,
That the echo and rebound
Of the brazen concave round,
Jove's own rattling thunders drowned,
As the frightened ghost slunk back,
Like a flogged hound to his pack.

Three persons of the verb with three
Pronouns personal agree;
And, though but sexes two are known,
There are three genders, all must own,
Or much good schooling has been lost,
Much teachers' pains and parents' cost.

Good accountant if you 'd be,
You must count by Rule of Three;
Just comparisons to make,
Three degrees you still must take;
Three degrees, to be your guides,
Priscian to your hand provides:
Bad, worse, worst; good, better, best;
Many, more, most, and all the rest;
Never let them out of sight
And they'll lead you always right.

Aristotle taught the schools
Many wise and useful rules,
But one rule's worth all the rest,
That with three you argue best,
And that prostrate to lay schism,
There's no sword like syllogism.

Ah! no friend of Erin he
Who loves not her shamrock's three
Green leaves indivisible
As the famous Gordian spell.

Patriotism and loyalty
With religion make up three;
Church and throne and state are three,
One undivided trirarchy.

Learned professions there are three,
Medicine, law, divinity,
Guardians of the items three,
Body, soul, and property,
Constituent of Man's entity;
For, of opinion though some be
That soul alone makes entity,
I'm not of those who care to see,
Still less of those who long to be,
Soul in a state of nudity;
A naked soul to me is a fright,

Especially at dead of night
When dimly burns the candle light,
And all is still, or fast asleep —
The very thought makes my flesh creep,
Even Dian's self 's afraid to peep.
I love my friend and wish him well,
Wish him long years in health to tell,
Well housed, well clad, and with a purse
Worthy of the Preacher's curse;
I like to see his smiling face
And hold him in mine arms' embrace,
To hear his voice and clasp his hand,
Beside him sit, beside him stand,
Alongside walk in cheerful chat,
Of this discoursing and of that,
But I would have him my friend whole,
Not my friend's disembodied soul,
Not my friend's ghost, and spirit thin,
Nothing outside and less within —
Be off, be off to Charon's coast
And poets' dreams, poor, silly ghost
And naked soul, mere idle boast
And vain pretence, nonentity
And meaningless absurdity —
Thou enterest not into my creed;
Begone; leave me at peace; God speed!

Poets unequaled there were three,
One born in Greece, in Italy
His greater born, the greatest he
Who drew in Albion's fog his breath,
And sang of paradise and death.

Unrivalled actors there were three,
Charmers of my infancy,
Whether Othello's rage were played,
Or Juliet's love, or with the shade
Of murdered sire held colloquy,
I hung enraptured on the three,

Awed by John Kemble, by O'Neill
Enchanted and by Cooke turned pale.
Nor at an end was my delight
When fell the curtain; all the night
I raved of tournament and fight,
Palfrey and squire and belted knight,
And airy daggers motioning
Toward the couch of sleeping king,
And "out, damned spot!" and medicine vain
To purge the blood spot from the brain.

Earth and heaven and hell are three,
Each on each hanging mutually,
And each of each a corollary;
For other worlds although there be,
Countless as sandgrains in the sea,
Yet with the wise majority,
— Christian, Jew, Pagan — I agree
To set them down as nullity;
As nullity, or, at the best,
Made to point the Atheist jest:
How from Olympus' heights rules Jove
Countless worlds those heights above?
Who, while Jove lies in Danae's arms,
Those countless worlds preserves from harms,
Above Jove's highest lightning's fling,
Above Jove's boldest eagle's wing,
Guards nationalities oppressed
And orders all things for the best?

'Twas three o'clock precise, each day
Of eight long years that slow away
Rolled o'er my helpless infancy,
Came and with kind hand set me free
From grammar fetters and the rule
Of the stern despot of the school,
And home I bounded full of joy,
A happy, thriving, chubby boy,

To be caressed by parents dear,
Till fatal nine, next day, drew near,
And I must to my cell again
And wear again the captive's chain,
Till friendly three should come once more
And open throw my prison door.
Those days are gone not to return,
My parents long lie in their urn,
Yet never three chimes on mine ear
But I seem Freedom's voice to hear,
Youth's scenes come back, youth's joys and cares ---
How changed the face all nature wears!
The old man's heart swells, and a tear —
But no! I would not have them here.

There's never a royal diadem
Boasts not of some superior gem,
Some ruby red, some emerald green,
Some diamond's ever varying sheen,
Some pearl of price, some chrysolite,
Some opal pale, some malachite,
But brighter far the gems that round
Royal Victoria's brow are bound,
Redder than ruby there the rose
Of England in its full bloom glows,
Greener than emerald, there, the green
Shamrock of Erin creeps between
The English emblem and the blue
Thistle of Scotland, rough as true.
Fair the three bloom and fair the three
Under the garter's scroll agree:
GOD OF MY RIGHT'S THE SURE DEFENCE.
HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Out of the East came wise kings three
To Bethlehem, a babe to see
Wiser than were themselves all three,
A unit of the Trinity,
High and inscrutable mystery!

Low in the dust on bended knee
They offered up, those wise kings three,
Their triple gifts and fealty.
Poor are my gifts, my fealty
Adds nothing to thy dignity,
I 'm-rich but in humility
And that I offer all to thee,
Incomprehensible Trinity.

Ave Maria, night and morn,
And the Angelus the day adorn
With triple worship, triple prayer;
Thrice the brow 's crossed and thrice laid bare
The heart before the deity —
"Domine! miserere mei."

But what more than all moves me
To the preference I give three,
Is the still fresh memory
That in old times we were three,
Thou, my child, and I, and she
Who made up our household three.

[Begun on footjourney from LEGHORN to LOBENSTEIN (FÜRSTENTHUM REUSS),
in the summer of 1861; finished while walking from TURIN to FLORENCE.
Sept. 1864.]

I.

THE saying can't be too oft repeated:
The world consists of cheats and cheated.

II.

I 'M in this faith a firm believer:
Who 's not deceived is a deceiver.

[FLORENCE, Octob. 30, 1864.]

FRAGMENT.

U_PRISEN at four, after a restless night,
— We are always restless on the eve of travel,
Sorry to break up old associations,
And, of the new, distrustful and ill-boding —
Our first care, after toilette made, is our breakfast,
Frugal as usual, and oft interrupted
By various cares prelusive of the road:
In primis, manufacturing for our shoes
In-soles of folded paper; in secundis,
Re-reconnoitering umbrellas, wallets,
Guide-books and pocket-books and purse of gold,
And pocket compass and thermometer,
All reconnoitred well the night before
And set in order, ready for the morning.
Grapes and fresh figs and Gorgonzola cheese
And bread and capuè make no bad breakfast,
And, overnight prepared, stand ready for you,
Whether you choose to rise before the lark,
Or lie abed till Sol, his day's work done,
Hands the world over to his pale-cheeked sister,
And goes, himself, to rest behind the Azores.
To the spedizioniere, then,
Consigned for Rome our baggage, two hours' work,
Only at last at ten we are on the road,
Winding from Florence up the vale of Arno,
On our left hand the chain bridge, on our right
San Miniato from the cypress hill
Down-looking on the city fair and river
And, opposite, to Fiesole and the far,
Misty, rain-threatening mountains of Pistoja,

Where just three weeks ago, this very day,
Upon our hither way we visited,
And after greeting brief bade long adieu
To our old Irish friend, Grace-Bartolini,
Daughter of Irish Grace my father's friend,
From her youth up by choice of domicile,
And for the four last years by wedding vow,
Italianissima among Italians.

Pleasant to leave behind the noisy streets
And narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Florence,
And the ear-stunning cry of "vuole? vuole?"
And "tre alla palanca!" and to snuff
Pure air again, and see the sky though lowering,
And swing our arms, and feel our legs untied.
Churches and convents either side the road,
And long, stone walls between; these to keep out
The evil-doer, those within the bounds
Of holy mother Church to keep the mind,
No less here than in England apt to boast
Of its strong reason clear, and power of will,
And no whit less here than in England, bound
Helpless and hopeless with religion's chain;
Less grimly here however, for sweet roses
And manna-dropping foliage intertwine,
And take the shivering, sharp cold off, the iron.

And now we have left behind the long, stone walls
— The churches not yet, nor are likely ever —
And up the hill push from the Arno valley,
Taking the shorter way by San Donato,
To meet the stream descending from Incisa,
And spare the roundabout by Pontassieve.
Beautiful, Florence, as we look behind,
Its massy dome, and stately ducal tower
And, in church architecture never rivaled,
Giotto, thy campanile. Wide the eye
Over the valley of the Arno ranges,
Over long lapsed years wider still the mind:

And now it 's airy Guelphs and Ghibellines,
 Now spectral popes and emperors we see,
 Now visioned Macchiavellis, Medicis,
 Or Dante's pale, unconquerable spirit,
 Or Savonarola's; and Da Fiesole
 Sits in his cowl there in San Marco's cloister,
 Painting in silence his imaginations
 Of an imagined heaven's beatitude:
 Angels with delicate, small hands and feet
 And beardless, feminine faces, and as like,
 Each to the other, as so many sisters,
 In gold-bespangled skirts, blue, red or yellow,
 Gold-crowned, gold-winged, to lute and flute and viol
 And dulcimer and harp the praises singing
 Of an ideal, unsubstantial God,
 Who sees, hears, smells, thinks, loves, admires, and hates,
 Makes and unmakes, remembers and forgets,
 Prefers, postpones, rejects, goes slow and fast,
 Is pleased and displeased, smiles, frowns, blesses, curses,
 And does in all things like substantial man,
 His own most erring, most imperfect work,
 Cast off by him accordingly and hated,
 Killed, and to hell condemned, and then again
 Pitied, forgiven and coaxed, and up to heaven
 Carried on angels' wings, to dwell for ever
 With him in glory and his praises sing.

Still green the hedges, and the air still soft,
 Though in the murky sky November frown,
 And mindful churchbells, since two hours ere day,
 Have not ceased telling us it 's All Souls' morrow.
 The roadside bushes burn with Pyracanth's
 Red glowing clusters, dog-rose berries red,
 And the pink capsules of Evonymus
 Opening and showing its red ariled seeds,
 "Each in its narrow cell laid" — not "for ever."

* * * * *

Leaving FLORENCE for ROME, Nov. 1, 1864.

WHAT! Man no more than a mere reasoning beast
Which laughs, smokes, curses, swears, and pays the priest,
More than most other beasts his brother cheats,
Tortures and kills, and — who disputes it? — eats!

Degrade him not; his acts proclaim his birth:
Angel and heir of heaven, not son of earth;
A spark cast off from the eternal flame,
And differing from the godhead but in name.

[ALBERGO DELL' AQUILA NERA, MONTEFIAScone (STATI PONTIFICI), Nov. 8, 1864.]

FEAR 's a great maker: first she made the Devil,
And worshiped low the author of all evil;
Then she made God, the better still to keep
The Devil off and get a good, sound sleep.

[ROME, VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE, Dec. 23, 1864.]

MODERATION.

BE moderate in all things, and, of all,
In moderation most be moderate,
For, for what else but use in proper season
Thine every-obstacle-o'ercoming passion,
Love, jealousy and wrath, hope, hate and fear?
For what the extreme, high culminating impulse —
For what in man or beast, but to be used?
Nature made nought in vain, and least in vain,

Be it of hope, fear, ire, or hate, or love
 Or jealousy, the culminating impulse,
 The extreme extreme. The world has verge enough;
 The power to be immoderate implies
 There 's time and place to be immoderate,
 Nor made not to be used the extreme extreme,
 High towering, overtopping point of passion.
 'Twas not by moderation Caesar rose,
 Or Brutus fell, or Christ and Mahomet
 The world's opima spolia shared between them.
 Be moderate as the bee and as the ant,
 Be moderate as the lion and the tiger,
 Be moderate as the race-horse; as the shaft
 Shot from the bow flies moderate to the mark,
 As from the zenith moderate swoops the falcon,
 On to the goal press moderate thou with Paul,
 Not looking once behind thee; moderate press
 Forward in season, out of season forward,
 And only at the goal and ocean's edge
 Arrived, with Philip's son, sit down and weep.

[Walking from SPOLETO to FOLIGNO, June 28. 1865.]

VICTORY,

AN EQUATION CALCULATED IN THE CAFFÈ DELLA FERROVIA, PASSIGNANO,
 LAGO TRASIMENO, July 1, 1865.

WHICH side shall conquer? Both sides have the right,
 And God 's for both sides. Which shall win the fight?
 Strike out from both sides God, from both sides right,
 — Why should God fight with God, or right with right? —
 And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

Set God back on the field and set back right,
 And to it again; which now shall win the fight?
 God 's neutralized by God, and right by right,
 And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

BEHOLD in Christ the sober, matron hen,
Gathering beneath her wings her cowering brood;
In Mahomet behold the dunghill king,
Leading his brood to conquest and to battle.
"Cluck-cluck! cluck-cluck!" dame hen cries; "cluck! cluck! cluck!"
"Tantararara-ra!" crows loud sir cock.

[Walking from MONTE CARELLI (TUSCANY), to FILIGARE, July 18, 1865]

LA FUTA.

OUR coffee boils; our hostess at the fire
Suckles her baby scarce a fortnight old,
Watching, same time, the moment to pour off
Into the glass the soot-black beverage
Restorative, while we the minutes count
Impatient, and the sweat wipe from our brows,
For the sun 's high in Leo and we have walked,
Over the bare and rugged Apennine,
Up hill full five miles since we saw him rise
This morning on our last night's baiting quarters,
Montè Carelli, first day's climb from Florence.
Seated upon the hearth, the second child
Whinges incessant, or, from time to time,
Is pacified with lump of broken sugar,
As, with the dug, the infant in the arms;
Never without the whinge of one or other
Quiet the kitchen for one single instant.
Beside the door the father whiffs his pipe,
And spits, alternate, out across the sill.

Our coffee 's drunk, our hostess paid her crazie,
And so we separate, not to meet again
Till we meet there, at last, to live content,
Where there is neither dug nor sugar lump,
Nor pipe nor crazie nor drop of coffee.
Quod bonum sit faustumque, Domine meus!

[Walking from LA FUTA to BOLOGNA, July 18 and 19, 1865.]

WHAT for, two Gods? why doubled the expense?
One God 's enough, sure, for a man of sense;
And let that one God be the evil one,
To do the good God's work as well as his own.
There 's little fear he 'll find more work to do
Than he has always been accustomed to,
The amount of good 's a minimum at best —
Who does the evil well may do the rest
For pastime sake and sweet variety,
And from one useless sinecure set us free.

[Walking from PELLEGRINA to VERONA, July 23, 1865.]

THE TWO BARBERS OF FREEDOMTOWN.

IN Freedomtown two barbers won,
With razors sharp and clean;
One shaves the right cheek, one the left,
While thou sitt'st still between,

And budgest not, nor utterest sound,
Nor seem'st to feel one tittle,
Though now and then red blood be drawn,
And scarfskin razed a little.

CHURCH of one barber is the name,
The other's name is STATE;
In Freedomtown those barbers twain
Shave early and shave late.

"By grace of God and right divine"
— I 'm reading from the scroll,
Which, with the basin, at the door
Hangs dangling from the pole —

"By grace of God and right divine
— Let none the right contest —
All cheeks are ours in Freedomtown,
To shave as we like best."

Hurrah for those two barbers bold!
Hurrah for Freedomtown!
Nowhere I 'd rather live than where
Not even one's beard 's one's own.
[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, July 30, 1865.]

"Sua si bona norint."

HAPPY the man who has neither wife nor child!
Not freer life the deer's in forest wild;
He has none to flout him when he comes home late,
And leaves to whom he likes best, his estate.

Happy the man who has neither house nor land!
Fewer, his insolent menials to command,
He 'll not be ruined by a roguish steward,
Nor need he keep his premises insured.

Happy the man who has an empty purse!
Let things go as they will, he can't be worse
Unless he goes in debt, and that he 'll find
Difficult, whilst his purse remains unlined.

Happy the man who 's to be hanged tomorrow!
Hé has but óne day, thou long years of sorrow;
He 'll in the dark sleep sound tomorrow night
Whilst thou start'st at each noise and burn'st a light.

[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, Aug. 1, 1865.]

GOTT SEGNE DIES HAUS.

Inscribed on the inn in Abfalterbach, Tirol.*

GOD bless this house,
Both man and mouse,
And young and old,
Pigsty and pig,
And hat and wig,
Silver and gold.

God bless the ass,
God bless the mas-
ter and mistress,
God bless their store,
And make it more,
And never less.

* Such devout inscriptions on houses are of frequent occurrence both in Tirol and Austria. Since this poem was written I have met the following on a house in Wolfert near Linz in Austria:

GROSSER GOTT GIB DEINEN SEGEN,
SEI MIT DEINEM SCHUTZ ZUGEHEN,
SEGNE MEINEN NAHRUNGSSTAND
UND DIE ARBEIT MEINER HAND,
SEGNE FREUND UND SEGNE FEIND
UND DIE GANZE PFARRGEMEIND'.

God bless the cow,
The calf, the yowe,
 And wrinkled aunt,
And give the churn
Another turn,
 When butter 's scant.

God bless the mill,
God bless the pill,
 And make both do,
Year in, year out,
In rain and drought,
 Their duty true.

God bless the cat,
God bless the brat
 And hussey lass,
God bless the salt,
God bless the malt
 And foaming glass.

God bless this house,
Both man and mouse
 And but and ben,
And let all sing
"God save the king!"
 Amen, amen!

It 's not enough.
God bless the snuff-
 -box and dudeen,
God bless the state
And make it great,
 God bless the queen.

[Walking from ABFALTERBACH to LIENZ (TIROL), Aug. 28, 1865.]

CRADLE HYMN,

SUGGESTED BY DR. WATTS'S.

"HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head,"

None so heavy as to break it —
Hush, my babe, and nothing fear;
God thy little soul won't take yet,
Still a while will leave thee here;

Here to struggle and to scramble
Through the world as thou mayst best,
Torn by rose and torn by bramble —
Hush, my babe, and take thy rest.

Don't, my babe, don't make wry faces,
Keep them for the teething fit,
That first blessing Heaven 's to send thee,
If thou liv'st to eat a bit.

That 's my good babe! now thou 'rt quiet,
I can hardly hear thy breath —
With my heart's blood I would buy it,
Thou might'st so sleep on till death,

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,
Of the blessings Heaven lets fall --
Be they light or be they heavy,
So thou best escap'st them all;

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,
Of the angels round thy bed,
Or how much it is, or little,
Guardian angels stand in stead.

Ah! my child, might'st thou but sleep so
Till thou drewest thy latest breath,
Thy sad mother need not weep so,
Or so hate the thought of death,

Death, the grand finale blessing,
Heaven upon all heads lets fall;
Let thy mother feel it double,
So thou feel'st it not at all;

So thou 'rt spared the pang of parting
From thy nearest, dearest friend,
Whether thou 'rt left here to mourn her,
Or she 's left to mourn thine end.

Might we but together sleep out
Our brief night's existence frail,
Not be wakened up ere midnight,
Each to hear the other's wail,

When the scythe-armed guardian angel
Separates the locked embrace,
And one 's left to mourn the other's
Ever fresh remembered face!

Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast learned yet
How like sleep is unto death;
Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast felt yet
How life shortens with each breath;

Sleep on soundly ere the dreams come,
Which disturb the soundest sleep;
Sleep on soundly ere the tears come,
Thou must, if thou livest, weep.

Sleep, my babe, on; wake not up yet
The forbidden fruit to eat;
Good and evil both are bitter,
Life itself 's a bitter sweet.

[Walking from VILLNÖSS to KIRCHBACH in the GAILTHAL, TIROL, Aug. 25 to
Sept. 1, 1865.]

'TWAS a mower a-mowing stood under a tree,
And with his sharp scythe he mowed down three
Tall, ugly, rough thistles which stood in his way.
“What the names of those thistles were, tell me, I pray.”

The first of those thistles, they called him Mastai;
He was mowed down the first, because most in the way.
The second, they called him Napoleon Louis;
If ever a thistle was thistly, 'twas he:

He was mowed down the second and laid by his friend,
And POTES and NON POSSUMUS came to one end.
The third and last thistle, Vittorio was called,
A sinister curlpate inclining to bald,

So ill-favored, no ass would one leaf of him chew;
But the scythe cared as little as I care or you,
And cut him off short, and he fell by the board,
And in the one dung-heap the whole three lie stored;

I passed by today, as I came from the bank,
But I held my nose close, for, behold you! they stank.
Three as ugly, rough thistles now stand in their place,
For prolific was always the great thistle race.

[Walking from VOLZANA to CANALE (ILLYRIAN KÜSTENLAND), Sept. 6, 1865.]

. "Nullis inclusit limina portis.
Nocte dieque patent.
.
Nulla quies intus, nullaue silentia parte."

IS it just in Heaven to favor so the eyes
With lids to keep out dust and glare and flies,
And leave the póor ears open, night and day,
To all each chattering fool may choose to say,
To all assaults of sturdy hurdygurd,
And grand-piano octave, chord, and third,
And rapid volley of well-quavered note,
Out of wide gaping, husband-seeking throat,
And fiddle squeak, and railway whistle shrill,
Big drum and little drum and beetling mill,
Trumpet and fife, triangle and trombone,
And hiss and shout and scream and grunt and groan?
Be gracious, Heaven! and, if no law forbid,
Grant the distracted ear such share of lid
That we may sometimes soundly sleep at night,
Not kept awake until the dawning light,
By rattling window-sash, or miauling cat,
Or howling dog, or nibbling mouse or rat,
Or cooped-up capon fain like cock to crow,
Or carts that down the paved street clattering go,
Or nurse, in the next room, and sickly child,
Warbling by turns their native woodnotes wild.
Judge us not by thyself, who darest not sleep,
But open always, day and night, must keep
Both eye and ear, to see and hear how go
All things above the clouds, and all below;
Lids for thine ears, as for thine eyes, were worse
Than useless, an impediment and curse;

We, with less care, our eyes are free to close
 At night, or for an after-dinner doze,
 And for this purpose thou hast kindly given,
 And with a bounty worthy of high Heaven,
 Each eye a pair of lids. One lid might do
 For each ear, if thou wilt not hear of two,
 One large, well fitting lid; and night and day,
 As bound in duty, we will ever pray;
 And thou with satisfaction shalt behold
 Our ears no less protected from the cold
 Than our dear eyes, and never more need'st fear
 That to thy word we turn a hard, deaf ear;
 Never more fear that discord should arise
 And jealous bickerings between ears and eyes,
 Both members of one body corporate,
 Both loyal subjects of one church and state;
 Never more see us, on a frosty day,
 Stuffing in cotton, or hear caviller say:
 "I 'd like to know why fallen less happy lot
 On ear than on snuffbox and mustardpot;
 What is it ever ear thought or ear did,
 To disentitle it to its share of lid?"
 Earlids, kind Heaven, or who knows what ---? But no!
 Silence, rebellious tongue, and let ear go
 And plead its own case. Lidless, Heaven's own ear,
 And, whether it will or not, must always hear.

[Walking from REVERE to VERONA, July 22 and 23, and in DRESDEN, Oct.
 22, 1865.]

WAYS AND MEANS.

WITH ways and means, if you 're a cheat,
 Something you still will get to eat;
 But devil-a-bit you 'll get to eat
 With ways and means, if you 're no cheat.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, March 4, 1866.]

WISER than Athens' wisest, Britain's wisest,
Dying, palavered not of dualism
And the dead man's tomorrow, nor a cock
Offered to Aesculapius, but sat down
In his great elbow-chair, and set his watch,
And asked what news, and lit his pipe and smoked,
And for the last time listened to Bow bells,
And one of his attendants to another
Said, anxious looking at him: "He is dead."

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 16, 1865.]

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

MY brothers are my equals; God 's the same
Kind, good, considerate God to all his children,
Who 've, every one, the same rights as myself.
Of course I don't include among God's children
Having the same rights as myself, my sisters;
I 'd rather die, and go to heaven offhand,
Where neither hes nor shes find entrance ever,
But only its — the paradise of neuters —
Than by the sexus sequior so be swamped.
Nature abhors a vacuum; I, a bloomer.
Hurrah then for FRATERNITY! hurrah!
For LIBERTY hurrah, and EQUAL RIGHTS!
To hell with SORORIETY! down! down!
We 're all alike God's children; God 's the same
Kind, even-handed parent to us all,
Rich, poor, and young and old, unlearned and learned,
Wise, fool, and good and bad — except the women.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 12, 1866.]

FARE AGE, QUID VENIAS; JAM ISTINC.

WHAT brings thee here? hast any news to tell,
Or goods for other goods or cash, to sell?
"Out of the fray I bring with me my skin;
Open, Saint Peter dear, and let me in."
No rag of skin 's admitted here; go back,
And hang both skin and bones up on the rack.
Then come again, and to the company,
Be it late or early, I 'll admit thee free.
"Thank thee, Saint Peter; but when I come back,
Leaving both bones and skin hung on the rack,
What need have I of porter or of gate,
— Whether it 's early, I come back, or late —
Or place in heaven at all, or company?
Spirit fills no place and can nowhere be;
Good bye, Saint Peter, and remember me."

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 20, 1866.]

BY what mistake were pigeons made so happy,
So plump and fat and sleek and well content,
So little with affairs of others meddling,
So little meddled with? say, collared dog,
And hard worked ox, and horse still harder worked,
And caged canary, why, uncribbed, unmaimed,
Unworked and of its will lord absolute,
The pigeon sole has free board and free quarters,
Till at its throat the knife, and pigeon pie
Must smoke ere noon upon the parson's table;
Say, if ye can; I cannot, for the life o' me;
But, wheresoe'er I go, I find it so;

The pigeon of all things that walk or fly
Or swim or creep, the best cared-for and happiest;
Ornament ever fresh and ever fair
Of castle and of cottage, palace roof
And village street, alike, and stubble field,
And every eye and volute of the minster;
Philosopher's and poet's and my own
Envy and admiration, theme and riddle;
Emblem and hieroglyphic of the third
Integral unit of the Trinity;
Not even by pagan set to heavier task
Than draw the car of Venus; since the deluge
Never once asked to carry in the bill,
And by the telegraph and penny-post
Released for ever from all charge of letters.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Oct. 31, 1865.]

WHAT is a beggar? one well skilled to pray
Blessings on you he can't get for himself,
And fill with wind the charitable void
Left in your strong box by each doit you fling him.
A Jew he is, who barter for hard cash
His cheques upon a bank in which he has neither
Credit nor assets. Saint, in honor held
By the wide proletariat just one peg
Lower than Peter, down the scale, or Paul,
He is a bug upon the prince's coat,
A boil, an ulcer on the bloated cheek
Of city alderman and councillor,
A hole in the bottom of the tradesman's till,
Through which the silver penny daily drops
Down into bottomless vacuity.
He is a mad dog hunted from the street,
Market and promenade by the police;

A pest-infected — shut up, prisoner close,
In Lazar-house as long as the breath 's in him
And through the tiles no golden Jove slides down
In quest of some Acrisian in the workhouse,
Until at last — if no Acrisian 's there,
Nor up the corridor comes bolting in,
Some twentyninth of February morning,
Angel deliverer in the radiant shape
Of miser legacy of long forgotten
Thirty-first cousin, far beyond th' Atlantic —
A shell 's provided, and sir Lazarus
Packed off direct to father Abraham's bosom,
There to rejoice for ever, singing psalms
Never so much as dreamt of by divine
Plato, or Zoroaster or Confucius,
While David on his harp accompanies,
And pardoned felons listen and applaud,
And every now and then an echo swings
Down heavily through Chaos to where Solon,
Numa and Titus, in thick darkness sitting,
Gnash with their teeth, and wonder what has happened.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 3, 1866.]

“WHAT 's the main difference, tell me if you can,
Between the English and the Irish man.”
The Englishman, in want of cash, the life
Insures of his dear child or dearer wife;
Then, as his house so pestered is with rats,
In spite of all his traps and dogs and cats,
Buys, neat wrapped up in paper white and clean,
Some half dozen grains of arsenic or strychnine
Which gets — no one knows how — into the tea
Of wife or child, and — a rich man is he.
But Paddy 's of a different mould, and cash
With him is, as 'twas with the apostles, trash.

So when the oestrus stings him, he drives lead
From his revolver through his landlord's head,
And makes off to America, if he can,
There to turn Fenian or some other plan
Hit on of dying no richer than before
He changed for Yankee land his native shore.
Yet this main difference, in the end, 's but small,
Nay, well considered, almost none at all;
For each, as death approaches, grows contrite,
And by repentance makes his conscience light;
His sins confesses, and, through Christ forgiven,
Spurns with his feet the earth, and soars to heaven,
There to rejoice for ever with the just
And all who put in Christ their only trust;
For all incompetent mere mortal judge,
And codes of morals are but codes of fudge.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 9, 1866.]

Striking a light, at night.

"FIRST for the Bible, then the printing-press,
Most for the lucifer match, the Gods I bless;
Without the other two, at dead of night,
What were the first?" I said, and struck a light.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 25, 1866.]

"I NEVER fleeced my friend." "It may be true;
But if you didn't, be sure, your friend fleeced you.
Ovunque il guardo osservator tu giri,
Scorticatori, e scorticati miri."

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 21, 1866.]

INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH.

"SIX days thou hast to advertise thine own self:
Thy shop, thy wares, thy works of every kind.
I claim the seventh day; on that day thou shalt
Advertise ME, ME only" — saith the Lord.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, May 3, 1866.]

"WE 're the superior creature," I heard once
One of my sex say to a female friend.
"In sign whereof," said she, "ye go about
Smoking, and spitting upon all ye meet;
Look at my gown, look here." "An accident
Not easy in the street to be avoided" —
"So long as the superior creature 's proud
To practise what the inferior creature may not,
Without incurring infamy, descend to."

[Walking from DRESDEN to KLOTSCHA, Jan. 5, 1866.]

CHARTER OF THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

LIE, and lie still, and keep away from rhymes,
And browbeat all the world, and be THE TIMES,
And for three pence your separate numbers sell,
And take the title WE and use it well,
To none responsible; and still make sport
Of Celt and Celtic. —

Given at our court
Of Humbug, in our city of Cocaigne,
This thousandth anniversary of our reign,
And signed with our cross manual, and sealed:
Reinecke Fuchs rampant, gules, on argent field.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, March 15, 1866.]

. "Aerane tantum
Aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu?"

MUSIC alone, of all the arts I know,
Finds equal grace in heaven and here below;
Why, but because Zeus has a tutored ear,
And dearly loves *do re mi fa* to hear?
Therefore Zeus raises Music from the tomb,
Takes Music to him into Kingdom Come,
Leaving to rot here on the earth below,
All else we have learned, all else we feel and know.
Thrice happy Mozart, on that awful day,
Thrice happy Händel! ye shall sing and play;
And Catalani's notes, all notes above,
Take by sweet storm the enraptured ear of Jove;
And angels forward lean on tippy toe,
And lend a helping hand, as, from below,
Clearing the ladder's last steep step, each one
On heaven's broad pavement lays his burthen down:
Flutes, pipes, accordions, hautboys, mandolines,
Drums, kettle-drums, triangles, tambourines,
And great, resounding big drums — tum! tum! tum!
And organs loud enough to make the dumb
Their deaf ears rub, and joybells, many a peal,
Ding-donging, caps of bronze and tongues of steel:
Single, plain bob and grandsire bob, they ring,
Bob major and bob minor — ding! dong! ding!
You 'd swear 'twas Bow called Whittington again,
To hang about his neck the lord mayor's chain:
"Turn again, Whittington, to London town,
The Mansion House and aldermanic gown."
And Paganini in his pocket brings
His scutty fiddle, and four extra strings
In case of a mishap; and great bass moans
Sullen, and Scottish bagpipe whines and drones,

And Tara's harp on Tara's wall no more
Its tale of ruin tells, but, at heaven's door,
New strung and burnished, for the overture
Preludes, and gathers odd pence for the poor.
And portering caryatides set down
Ponderous pianos — Liszt's and Thalberg's own —
And handier concertinas, and whole sets
Of music-glasses, strings of castanets,
Boxes of resin, catgut, tuning-keys,
Jew's-trumps, and fiddle-sticks, and what you please.
And now I hear their voices, see their faces,
Fingers, stops, pedals, scores, and dire grimaces;
And warder Peter, all in ecstasies,
Shuffles time with his feet and with the keys,
And follows from the gate to hear again
That dying fall, that spirit-stirring strain;
And Orpheus and Musaeus are forgiven
Old counts, and on the second seats in heaven
Sit lilting down, when "Lo! Cecilia comes,"
A voice cries; "sound your trumpets, beat your drums."
And, by her angel cicisbeo led,
White lily in her hand, upon her head
Garland of amaranth and roses red,
And by the earthly partner of her bed
Followed at humble distance, enters in
Th' inventress of the organ, music's queen,
And takes her place, and th' overtures begin
Of heaven's grand opera — I'll not be there,
But Beethoven will, who not one squeak can hear,
Who, when he should lift high, sinks low his wand,
And regulates the whole with master hand.
Zeus is the word, with Zeus they all begin,
Zeus, Zeus, and Zeus again, with such a din
The devils hear it on the distant shore
Of their blue-burning lake, and with a roar
Answer, which shakes the brazen concave round,
And hell and heaven alike are stunned with sound.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 15, 1865.]

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CORRIGENDA.

- Page 114, line 15 from bottom, del. comma at end of line.
- 157, line 8 from top, insert comma after third.
 - 157, line 5 from bottom, insert comma after it.
 - 173, lines 12 and 23 from top, instead of Lever's read Laver's.
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OMITTED.

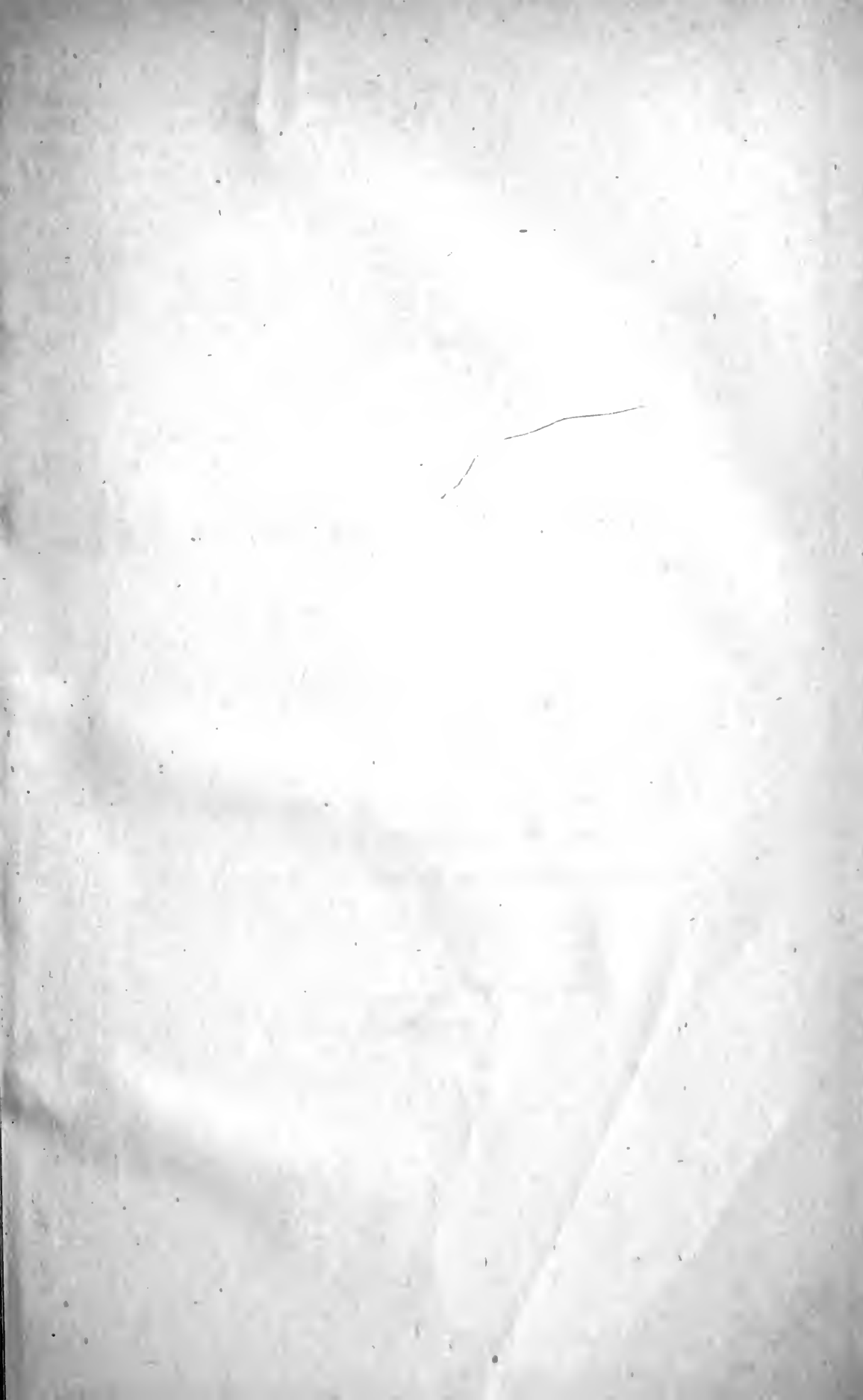
OF all earth's various sucking tribes, the tribe
By naturalists denominated SMOKERS,
Suck longest, to the dug with desperate lips
Clinging the whole day long and half the night,
Till Death his aloë fingers thrusts between,
And, odious drynurse, carries off by force
And weans the sore recalcitrating babe.

[ZSCHERTNITZ near DRESDEN, May 13, 1866.]

"Vox populi, vox dei." To be sure!
And surer still: Vox dei, populi vox.
The marionnette's voice is the voice of him
Who made the marionnette and pulls the wires.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, May 16, 1866.]









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Author Henry, James

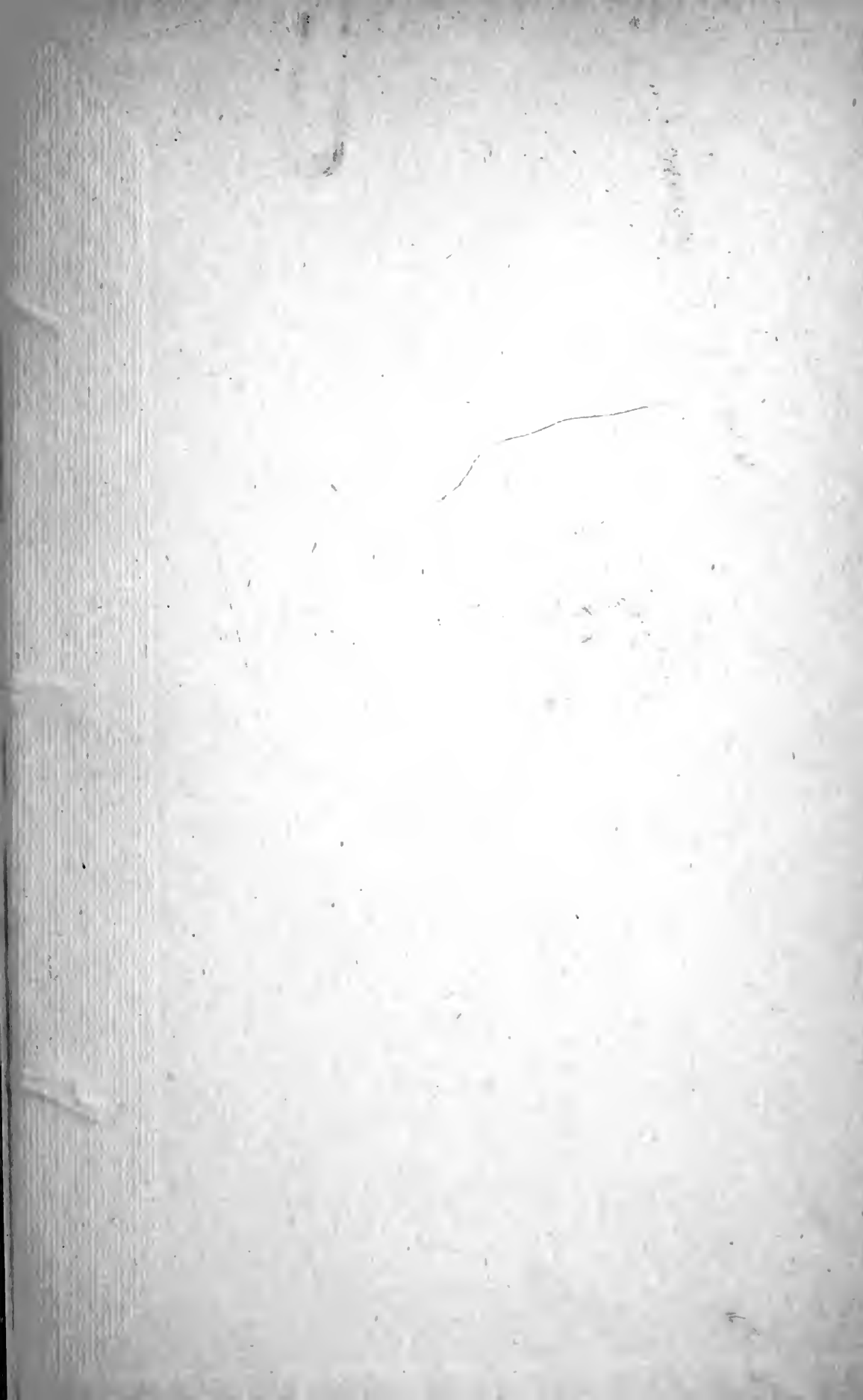
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